

Radio

AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER

Why
Ann Sheridan's
Dolph Appeal
Won the
Television Vote



SHOULD A WOMAN FORGIVE?

Beginning **BACKSTAGE WIFE** in vivid story form

MURDER FOR LOVE

Lead the Daring Story Charles Martin wrote for **JOAN CRAWFORD**

Free!
**TELEVISION
SETS GIVEN AWAY**

DETAILS ON
PAGE 22

3 Smart Girls



I ASK YOU... *Why put up with blunt, bulky Ends?*

I've felt like a different woman since I discovered that Kotex Sanitary Napkins have special patented *Pressed Ends* that fit flatly, without discomfort or embarrassment. That unbearable bulky feeling is gone forever because here's one napkin that doesn't shift, bunch or chafe!



SOFTNESS AND SAFETY
that's what I want!

And that's why I'll never again use anything but Kotex Sanitary Napkins! Because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot!



3 SIZES OF KOTEX *make all my days Perfect*

If any girl hasn't learned this secret, she's missing comfort and protection never before possible! 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins — Regular, Junior and Super—make it a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs from day to day.



All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Office)

Better Say Kotex — Better for You

ROUGH COPY

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special*

care—not occasionally, but *every day!* You'll like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! *Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe...frees you from worry of offending.*

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



SIS SAYS A BATH ALONE IS NEVER ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS, SO I'LL TRY MUM, TOO.



TO HERSELF: SIS WAS RIGHT—MUM KEEPS ME FRESH. TO-NIGHT BILL'S ASKED FOR EVERY DANCE.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN,
ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

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COVER—Ann Sheridan by Carlo Garrone
(Courtesy of Warner Brothers)

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"LUXOR" Feather-Cling

The face powder with
a light touch!

A heavily overpowdered face has no charm for the stag-line. Why not use Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with a light touch? Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
LUXOR
Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55c. Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.



What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE

And So They Were Married

YOUR June issue was really a God-send. You see, a young man and I have wanted to marry for two years but because of the lack of money we hesitated. He left town because it was more than we could stand to be around each other. I read John J. Anthony's "Dare I Marry" and I immediately sent the article to my young man. And, dear Editor, we are marrying in June when he comes home. Bless Mr. Anthony's heart and your magazine.

Verbena M. Pendleton
Texarkana, Texas

SECOND PRIZE

We Disagree, Mr. Fidler!

In the May issue of RADIO MIRROR Jimmie Fidler picked Nelson Eddy as his second choice of a male classical singer, "Despite the fact that he makes few concessions to please."

I believe Nelson creates this unjustifiable impression because he does not confine his selections to the thoroughly familiar, constantly requested songs but gives us a variety

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than August 25, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

of exceptionally beautiful songs of the Masters and of modern American and English composers.

I am sure there are many thousands like myself who appreciate these beautiful songs and who feel that

Nelson is trying to please them. So here's to Nelson Eddy for his courage and sincerity in bringing us music of exceptional quality, no less deserving of a permanent place in our musical memories than the old, familiar ones.

Dorothy A. Still
Patchogue, N.Y.

THIRD PRIZE

He's A Cure For The Blues

Tune in, hear Kay Kyser. He has a real program, always full of pep, something different, no sob stuff.

The world is full of trouble and each one has his or her share. So, listen to this program. It is very much worth your while. Have a few laughs, get a little bit of education and hear the latest songs. It is a good cure for the blues.

Viola Sims
Indianapolis, Indiana

FOURTH PRIZE

Are You Nervous?

You, no doubt, have heard people say that the radio made them nervous. Did you ever hear of the radio (Continued on page 61)

A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30



TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For halitosis (bad breath) use **LISTERINE**

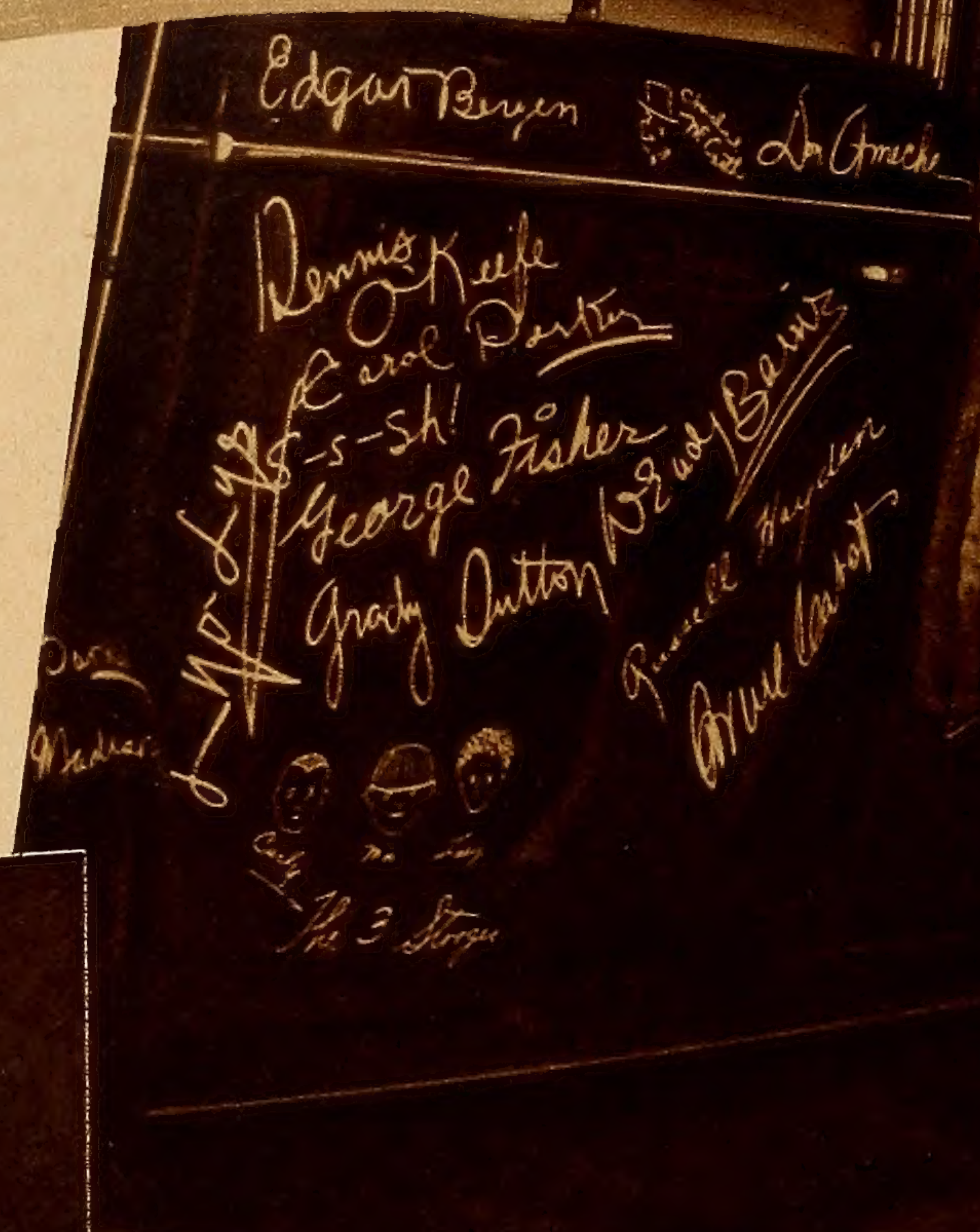


What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST

A Hollywood twosome that is giving the gossips something to think about—Judy Garland and Artie Shaw. Right, pausing on one of their dates to autograph a tourist's car. Below, Harry Leedy, Connie Boswell's husband, brings the singer to NBC's All American broadcast.

A Fink Photo



BY DAN SENSENEY

RADIO'S newest variation on the quiz program ought to give some bright hostess an idea for a way to entertain her guests. For instance, there's Author, Author! on the Mutual network every Monday night at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Time, which presents a half-finished story to its literary guest stars, and asks them to think up a satisfactory ending for it on the spur of the moment. How about trying that on your friends some night? Let each of them supply an ending to the story, and see which ending is best.

You shouldn't have to think up more than three or four unfinished stories for an evening's entertainment. Just to give you an idea and get you started, here's a sample story, taken from Author, Author!

The scene is a formal coming-out party, and the mother of the debutante is talking to the society columnist, Lucian Reeby. Lucian compliments her on the party, saying it's absolutely perfect and daughter looks wonderful. "Do you really like it?" says mother happily. "Then, Mr. Reeby, will you do me a big favor? When you write the report for the paper will you say that the party was vulgar, the guests

of no importance, the refreshments poisonous, and my daughter the homeliest girl you ever saw?"

Try to finish *that* story!

* * *

A man in the CBS publicity department is wondering how you address a letter to the Queen of England.

It all started when this publicity man went along on the special train which preceded Their Majesties' train in Canada. On a rainy morning near the end of the royal visit, the two trains were drawn up on a siding at Cape Tormentine, Nova Scotia. All the reporters except our hero were milling around the station, trying to get some sort of story before the royal party left them and went aboard a ship for Prince Edward's Island, which they were due to do at any moment. But the CBS man, not being a regular reporter, and hating rain, stayed comfortably in the observation car of his train, which was right next to the observation car of the Royal special—and who should come out on the platform of the latter but Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth herself. The CBS man, standing on

(Continued on page 6)



Lady Esther says—
**"The wrong shade of powder can turn
 the RIGHT MAN away!"**



Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is Lucky For You!

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you *look years older*. Others flatter you. Until you

do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—that makes you most alluring—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may inno-



Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!

cently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you*. Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find your *luckiest shade*. Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.



There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(46)

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



LADY ESTHER POWDER

Beginning September 1, 1939

\$25,000

BIG, NEW SENSATIONAL TRUE STORY Manuscript Contest

It has long been the custom of Macfadden Publications, Inc., each Autumn to electrify writers of true stories with a magnificent prize contest offer which presents opportunities for men and women everywhere to convert happenings in their lives into handsome sums in cash—greater sums than even the world's greatest authors can command for fiction stories of corresponding length.

And this Autumn will be no exception. In fact, we believe our Autumn 1939 True Story Contest will be the most attractive we have ever conducted. It begins September 1st and will end November 29th, 1939. There will be fifty cash prizes as follows: a munificent first prize of \$2500, a great second prize of \$1500, three third prizes of \$1000 each, fifteen fourth prizes of \$500 each and thirty fifth prizes of \$250 each—fifty in all.

THREE \$1,000 BONUS PRIZES

And in addition there will be three splendid special bonus prizes of \$1000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in the contest during the month of September, one to the best true story received during the month of October and one to the best true story received during the month of November, 1939.

These special bonus prizes are in nowise connected with the fifty regular prizes except that, of necessity, the winner of the \$2500 first prize will receive one of them, making the total amount we pay for the best story in the entire contest \$3500. There is no telling where the other two will go. The best story received each month will be awarded \$1000 regardless of all else, this of course in addition to any regular prize it may win.

It is not necessary to delay preparation until September 1st. Why not begin today? If you have already taken part in True Story contests, you know the procedure. If not, write today for a copy of the free booklet "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories," which contains information that will be of value to you. A coupon is provided for your con-

venience. In any event, do *not* submit any manuscript in this contest before September 1st. Wait until you have read the complete rules in the October issue of True Story, on sale September 1st, be sure you have complied with all of them and then mail your manuscripts as soon thereafter as you wish. Remember, somebody will receive a \$1000 bonus for a story submitted in September. It may be you. Who knows?

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
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Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

TRUE STORY, Dept. L R.M.9
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

WHAT'S NEW (Continued)

the platform of his train, spoke to her, and they had a private, cozy little chat of several minutes, climaxed when he took a picture of Queen Elizabeth, with her gracious permission. She made him promise to send her a print of the photograph, though, and that's what's worrying him now—how's he going to address it so she'll be sure to get it?

No, he wouldn't tell me what they talked about. But he likes the Queen. Says she's real folks.

* * *

LINCOLN, Nebraska—Here's another candidate for the title of "Youngest Radio Announcer." He's Jack Hitchcock, who was nineteen years old last January, staff announcer for the Central States Broadcasting System, stations KFAB and KFOR. He has about five commercial programs of his own now, according to Charlotte Bierbower of Hastings, who sent me his name and age, and he works full time shifts as well as attending the University of Nebraska. But because he's more than nineteen years old, he can't wrest the title away from Robert Franklin of San Jose, California, who hasn't quite reached that age yet.

* * *

Raymond Paige has learned—to his sorrow—not to joke with his musicians. One day, after spending a long time rehearsing a difficult number for his CBS program, Paige smilingly said, "And now let's go South for five minutes." What he meant was that he wanted to spend that long rehearsing a musical number called "South"—but all the men in the band heard was the magic phrase "five minutes," which always means a five minute rest, and before Paige could collect his scattered wits, every musician had laid down his instruments and fished out a cigarette.

* * *

Here's a sidelight on Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's character which there wasn't time to include in the story about her on page 16. On the day she was scheduled to appear on Kate Smith's program, the First Lady cancelled broadcast arrangements at two other functions where she was to speak. No reason for the cancellation was given—but everybody knew why. Mrs. Roosevelt, grateful for Kate's presence at the White House the week before, where she had entertained the King and Queen of England, was returning the compliment—by giving Kate exclusive possession of her radio services for that day.

* * *

The gossip columnists have been making much of the "romance" between Artie Shaw and Judy Garland—but Artie mows them all down with a vigorous and detailed denial. "Judy and I met for the first time in New York," Artie says. "When I came out to Hollywood and fell ill. I knew almost no one there, and Judy was kind enough to come and visit me several times. After I got well, I was a guest at her home, and I took her out once or twice to the theater or supper. We're very good friends, and that's all."

And for proof, there's the fact that now, restored to health, Artie is very
(Continued on page 81)

HE HEALS WITH HIS VOICE

BE-LIEVE in the power of the human voice to heal," says Paul Allison, and proves his statement with a morning program, heard every day except Saturday and Sunday over the Mutual network. From the studios of station WLW, in Cincinnati, Paul's deep soothing voice goes out to thousands of listeners in the east and mid-west at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Time.

Paul's program is all poetry, even down to the verbal bridges he improvises to fill the gaps between verses. And although he is on the air only fifteen minutes, he takes hours to prepare each broadcast—hours of work alone in his study. His nightly routine includes the reading of some fifty poems and the selection of the ones to use on the air. He seldom writes down the transitional passages from one poem to another.

On the air, he reads slowly, with a soft background of organ music played by Arthur Chandler, Jr., and sounds rather as if he were not reading at all, but simply thinking—in poetry—out loud.

Paul's belief in the power of the human voice to soothe and heal goes back to his delicate childhood, when his mother spent many hours at his bedside, reading. From her voice he got first comfort, then pleasant sleep, and ultimately health.

He was born in Jackson, Tennessee, a little town not far from Memphis. After he graduated from Union University in his home town he began



If you want to be soothed, listen in to Paul Allison's program over station WLW.

healing with his voice, visiting the hospitals of Tennessee and reading to the patients, just as he reads now over the air. He broke into radio, however, as a singer on the Jackson station. Announcing followed, and he went to Houston, Texas, in that capacity. In Texas he began a poetry-

reading program, and found that his belief in the power of the human voice was justified, when letters poured in from men and women thanking him for the few moments of relaxation and meditation he had given them. Late last year he came to WLW, to resume his program of poetic readings at once.

PAUL always makes his program intensely personal. He never thinks of his listeners as a vague mass of people, but as a group of friends. In fact, the basis of his program is "All the world needs a friend"—and he doesn't mean a single friend to the entire world but a friend to each person in the world.

One would suspect from hearing him on the air that Paul is a quiet, slow-moving Southerner. He's a Southerner, all right, but one who loves airplanes and speed, and is planning a parachute jump—if his wife will let him.

He's almost thirty-six years old, likes food, prefers brunettes, and makes friends with people for what they do and say, rather than how they look. His regular sports activities are boating, fishing, hunting, tennis, and chasing rainbows; and he dislikes only three things: talking on the telephone, unnecessary noises, and insincerity. Very much the family man, he's the father of two children, Dannie, who wants to be a radio comedian, and Barbara.

FOR A LOVELIER MORE FEMININE *YOU*

Pond's 4 soft SUMMER SHADES

• Fashion's newest plot—to make you as charmingly feminine as an old-fashioned corsage. Veiled bonnets, tiny waists, lighter make-up—all are in the conspiracy! And now Pond's enters the plot with four softly flattering powder shades:

—for DAYTIME FUN
with your new
"subtle-tan"

Don't let a dark, brazen tan spoil your soft "prettiness"—keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not the



heavy "sun-tan" shades, they're luminous, more becoming with the new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

SUNLIGHT (DARK)—for deeper tan.

—for EVENING
enchantment

Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette—in lovely blush tones. Perfect for the lighter make-up. Ideal with romantic evening frocks.

ROSE DAWN—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).



Pond's Summer Shades

ROSE DAWN SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)
ROSE BRUNETTE SUNLIGHT (DARK)

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PJ, Clinton, Conn.

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Condemned

Was Joan Crawford's electrifying performance as the heroine of this gripping story inspired by her love for Charles Martin (below) who, Hollywood whispers, has replaced Franchot Tone in her heart?

Photo by Fink

SHE rode on the train to the prison, on the last night of Bill's life. Past the dusty windows whizzed the lights of farmhouses, of villages, of homes where women were preparing food for their men. She had not prepared food for her man—she had prepared death.

The chair-car was crowded. A group of reporters, a few seats away, stared at her, whispering among themselves. They knew who she was, and they thought she was a liar. One of them half rose, as if to come and question her, but just then a black-frocked priest walked swaying down the aisle and stopped beside her. She knew him; he was the priest at the church where, once, she and Bill had gone.

"Sit down, Father," she begged.

"You are going to the prison, my child?"

"Yes, Father."

"So am I. Bill wanted me present, instead of the prison chaplain."

"Oh, Father, how can I save him? I tell the truth, and no one will believe me!"

His face, proof against the sins of the world, was kind. "Perhaps I can help you, my child. Tell me. I'll believe you."

"It started," she said, "with a telephone call . . ."

The telephone was ringing in the library of Henry Crane's apartment,



To Live

■ The love story Charles Martin wrote for Joan Crawford—a strange drama of secret violence that doomed three people

and Mary Crane stood beside it, letting it ring.

She knew who it would be. Every day, at this time, that telephone rang. Every day, for the last week. She wanted to ignore it, go back to her reading and forget the sound and what it meant. But you can't ignore a telephone—not when it will go on ringing and ringing endlessly. Henry will come home, and it will still be ringing, clamorously, at carefully-spaced, never-changing intervals, and Henry's brows will come together, and he'll say in that chilly way of his, "What's this?" And he will answer it.

She picked the instrument up, as she had known she would from the first, and put it to her ear.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, Mrs. Crane," the man said. "How are you today?"

"You must stop this," she said helplessly. "Who are you? Why do you call me every day?"

"Haven't you ever wanted to talk to somebody about the little problems that wage war on your life?" he asked. "Someone you couldn't see—someone you don't know—someone you never will know?"

"No, I haven't. I think you're crazy."

"If you were to meet me—which you never will—you'd say I was quite sane. And after all, Tschai-kowsky was in love for twenty

years with a woman he had never seen."

"Why don't you write a book on 'The Technique of Telephone Pick-ups'? You could make quite a good thing out of it. . . ."

"I'm not really an authority on the subject." His answer, drained of raillery now, floated to her ears through the wire. "Listen," he said. "You *are* miserable, aren't you?"

Strange, how she wanted to tell the truth. Instead, she asked warily, "Am I?"

"Of course—terribly. One of the cruelest forms of torture for a woman is marriage to a man she doesn't love."

Her hand—her white, soft hand with its carefully tended nails—was shaking; it could hardly hold the receiver to her ear.

"Will you please pick on somebody else?" she asked. The tele-

phone slammed into its cradle. And after that the room seemed very still and empty.

But the telephone rang the next day—and the next—and the next. Only on Sundays, when Henry was home, was it silent at four o'clock in the afternoon. As if the Unknown, wherever he was, really did understand.

There were so many things the Unknown seemed to understand. He understood that as the hands of the clock moved around to four she would begin to listen, against her will, waiting, half afraid that today the phone would not ring; and he understood how to be patient, so that after months when she hung up on him abruptly and angrily, the time would come when a smile would creep to her lips at the sound of his voice, and she would not hang up until (Continued on page 56)



This romantic tragedy by Charles Martin, radio and screen writer, was a CBS Silver Theater presentation entitled, "Train Ride."

Illustrations by Vincentini



Honeymoons

NEED NOT END

ONCE in a while, even in Hollywood, it happens. Once in a while, even in the twentieth century, two people come along to prove that romance isn't dead, that honeymoons don't have to end, that the first year is *not* the hardest. Once in a while, you run across such a love.

I'm not cynical enough to claim that such a fact is big news. There are still plenty of married lovers in the world. The trouble is, we never hear of them. So, for a change, here is a true story about perfect happiness. Call it good news—heartening news to make you decide the world is a better place than you thought. That's what I decided, somehow, the other day after I'd talked to Frances Langford and Jon Hall.

They celebrated their first anniversary June 4, Jon and Frances did—that is, their first annual anniversary. They've been having weekly celebrations ever since their memorable elopement to Prescott, Arizona.

One year, and a little more. One year in which they've been separated only once—toward the end of Frances' personal appearance tour, when Jon was called back to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn, to whom he is under contract. Then it was only for three days and they vowed it would never happen again, God and studios willing. And when I say they've never been separated, I mean it. Believe it or not, with the exception of those three days, they've not been apart more than three hours at a time. Jon takes Frances to her radio rehearsals and to the broadcast every Wednesday night, waiting quietly in the back-

■ **Their dreams of a perfect marriage have come truer than they had ever hoped. Their secret is yours—if you're in love**

By MARIAN RHEA

ground until she is through. He takes her shopping. He takes her to the beauty parlor. He takes her to market—when she goes. For the husbands and wives who hold to the theory that it is a good thing to get rid of a spouse once in a while, they hold no brief.

"I have more fun with Jonny than anyone I know. Why should I want to be away from him?" Frances demands.

"Yeah, why?" echoes Jon. Well, who am I to answer that? I don't even try.

There was, of course, the tragic time when it looked as though Sam Goldwyn was going to send Jon to England to make a picture, meaning, of course, that Frances, tied up with her radio contract, would have to stay behind. Those were terrible

days—very black days. Jon confronted Sam in his office and told him he wouldn't go. But—

"Whaddye mean you won't go?" Sam came back. "Boy, if we make that picture, you're *going!*" And Jon, mindful of his own contract, could only sputter, futilely. Frances, in turn, thought she might get a leave of absence, but the Texaco people thought differently. So it looked for a while as though love was going to take a sock in the chin—until the war scare came along and Goldwyn called off his European plans.

"Well, war is an awful thing, but I couldn't be entirely sorry it threatened about that time," Frances confided to me. "Certainly makes you believe that saying about the dark cloud and the silver lining. We were pretty low until we heard Jonny could stay here after all!"

But such tense moments in the Langford-Hall household are rare. For one thing, theirs is a completely unsophisticated and therefore wholesome marriage. You have to be with them only half an hour to realize that. (Continued on page 85)

■ **Never apart for more than three hours at a time—so deeply in love are Frances Langford and Jon Hall.**



Backstage

IT WAS beginning all over again. From her seat on the Empire sofa, Mary Noble watched, and saw it happen.

She should have been warned, the moment they entered and met Catherine Monroe—who, according to their hostess, Larry's mother, was "in a position to do something for you." Catherine was young and slender and lovely as a camellia, with black-fringed eyes that she raised as she said to Larry,

"Washington's the place for you. We need men there these days—real men. Things are happening there. New things. Maybe soon we'll have a Federal Bureau of Fine Arts. And bureaus need directors, you know—" Her smile held infinite promise. "And they're talking of establishing our first National Theater. An actor-manager could make history. . . ."

Oh, Mary should have known, then! And perhaps, instinctively, she had, for she said quickly, "Maybe, after our New York run, we'll play Washington on tour. You see," she explained to Catherine, "we have the American rights to that play of Juan de Leit's that was such a hit in Paris last year. We've already started to rehearse it—"

Larry turned to her with that impatient gesture that always froze her heart. "Let's not try to fool people, Mary. We have no backer—and without a backer we might as well not have the play! You need money, you know, for that sort of thing."

"Oh, but you *have* a backer!" Catherine Monroe's voice was amazingly vibrant, exciting. "I've a plan! Bring the cast to Washington, rehearse there, and the charity benefit I'm arranging for a fortnight from now shall be the opening of your play!"

And with that, control of the situation was swept out of Mary's hands.

"I can't go through with it again,"

she said to herself a few minutes later, while she sipped her tea and appeared to be chatting with the young Senator from out west who had taken her in tow after Larry and Catherine had drifted away. Wicart, she believed, was his name.

Her thoughts flew backwards, backwards . . . to the day when she had come fresh from an Iowa farm to marry one of Broadway's glamorous stars—Larry Noble, the—No, even to herself she would not use that hateful phrase, "matinee idol."

It wasn't really so long ago. Not in years. . . But in the things she had learned—had had to learn! It was all very well to be modern and tolerant—to say to herself that she was Larry's wife, bound to him by law as well as love; that the other women meant nothing to him, beyond their flattery; that he loved her in a way he could never love one of them. It was all very well to say these and other things, but there had been so many times when reason didn't help—when jealousy and fear of the future had broken out in violent quarrels, recriminations, bitterness. Until Larry returned, penitent, ashamed, begging her to forgive him . . . as she always had.

But now, because she had thought those times were over for good, she couldn't endure one of them again. Not because she loved Larry any the less. She would always love him, with heart and brain and soul. But . . . no, she could not go through the agony of watching him drift away from her again.

Until this afternoon, the way to happiness had seemed so clear and straight. Ever since Larry's fall from stardom, all through his slow struggle upward again, there had been no other woman. He had depended on her, needed her both as wife and manager, leaned on her while she comforted him, cheered



Beginning a new novel of modern marriage, adapted by Hope Hale from the

Wife

As thrilling as its broadcast original—the love drama of Mary Noble and of Larry, her husband, who could not give her the one thing she wanted—faithfulness



Above, Vivian Fridell, who plays Mary Noble in the radio drama of *Backstage Wife*, Monday through Friday on NBC at 4 P.M., E.D.S.T.



He stood aside while Bradley said lightly, "I'm terribly glad I found you this morning."

him, smoothed his path for a comeback. . . .

Perhaps—she snatched at a straw of hope—perhaps she was wrong. Maybe it wasn't the old danger starting all over again. Maybe the excitement in Larry's eyes was only for the play—only because Catherine Monroe offered him his one chance of getting the play produced, now that the financial backer they had depended on had withdrawn his support.

Her eyes following Larry and Catherine, across the room, she said to Senator Wicart, "Mrs. Monroe must be quite an influential woman in Washington."

"She is . . . indeed," he answered grimly.

The strange emphasis in his tone made Mary look at him, intently and for the first time. He had a

famous NBC radio serial, sponsored by the makers of Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder

She couldn't endure it again—the agony of watching her husband drift into the



kind face, handsome in a rugged sort of way, direct and candid. There was something about him that reminded her of home, making her feel instantly at ease with him. "Why do you say that as if you—well, resented it?" she asked.

"Did I?" he said. "I'm sorry." Then he smiled. "No, I'm not, really. Mrs. Monroe has a hobby—of making history—and I suppose I do resent that, in a way. I'm not too fond of the influential type of woman, who handles people as if they were a pack of cards."

"No," she said a bit bitterly. "Neither am I."

"Be thankful," he said—and only, Mary sensed, half in jest—"that your husband isn't a legislator who has to keep himself clear of obligations. They are Mrs. Monroe's specialties."

By the time Larry returned to her side, the Washington opening for the play seemed to be quite settled. Catherine knew of a theater they could have. And they were even to stay, in Washington, in Catherine's home.

Mary was glad, at least, if she must go to Washington, that Senator Wicart would be there too. A good

friend to have, Senator Wicart—an ally she would sorely need.

But it was even before they reached there that the Senator's path crossed hers again. He was, she discovered, a passenger on the same train they took two days after the reception. Catherine Monroe was already in Washington, and had promised to meet them at the station when they arrived, while the cast of the play was to follow the next day. Mary tried not to be hurt at the way arrangements were suddenly being made, entirely without her help as manager of the company—tried to remind herself that Larry's rudeness was due only to his excitement over getting the play produced. Yet—she couldn't quite believe it. Instinctively, she knew that—soon—Larry would force her to a decision.

Catherine Monroe met the three of them—Larry, Mary, and Senator Wicart—at the gate in Union Station. But to Mary's surprise, it was not Larry, but the Senator, she greeted most effusively.

"Let Enrico herd your redcaps to the car," she said, signalling to the swarthy young chauffeur who followed her; then she seized Senator Wicart's arm as they crossed under the high vaulted dome of the marble waiting room.

"Now tell me *all* about the Munitions Committee excitement," she demanded.

"How do you know there was any excitement?" he grumbled down at her. "I've got some secrets from you."

"You're so bad-tempered," she sighed, stopping before her sleek town car. "Sometimes I want to wash my hands of you."

"Sometimes," he answered, "I think maybe you ought to—"

He broke off suddenly, his eyes on the chauffeur loading baggage into the trunk of the car. "Where is my brief case?" he snapped.

The man turned a blank stare upon him. "Brief—case?"

The Senator's rugged face was stern—and, Mary thought, a little frightened. "A black cowhide case, zipper, gold initials W. W. Where is it?"

"I did not see." Enrico shook his head solemnly.

"You must have seen it," Mary broke in. "It was with his other things. I saw it myself!"

Suddenly Catherine was standing between Mary and the Senator. "If it's his fault, Bill, I'm terribly sorry. I'll go over with him and report the

loss. If we don't find it, I'll make it good—"

Senator Wicart looked at her steadily for a long moment. Was it open distrust that Mary saw in those keen gray eyes? "You can't make it good," he said flatly. "Not this brief case—and what's in it—"

Mary and Larry waited in the velvety depths of the car. It crossed Mary's mind that Washington was like this car—sleek, shining on the surface, but propelled from within by complicated machinery, powerful and delicate—and dirty.

The soft breeze of a Washington spring floated in at the window. She slid closer to Larry's side, until she could smell the familiar fragrance of his clean skin, his fresh shirt, his suit and the mingled odors of different tobaccos from the train. Suddenly she pulled his head down against hers. "Oh, Larry—"



arms of another woman

But he patted her shoulder briefly and pulled away, and she sank back, chilled. She knew what that pre-occupied gesture of his meant—that he had left her, was journeying again in the private world of his own dreams, where she could never, never reach him, and where all his journeyings had only one end . . . danger. Danger to him, to her, to their life together.

But still she tried not to let herself believe. She must not be jealous without cause. It was true that Catherine Monroe was their one hope of getting the play on—and therefore, their one hope of bringing Larry back to stardom.

Why did Senator Wicart distrust

Mary saw them then, standing so close together they were almost touching, while his hands closed on the folded paper she gave him.

her so? Or was that, too, jealous imagination?

The other three came slowly out of the station. Wicart's brief headshake told their story. He was silent on the ride, watching Catherine grimly while she pointed out the sights, and he barely nodded to his hostess when she dropped him at his hotel.

Somehow, Mary got through that first evening in Catherine's elaborate home. She managed to smile and appear interested in the New Deal alphabet agencies whose heads she met, and she tried to appreciate the novelty of meeting attaches of embassies and even a cabinet member. But she was glad, so glad, when at last the guests began to melt away—even though their departure meant that Catherine calmly carried Larry off to the library to look at her father's collection of books on the stage, leaving Mary to talk to Senator Wicart in a small sunroom just off the vast drawing room.

"Has anything been heard of the

brief case?" Mary asked him as soon as they were alone.

"No. But it's serving its purpose," he said. "We ought to know soon if our friend Enrico—"

As if he had heard his name called, Enrico himself stepped inside the room. He spoke the one word, "Madame—" breathlessly, before he saw them. Then he stopped. His eyes caught the Senator's, and his dark face turned purple. He began to back out of the room, murmuring some sort of apology.

Wicart caught his arm. "What's the hurry?" There was a steely undertone in his voice.

Enrico's head jerked from side to side as he struggled to get out of the Senator's grasp. His eyes, black on their widened whites, rolled desperately. Then Mary saw them focus. His face suddenly paled to yellowish gray. Mary followed his gaze to the French window. And at what she saw there, she screamed.

The shot crashed into her scream, and the figure outside the window faded quickly into the darkness. Mary whirled, to see Enrico's body twist, then fall. She and the Senator were at his side together, looking at each other for one shocked moment before the room became full of people, Catherine, Larry, the servants, and finally the police.

There was a long period, then, when she did not think at all. She could only lean against Larry's shoulder, hear his blessed thankfulness for her safety, and try to remember what she had to tell these people who were moving before her eyes like blurred pictures.

Then she realized that Catherine was smoothly getting the police officer to the door. "I'm sorry, Lieutenant," she was saying, with her marvelous smile full on his face, "but when we came rushing into the room, after we heard the shot, there was poor Enrico. I'm afraid nobody saw anything that would help you."

"But I saw him!" Mary exclaimed. "I saw the man at the window!"

Catherine was at her side then, her hand on Mary's. "How could you, darling?" she said. "You came into the room with us . . . She's hysterical," she said to the others. Mary could feel intensity in her voice like a threat.

She threw an agonized, questioning glance at Senator Wicart, standing frowning at the other side of the room—and in a flash of intuition she understood. For some reason, Wicart could not contradict Catherine, but—yes, he wanted her to tell the truth. She moved away from Larry's encircling arms—and heard herself saying calmly, (Continued on page 62)



ELEANOR RADIO'S FAVORITE

IF YOU could walk down any one of a thousand busy Main Streets and ask those you met to name America's most popular woman, I think you'd hear one name. Not so much "Myrna Loy" or "Helen Hayes" or "Joan Crawford", but the name of a middle-aged married woman, with a nice large family and several healthy grand-children. It would be a woman who is probably the busiest member of her sex in the country and is, at the same time, a loving wife and mother.

The name of Eleanor Roosevelt.

She's not only Main Street's favorite. She is also Radio Row's Number One Person. There isn't a radio executive, an announcer or a studio hand who doesn't say:

By train, plane, bus and taxi, Mrs. Roosevelt keeps her radio dates—and never late once, an astounding record for a broadcaster. Top, pausing in Chicago, left, at the San Francisco Fair, below, graduation celebration of a West Virginia high school.

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

ROOSEVELT— GUEST

By Jerry Mason

"Mrs. Roosevelt? There's no one we'd rather see come into the studio."

Because she is the First Lady, because she is willing to lend a hand to a charitable cause, because she never cancels a microphone engagement, and because usually what she has to say has front page newspaper interest, Mrs. Roosevelt is radio's favorite guest. And about the most frequently heard of all nationally important women, with the natural exception of those few stars who broadcast on regular programs.

She is also about as interesting a radio personality as you'll ever find in a broadcasting studio. Her career on the air really got under way in earnest several weeks (*Continued on page 77*)

NBC has learned the best way to reach the busy First Lady when she's in New York—send the message to the florist near her apartment. Above, short wave to South America. Below, being interviewed by her daughter, Mrs. John Boettiger, of Seattle, Washington.



Is Your Husband



Illustration by
John J. Flaherty, Jr.

AT some time in your married life, haven't you taken a long look at the person of the masculine sex whom you promised to love, honor and obey, and wished that there were some way you could put him to the test? Some way to find out whether he's really a bargain, or a very inferior piece of merchandise?

Well, here's your opportunity to do that very thing, simply by giving yourself a quiz—a quiz that will reveal the male in your life in his true colors, be they good or bad.

It's the little things that cause trouble in marriage, I've discovered from my work as mediator of the Original Good Will Hour on the air, and as director of my Institute of Marital Relations. Time and again I've found a couple on the verge of divorce, simply because of an accumulation of small complaints against each other. Taken singly, these complaints wouldn't cause any trouble at all—added together, they spell another broken-up marriage.

And because these little things can be so irritating, many times you can't see them in their proper perspective, can't tell just how important they are to your happiness. That's the reason that I've drawn up this list of questions about your husband, based on the most frequent complaints that wives make to me. All are small complaints, because I'm assuming that your husband is a normal and decent human being—he isn't a drunkard, he doesn't beat you, and he isn't unfaithful to you with other women. These three are big complaints, and if he's guilty of them, he *isn't* a bargain.

Answer this quiz, applying the questions to your own husband. Answer each question yes or no impartially and honestly. And when you've finished I'll tell you how to score your husband.

There's another reason I'd like you to take this quiz now, before I go any farther. When you've finished, and when we've given your husband his bargain-score, I have a surprise for you—a surprise that I can almost guarantee will make you into a happier wife.

By

JOHN J. ANTHONY

Director of the Good Will Hour, Sunday nights on the Mutual network

Here are the questions about your husband for you to answer:

1. When you spend the evening with another couple, does he insist on boring all of you by talking endlessly about his business?

2. Does he get angry when he comes home and finds that you have accepted a social invitation for that evening without consulting him—even though he hadn't planned to do anything but stay at home and read?

3. Does he accuse you of being wasteful and extravagant, and nag you about money?

4. Does he frequently find fault with your relatives?

5. Is he critical of little things that aren't any of his business—the way you keep house, the color of your nail polish, the way you arrange the furniture?

6. Does he think your feminine mind isn't capable of wrestling successfully with weighty masculine problems, such as his work, politics or international affairs, and so pooh-poohs you when you try to express an opinion on them?

7. Does he put off getting a hair-cut until you think you'll have to lead him to the barbershop yourself, or does he forget what the word "manicure" means?

8. Is he frequently guilty of taking that "one drink too many?"

9. When you're out in the car together, does he habitually drive faster than the speed at which you feel safe and comfortable and ignore you when you plead with him to go slower?

10. Does he get out of helping you with the work of raising the children by claiming "That's your job, not mine?" Or, if you have no children, is he indifferent to becoming a father?

11. When you are at a party together, does he forget your presence

If you want the truth about the male in your life,

Really a Bargain?

and leave you to shift for yourself while he has a good time with other women?

12. Does he cling to some purely masculine interest that he had before marriage—golf, baseball, stag affairs or some other hobby in which you have no part—leaving you alone at frequent intervals while he pursues this interest?

13. When you are leaving the house together, does he nag at you to hurry—only to discover, when you have your hat and coat on, that he isn't quite ready yet himself?

14. When you are walking along the street together, does he keep on going, paying no attention to whether you are at his side or not, so that you have to hurry to keep up with him, and have to rush past shop windows you'd love to stop and look at?

15. Does he insist on talking about the girls he used to go with before he married you?

16. Does he criticize your clothes, especially your hats, *after* you've bought them?

17. Does he litter up the house with cigarette and cigar ashes, or—worst of all—half-burned pipe tobacco, because he's too careless to make sure the ashes all go into the ash-trays?

18. Does he forget important dates, such as your birthday or your wedding anniversary?

19. Does he underestimate the amount of work you do at home, and claim that you "certainly have an easy time of it while I slave all day to make both ends meet?"

20. Is he bored and inattentive when you try to tell him how you've spent the day while he was away at work?

21. Does he try to avoid meeting the friends you had before you married him, because he thinks they aren't good enough for him?

22. Does he love an argument so much you want to scream?

23. When he comes home much later than you expected him, does he fail to give you, of his own accord, an explanation?

Well, how did your husband come out on that quiz?

Obviously, every "no" is a point in his favor, and every "yes" a black mark against him. But here's the funny thing about this quiz: If your husband scored only twelve no's to eleven yes's—in other words, approximately a fifty per cent score—you can consider that you *have* got a bargain. Even more surprising, if he answers *all* the questions no, he is *not* a perfect husband. He just isn't human.

Let me explain. In every human being there are traits of personality which may grate on another human being. But did you ever stop to think that it's these very faults that make a human being? Without them, he becomes colorless and uninteresting; with them, he becomes an individual. Perfection in anyone is terribly, terribly dull—and anyway, only a superman could achieve perfection.

That's one reason I say that a man who comes out fifty-fifty on the quiz is a bargain—because he is a good, sensible mixture of good and bad, sour and sweet, even as you and I, and eminently worth living with. But there's another reason too, and it is tied up with that surprise I promised you.

Did it ever occur to you that at least some of your husband's faults may be just as much your faults? That for every black mark you have against him, he has a complementary black mark against you, and that by reforming yourself you can reform him?

This isn't a new idea, but it's surprising how many people forget it. I've discussed it at great length in my new book, "Marriage and Family Problems and How to Solve Them," which will be published this fall, and I've tried to bring it out in many a session of the Good Will Hour on the air. Still it's well worth thinking about right here and now, and the best way I can show you how to think about it is to give you another quiz—this time a quiz on yourself, as a wife. But first let's see how your husband came out.

(Continued on page 76)



take this unique marriage quiz prepared by an expert

HOW TO RAISE A MALE QUARTET



**Swallowed golf tees, buried false teeth, and hot
licks with a shaving brush—take it from Mrs.
Bing, the Crosby foursome is a howling success!**

TUNE IN on the Bing Crosbys at home—and you tune in on the All-American family. Folksy, fun-loving, common-sensical. And mad about music. Yes indeed.

"We're what you might call a 'howling' success. If you know what I mean," chuckled Mama Dixie. "It's all right when the Quartet are in the *noisery*. That's more or less sound-proof. But Bing's room is *not*. And that's where the male members of our clan gather every morning. The attraction, you see, is watching Papa shave. Papa also sings. A little flat, to be sure, when he de-whiskers his chin but it's all music to the Quartet. Especially when he lets out a Tarzan-whoop!"

He does this with astonishing frequency. When Gary Evans, for instance, decides that a little toothpaste would blend well with the shaving cream. Or one of the twins does a tumbling act with the

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

Drawings by Steve Grout

brushes for Bing's thinning locks.

Then they all whoop. "It's the male chorus from *O-we-let-go*," mused Dixie, "with a little fortissimo flourish . . .

"If Bing is working on a picture, the morning session is about the only one he gets with the boys. Because the rest of the time he's busy on his radio program. The other day somebody asked Gary what his father did. 'My daddy sells cheese,' announced our eldest. 'But we're not allowed to eat it.' If the sponsors had heard that one!"

Since Gary has arrived at the ripe old age of six he is allowed to sit up for the first few minutes of Bing's program (it comes on at seven P.M. here in California.) About three months ago Dixie noticed a strange thing happening. She called in the nurse. The girl's eyes popped. "Mrs. Crosby," she said solemnly, "heaven help you but you've got another crooner in the family!"

No doubt about it, Gary was doing an exact imitation of his father, even to screwing up an eyebrow as Bing does when he sings. When the studio heard of it, they wanted him for his new picture, *The Star-maker*. "Nope," said Bing. "If my kids want to go in the movies later when they're on their own, okay. But not now. They are going to have a regular kid's life like I had."

From the minute the first son came along they made plans. "I want him to be typically boy," pro-

nounced Papa. "I hope he gets dirty and tears the seat out of his pants every once in a while and has a few good fights."

Um-hum. That's what Papa said. One day last week he brought home his boss, on a visit here from New York with his wife. All went well until suddenly there was a Comanche yell outside the window and into the living room stalked the dirtiest small object in captivity. He had a beautiful black eye and a bloody nose. "Now Pop," cried the Crosbys' pride and joy, "I guess that fella down the road will say you can sing!" And out he went, giving the boss an excellent rear view of certain wide open spaces.

"Well, I asked for it," admitted Bing later, "—and I got it!"

When the second baby was on its way he just knew it was going to be a girl. One evening he came home with that vastly innocent ex-



What a picnic when the twins had their hair-pulling match!



"Call the doctor, call the police!" Bing cried, dangling Philip.



Bing says—"If my boys want to go in the movies later when they are on their own, okay. But not now. They are going to have a regular kid's life like I had." Here are the three oldest with their Dad—Gary in the center, with the twins Dennis, left, and Philip, right. Below, Ma Dixie Lee Crosby with the baby Lindsay.

Paramount

pression men wear when they're up to something. Out of his pocket he took a small white box. "For Dixie junior," he said. Inside was a tiny gold locket with a cross attached . . . They still have them. On a Friday the thirteenth the twins arrived—Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, all boy from their first lusty bawl. "By the time Lin (Harry L.) put in an appearance I think Bing was resigned," said Dixie. "He told me they'd make a good backfield for some university anyway. And a nice foursome at golf. And the next thing I knew he had brought home a trainer . . ."

Joe is their boon companion. He does everything but make them eat spinach. One of the funniest sights I've ever seen was those four small tykes lined up outside for their "sitting up" exercises (Lin's consist mostly in sitting *down* to date!) Recently Papa made a miniature boxing ring for them. Now his favorite sport is putting the gloves on his sons and "squaring them off." "You can't begin teaching them sportsmanship too young," says Bing.



That's the first thing that impresses you about the Crosby household, the fine, down-to-earth way those kids are being brought up. The older boys already have certain responsibilities. It's Gary's job, for instance, to see that the tropical fish are fed at regular intervals. Dur-

ing the hurricane last winter the nurse missed him from his bed one night. All the electricity in the district was off and they went around with candles searching madly for him. It was Bing who found him—carefully piling sweaters around the fish bowl. "They have to be warm, you know, or the babies die," he explained. And marched back to bed.

"We've tried to call the boys by their right names—considering how a nickname stuck to Papa!" laughed Dixie. "But occasionally there is a slip-up. The last time Bing took Gary out to see Gary Cooper (who likes to check up on his namesake's progress) big Gary asked, 'And what does your father call you?' Expecting, of course, to hear his own name. Instead, our eldest chortled gleefully, 'Bucket pants!'"

Being a lone woman in a house full of men Dixie is not expected to understand the intricacies of purely masculine ideas. For example—they have a jolly colored cook who hands out sugar cookies by the dozen to the (Continued on page 58)

A TELEVISION SET

NOW you won't have to wait until you have the money to be the first on your block—perhaps in your town—to own a Philco television set! The newest miracle, this decade's greatest thrill, may be yours for the price of a postage stamp (and the few minutes it will take you to answer the questions on this page).

Philco Radio and Television Company is now offering readers of Radio Mirror six of its finest and most beautiful television sets as prizes in this unique and simple quiz. Only recently put on sale, they're an engineering achievement! The latest developments are all here to make reception doubly good. And no strings are attached except those that are wrapped around the set when it's delivered to your door.

And if, perhaps, you live in a section of the country where television programs cannot yet be received, this quiz still carries a prize for you. Any winning contestant can have, if he wishes, a de luxe Philco radio set instead of the television receiver.

In addition, there are six secondary prizes—six of those handy portable Philco radio sets that you can carry around with you. They contain their own batteries, so you don't have to plug them into electric-light circuits, and they don't need aerial or ground wires—ideal for picnics or week-end trips, for the car, the office, the guest room.

This is all you have to do to win a Philco television or radio set: Check the answers on the accompanying quiz. On question eight, write in the name of the movie or radio star you'd most enjoy seeing in a television program, and on a second sheet of paper write down the reasons for your choice in a hundred words or less.

All entries must be accompanied by the question box, filled in with your name and address.

Pencils all sharpened? An extra piece of paper handy for the answer to question nine? Here's hoping, then, that you win the first television set in your neighborhood!

1. Which would you prefer to look at as well as hear:
Male announcers ☐ Female announcers ☐
2. When the television program is a sports event like a football game or tennis match, would you like:
The television picture and sound alone ☐
A commentator describing the happenings ☐
A commentator only between moments of action ☐
3. If television programs are sponsored, how would you like the advertising to be presented:
a. As a picture of the sponsor's product ☐
b. The picture plus a description by announcer ☐
c. No picture—only the announcer's description ☐
4. Check which types of program you would like best:
a. A television broadcast of movies, including a Hollywood feature film, cartoon, newsreel ☐
b. A variety show of singers, comedians, actors, announcer and orchestra and novelty act televised as they perform, direct from the studio ☐
c. Plays, either Broadway shows televised from the theater or specially produced in the studios, or dramatic programs like First Nighter ☐
d. News events, such as prize fights, parades, horse races, baseball games, golf matches ☐
e. Lessons in how to do things—cooking, sewing, etiquette, dancing, beauty make-up ☐
5. When would you prefer to watch programs:
In the morning ☐ Afternoon ☐ At night ☐
6. What is the most you would pay for a good television receiver?
\$100 ☐ \$250 ☐ \$400 ☐ \$650 ☐ \$900 ☐
7. If you could tune in an hour long television show in your own home every night, would you continue to go to the movies as often as you do now? Yes ☐ No ☐
8. The radio or movie star I would most like to see in a television program is:
9. On a separate sheet of paper give your reasons in 100 words or less for your choice in question No. 8.

Signed

Address

FOR YOU--FREE!

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. An entry will consist of an official contest coupon with your answers to the first eight questions checked, in ink, in the space provided, together with a nomination and explanation in 100 or less words completing the ninth item.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of the reasoning and clarity of thought represented in your answers to questions 1 through 8 and in your nomination and statement in connection with the ninth item.
4. The six highest entries rated upon the above basis will each be awarded a Philco Television set or, if preferred, a Philco de Lux Radio set. The six entries next highest in rating will each be awarded a handy Philco portable radio set. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.
5. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
6. All entries must be postmarked on or before Friday, September 8, 1939, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries to Television Quiz Board, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Below, six of these handy portable radio sets are additional prizes.



SEPTEMBER, 1939

The year's biggest radio news—the last word in television receivers is waiting to be shipped to your home. Be the first in your town to have one. All you need is a sharp pencil and a sheet of notepaper!



■ This beautiful Philco set, retail value \$250.00, is yours, free if you win one of the first six prizes.

The REAL LIFE adventures of MOLLY GOLDBERG



As Molly, Gertrude Berg sews a button for Jake, played by James Waters.

Meet The Goldbergs beloved star, a woman who can become at will a waitress, a factory worker, or a farmer's wife—with amazing results

By FANNIE MERRILL

YOU should know Gertrude Berg. Of course, you do know her as Molly Goldberg, the kindly and lovable mother of Rosie and Sammyly Goldberg, and the wife of Jake. That's the Gertrude Berg you hear over the Columbia network every day at 1:00 P.M. (EDST).

But I mean the Gertrude Berg who takes the trouble to listen to and sympathize with people everywhere—a little old farm woman in upper New York State, the proprietor of a roadside diner, a Polish bride and groom, a New York garment worker, a lower East Side New York ladies' benevolent society. Not to forget a wailing mother of New York's Ghetto who is still unaware that her eviction was prevented, in answer to her prayers, by the Gertrude Berg I know.

And I also mean the Gertrude Berg who loves to play practical jokes!

First I had better explain that I have been Gertrude Berg's secretary for about eight years. It all started the day my son Howard came home from the broadcasting studios where he was playing the lead in a radio dramatization of "Penrod."

"Gee, Mother!" Howard said to me, "There's a woman down at the studio doing a show called 'The Goldbergs,' and she's great! I want you to come down and meet her!"

When I did, I found that Howard was right. Mrs. Berg and I became friends.

But it wasn't until Christmas time when I offered to help her with her Christmas shopping that I became Gertrude Berg's secretary.

I love Christmas shopping and wrapping presents and I had done a lot of it for other friends. But after I had done it for Mrs. Berg, I discovered that I was on her payroll.

Today I take care of all her mail, see that it is all personally answered, keep track of each day's cast and of the transcriptions we make, also the pay-roll, her appointments—and more other details.

I will never forget the first time I accompanied Gertrude Berg on a trip.

It was just before The Goldbergs became a commercial program and Mrs. Berg wanted to take a rest before the new series started. I wasn't at all sure I wanted to go. Remember, I didn't know Gertrude Berg then as I know her now.

We went (Continued on page 65)

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



Rudy Vallee

■ The perennial Rudy is back again on the scene of his first triumphs, New York City, after a spell in Hollywood appearing with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in Darryl Zanuck's "Second Fiddle," which ought to be appearing in your local theater any day now. Between week-end trips to his camp in Maine, he'll go on broadcasting from Manhattan until autumn.

20th Century Fox

Perfection



Notice Ann's vivacity while she dances with Cesar Romero.



in Television



An infinite variety of personalities is Ann Sheridan—the sultry siren opposite, the ingenue above, the sophisticate at right, and the primitive child of nature, right below—but all of them telegenic!

Experts select Ann Sheridan, the "Oomph Girl," as one movie star who is a television best bet

THE television experts have a word for it—and the word is Telegenic! Translated into everyday English, it means beauty over television.

What makes a person telegenic? The answer's in these pictures of Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers star, who was recently chosen by Philco Television engineers as the movie star whose face, figure and general personality are nearest to perfection for the television camera.

Ann's beautiful, of course—but so are many other girls, and her beauty wasn't the main reason Philco picked her. Her greatest asset, as far as Television goes, is her ability to project her personality and charm into the camera. In other words—that same "oomph" which has already brought her movie fame.

Dead-pan beauty, say the engineers, simply isn't any good in television. Notice the way Ann's face

alters its expression and mood in the different pictures shown here. Still another point in her favor is the definition and strength of her clear-cut features.

To be telegenic a girl needs a charming smile—a requirement in which Ann scores 100 per cent, as proved by the picture at the right and the scene from her newest picture, "Winter Carnival," with Richard Carlson, above.

Television's more taxing than movie work—there's no time for the cameraman to experiment and find flattering angles to shoot from—so Ann has an advantage in being equally lovely no matter which side of her face is photographed.

But when all's said and done, Ann's greatest asset is her sex-appeal—her personality—her "oomph"—whatever that intangible something is that makes her a vital, arresting human being.



**RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR**

Hot Weather

Presenting the stars of radio's summer
all of them guaranteed to refresh you



Jane Froman, above, and Jan Peerce, right, sing with Erno Rapee's orchestra on the Gulf Musical Playhouse, heard Sunday nights at 7:30 over CBS.



Bob Crosby's swing band is playing in the interests of a cigarette company these hot Tuesday evenings at 9:30, over the Columbia network.



James Melton, above, and Francina White, left, help Don Voorhees' orchestra bring you melody and romance Sunday nights at nine on the Columbia networks. They're pinch-hitting for the serious music of the Ford Symphony Hour.

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

Specials

shows—old favorites and newcomers, and no matter how high the thermometer goes



For drama, listen to the stars of the Woodbury Playhouse Sundays at 9:00 on NBC. Gale Page, above, and Jim Ameche, left, are substituting for Charles Boyer.

What's My Name? asks Arlene Francis, above, on NBC's quiz program, Wednesday at 9:00. Edna Odell, below, sings with Alec Templaton while Fibber McGee and Molly take a holiday.



Blondie and Dagwood (Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake) are on the air now! Monday, CBS, 7:30.





20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye played opposite Don Ameche in the film "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell."
(1) True ☐ False ☐



Courtesy of Loft's

A seersucker is a lollypop, very much enjoyed by kids—and often by many a grown up as well.
(2) True ☐ False ☐



Most lisle stockings manufactured for women are made of a specially treated kind of silk.
(3) True ☐ False ☐

William Powell played the title role in the movie detective thriller, "The Thin Man."
(4) True ☐ False ☐



"TRUE OR

ONCE more Radio and Television Mirror adapts one of radio's popular quiz programs to the printed page. Here are ten questions taken from the True or False program, heard Monday evenings at 10:00, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over NBC stations. Read the captions under the pictures, check whether the statements are true or false in the spaces provided, and then turn to page 76 to see how many



A chaise-longue (Shez-long) is a bench like the one Jeanette MacDonald is sitting on.
(5) True ☐ False ☐

Dr. Harry Hagen has won many trophies as one of America's leading professional golfers.
(6) True ☐ False ☐



FALSE?"

you got right. We hesitate to lay down any exact rules for the amount of True or False knowledge you should have, but you really ought to get at least seven out of the ten questions correct—even if this is hot weather.

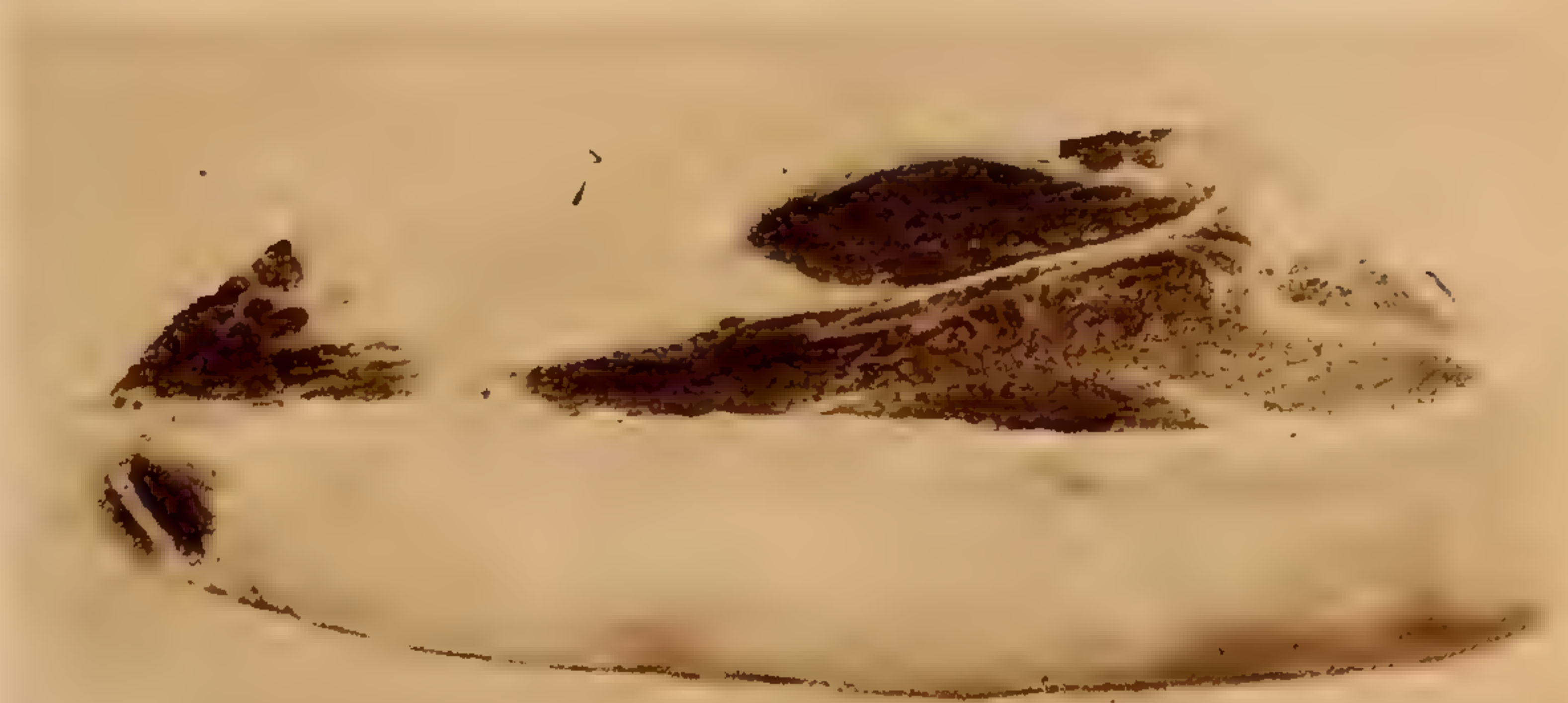
Listen to the Monday night programs, sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream, to which RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR extends its thanks for permission to publish this feature.



Parchesi is frequently grated and served as a garnish, sprinkled over spaghetti or macaroni.
(9) True ☐ False ☐



A "dead mike" means an Irish comedian (like Walter O'Keefe, above) when he's off the air.
(7) True ☐ False ☐



Courtesy of Swift's Premium Beef

A Porterhouse steak is one of the tenderest cuts taken from the hindquarters of a beef.
(8) True ☐ False ☐



Universal

The short jacket which charming Deanna Durbin is wearing, above, is known as a bolero.
(10) True ☐ False ☐

Noel Mills

■ Radio's beautiful new star, the heroine of the CBS serial, "When a Girl Marries," is heard at 2:45 p.m., Mondays through Fridays. Noel plays the dramatic role of Joan Fields, a girl in love in spite of her family's opposition. Elaine Sterne Carrington, famous author, is writing the serial.

CBS photo

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

MY DAUGHTERS

Sing Swing

By

MRS. FRANCES TILTON



—A modern mother who defends her daughters' singing with dance bands and defies you to prove she's wrong.

I AM the mother of two nice American girls. Their names are Martha and Elizabeth and if it were not for their jobs, they would be exactly like any other lively, pretty, prom-trotting college co-eds.

Both of them happen, however, to make their living singing swing with bands. Until recently, Martha has had what I suppose people in the business would call the biggest job of its kind in the country—featured vocalist with Benny Goodman's Swing Orchestra.

The baby of the family—Elizabeth—who is three years younger than Martha, sings with Buddy Rogers' band here on the West Coast. So far, you can just hear her locally on West Coast stations.

I have always considered myself a pretty typical American mother. But, since Mart and Liz started traveling with swing bands, I have become aware that some people, finding out that I am the mother of two swinging daughters, look at me as if they thought I might be out of my mind, permitting my girls to be exposed to what I am sure these people feel are the dangers of swing music in general—and swing musicians in particular.

And as for allowing Mart and Liz to travel—the only girl with twelve or thirteen men—allowing them to stay up all hours of the night in public places where liquor is sold, allowing them to ride unchaperoned in buses or trains with drummers and trumpet players and saxophonists—well, I guess there's many another mother in America who thinks I am sending my daughters straight down the path to perdition.

I can only insist that they are quite wrong. And I think I can tell them why.

To me, there is nothing either dangerous or frightening about my girls' jobs. The hours they work—usually from about nine at night to two or three in the morning—may seem a little strange to people who think of jobs as day-time propositions. But you can't always choose the (Continued on page 51)



Martha was the first to leave home. Elizabeth followed soon after. Would you have given them your blessing? Inset, Martha and Elizabeth (right).



This is the story of Alice Drake and Bob Borden, two fine young people I've known ever since they were born. It's one of the strangest stories I've ever told on my CBS radio program, and it proves something that most folks are likely to forget—that misplaced chivalry and nobility can sometimes rob you of everything that's valuable in life. But suppose I let you read the truth about the scandal that marred Alice's wedding day, told just as Alice herself told it to me.

AUNT JENNY

UNTIL those dreadful three days when life suddenly turned itself upside down and became a nightmare, I'd never thought much about the effect one person can have

THE STORY OF ALICE DRAKE AND BOB BORDEN AND THE SCANDAL THAT BROKE UP THEIR WEDDING WAS FIRST BROADCAST BY AUNT JENNY ON HER CBS MORNING PROGRAM, SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF SPRY

Wedding

Four lives on the verge of ruin — all because of one man's warped ideals of love!
Aunt Jenny tells another dramatic real-life story

She shook her finger in Bob's face.
"You're going to marry my daughter!
And you thought I wouldn't find you!"

on other people's lives. Oh, I'd realized that some people were bad, some good, but I'd never understood how much harm even the good ones can do, given the opportunity, and given the wrong conception of what's the right course to follow.

And before I learned, one man's mistaken notion of nobility had almost wrecked four lives—one of them his own, two of them mine and that of the man I loved.

I wasn't even slightly nervous on my wedding day. The white roses and bridal wreath I carried lay quietly against my arm. I was only sorry that my mother, who died when I was twelve, couldn't be with us. And Bob wasn't nervous either. When father and I came up the aisle to him he was quick to smile. He was an eager bridegroom. Loving

each other the way we did, we both felt we had waited too long. The last year, especially, had been endless. Bob had been supervising the construction of a bridge in Nebraska, and we had been separated for twelve long months.

The organ swelled, then faded away, and the beautiful words of the marriage ceremony filled the hushed church.

"Dearly Beloved. . . ."

And then it happened. That harsh, high-pitched voice cut through the minister's words.

"Bob Borden can't marry that girl!"

A woman had rushed up the aisle to stand behind us. And her face was the right face for her voice. Her eyes were small and close and pale and her mouth was

moist and greedy. She shook her finger in Bob's astonished, shocked face.

"You're going to marry *my* daughter," she told him. "You thought I wouldn't find you, didn't you?"

In the hush that followed her words, the scene imprinted itself indelibly on my brain. It is strange, all through those three horrible days, how some incidents were etched on my memory as if with acid, while others, mercifully, grew blurred and fuzzy almost as they occurred.

The minister came to our rescue. He held up his hand and addressed the congregation. "There has been a tragic misunderstanding," he said soberly, "and I ask you all to leave. This—this will be explained later."

But even as he said it, I saw the beginnings of that doubt I was so soon to find on every face.

We were herded into a little room behind the altar—Bob, my father, the woman, and I. Bob reached for my hand while he spoke to my father.

"Mr. Drake," he said, "I'm not to blame for this. This woman owns the boarding house where I lived in Harmony, Nebraska, while I was working on the bridge. But it isn't her daughter she's talking about—it's her step-daughter."

"It's—it's all right, Bob," my father said—although even then I knew that his pride had suffered a severe blow through this scandalous interruption of his daughter's wedding. "We'll stand by you."

As for me, I could only trust myself to squeeze Bob's arm, in token of my trust.

BUT the woman saw my gesture, and it enraged her. She stood close to us, thrusting her face too close to ours. "Don't try to lie out of this," she screamed at Bob. "You know you made love to my daughter! You took her out in an automobile, and wrecked it—and now she's crippled and disfigured! And a lot you care. You ran away!"

Bob's voice was low and strained. "I never made love to your step-daughter. I wasn't driving the car when the accident happened. And when I left Harmony I believed your daughter was recovering."

"You're lying," she said. "To protect your skin so you can marry Miss High and Mighty here. She's rich, I suppose. And my poor girl isn't."

Bob was haggard—years older than he had been fifteen minutes before. "Mr. Drake," he said, "take Alice home. I don't want her subjected to this any longer. I'll come along later, when I've got things straightened out with Mrs. McCreagh. And I'll explain everything."



"I'd rather wait with you, Bob," I pleaded. Some premonition of further disaster warned me not to lose sight of him.

His lips brushed my cheek. "I can't bear to have you here," he said. "Go with your father, like a darling. I'll see you soon."

We waited, father and I, in the living room. Hours dragged by. Again and again I went over the same ground, re-enacting that frightful scene in the church, trying to find some sense in it. The woman was obviously mad. How could anyone take her seriously? And yet, as the clock ticked maddeningly on, I saw my father's lips become pinched and stern, his eyes cold and remote.

I think he was better prepared than I for the message the minister brought with him when he came at last—alone.

"Bob wants me to tell you he felt it wise to return to Nebraska with Mrs. McCreagh. He will write you."

When he had gone, my father took my hand in his and said gravely, "Alice, there's something very wrong here. I've tried to be patient—but it's clear to be seen that Bob wouldn't have gone back to Nebraska with that woman if he didn't have to."

"But it can't be true!" I exclaimed. "Bob and I have been in love since we were children—he wouldn't do this to me!"

Father's eyes were sad. "Young men away from home, having their first taste of freedom, sometimes—sometimes let freedom go to their heads. . . ."

He threw his shoulders back. "I want you to go to New York tomorrow for a long visit with your Aunt Emily—until the talk around town dies down. And . . . Alice . . . I think you'd better forget Bob."

Poor Father—even in the midst of his anger and humiliation (for in a town the size of ours, what had happened to us was a juicy scandal, and Father knew it very well) he tried to be gentle. I know he was relieved when I docilely assented to his plan and boarded the train, the next day, for New York.

But I was not being docile. In the midst of the whirling darkness of my thoughts, one fact shone clear and steady, like the beacon of a light-house. Bob would not—*could* not—deceive me. And I could not desert him.

At the first station I could I left the east-bound train and exchanged my ticket to New York for one to Harmony, Nebraska.

The green fields whirling past the car windows gave way to long, rolling brown plains, stretching

away into the dim horizon. Somewhere in that vast panorama was Harmony, and in Harmony was Bob, needing my help. In my soul, I had already pledged him my marriage vows . . . "in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow" . . . Was that the way the service went? Mine had been interrupted before it got that far. It didn't matter. My husband, my lover was in trouble; I could not understand, but I could be at his side.

I was frightened when I got off the train at Harmony, a desolate little town set in the midst of the surrounding flatness. But I was determined. I found a taxi and told the driver to take me to Mrs. McCreagh's.

"Mr. Borden?" repeated the slovenly maid who admitted me into the big frame house the taxi driver stopped at. "Sure, he's around."

When Bob came and saw me there his face brightened. But only for a moment. Then that dreadful gray, set look returned. "Alice!" he said. "Darling, you shouldn't have come here."

"I don't understand what has happened," I told him, "but you're in some kind of trouble. And it's serious or you never would have come back here—and if you're in trouble, so am I."

The harsh lines around his mouth softened at that. "Darling. But I will not have you dragged into it."

"Just explain to me, Bob," I begged. "Then, if you say so, I'll go away. But—it's all so crazy, so mixed-up—I've got to know what happened."

HE rubbed his hand over his forehead, across his bloodshot, weary eyes. "All right, dear. I'm in a spot. I was in the car the night Georgia—that's Mrs. McCreagh's stepdaughter—was hurt. I even hired the car, in my name. Mrs. McCreagh can prove that. But I wasn't driving it—the accident wasn't my fault. And—" he looked steadily at me—"I've never, never made love to Georgia. You believe that, don't you?"

"Of course I believe it!" I breathed. "Only—only, who was driving the car, Bob?"

"That . . . I won't tell you," he said slowly. "Because I won't have you getting mixed up in this business. There may be a law suit over it. I don't know. Mrs. McCreagh says she'll sue me if I don't—marry—Georgia. And it would kill me if you knew anything that got you brought into court."

My head was whirling. Law suits—threats (Continued on page 74)

Gene Autry's visit to the CBS Star Theater brought out a rash of cowboy clothes. Left to right, Gene, director Bill Bacher, David Broekman, Kenny Baker, Jimmy Wallington



HOLLYWOOD

RADIO WHISPERS

By **GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.



Dorothy Lamour is dating 'em all these days. Above, dancing with Bruce Cabot.

FUNNIEST surprise of the month was the birthday party tendered Norris Goff, the "Abner" of the "Lum and Abner" team, after one of their broadcasts. "Lum" wheeled a brand new motor bike right into the studio and presented it to Goff, with the one stipulation that he must "ride it out." The result was the first motorized tour of the CBS Studios, when Goff zoomed out of the studio doors . . . without first learning how to stop the machine. After circling the lobby for five minutes, he finally escaped through the auditorium door into

the adjacent auto parking lot, where attendants brought it under control.

* * *

SIZZLING WHISPERS

Wayne Morris is not at all happy over his forthcoming radio appearance for Warner Bros. Wayne's slated for the lead in a boxing series . . . but he'd rather be the romantic type!

* * *

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are making their second stork visit to the Evanston Cradle . . . they'll adopt another baby boy.

Georgie Stoll, who maestroed the Camel Caravan for so long, is giving up his MGM music making work to preside musically over another network show this Fall! Georgie's last picture work was directing the music on Mervyn Le Roy's "Wizard of Oz."

* * *

The "Circle" in Hollywood circles, is considered the radio dud of the year. A great idea that fell through. PREDICTION: "The Circle" will have many copiers next year . . . but good.

(Continued on page 67)

I Married

Where did her loyalty belong?—with her unborn child, with the man who preferred fame to her love, or with the pitiful woman who had first claim on him?

PART II

MY STORY:

Because Greg Dean was on the threshold of success as a radio and screen star, we agreed to keep our runaway marriage a secret. We were almost successful—only one person found out. He was Ralph Mont, the Hollywood gossip broadcaster at the radio studio where I took small parts in dramatic programs, and where Greg sang on a local variety show. But because Ralph was my friend, he agreed not to use the information on the air, and I did not even tell Greg he knew our secret. As the weeks passed, I found that Greg was changing. He was working in his first picture under a contract at one of the studios, and it seemed to be more and more difficult for him to find time to see me. On the night the picture was previewed, he didn't tell me about it, and I wouldn't have seen the preview if Ralph hadn't taken me. Watching the picture, we knew that Greg was a coming star, and when it was over and I caught sight of him coming out of the theater, I couldn't help running up to him. He was with some other people and he pretended not to know me. The next day I delivered an ultimatum to Greg: this secrecy must come to an end. But he persuaded me to wait a while longer, because the studio was sending him



on a personal appearance tour to build up his popularity. I consented, and he left on the tour. But three weeks later Ralph came to me with terrible news. Greg's first wife had appeared, and was planning on contesting Greg's Mexican divorce on the grounds that it had been illegally obtained. It was

news that shocked me into telling Ralph something that even Greg did not know—that I was going to have Greg's baby.

* * *

RALPH'S expression didn't change. He said slowly: "A baby. Well—that makes things different, doesn't it?"

Outside the Law



I felt numb and sick. Everything she said had painted a new and horrible picture of Greg for my eyes.

"Ralph," I said, "she can't do this to us. What does she want to do—ruin Greg's career?"

He shook his head. "No—she just wants money, more likely. The way I figure it, she was satisfied to let Greg go until he began getting famous. Then she must have decided she'd better cash in on him."

"Who is she? Is she here in Hollywood?"

"Yes, she's in town," he told me, "but I don't know much about her. I just got the tip tonight from a fellow in the *Record* office. He wouldn't have told me, of course, if I'd been going on the air tonight."

I took a deep breath. "Can you

find out where she is? I want to see her."

"Wait a minute, Kay," he protested. "I don't think that's a good idea, at all. She doesn't know Greg has married again—and if she finds it out, then she has him in a really tough spot. She could have him arrested for bigamy."

"I won't let her find out. . . . Please, Ralph, see if you can't get her name and address."

Unwillingly, he went to the telephone, where he carried on a short, low-voiced conversation. When he hung up he handed me a slip of paper on which he'd pencilled a name, Mrs. Beatrice Boerland—Greg's real last name—and an address on a street in the poorest section of Los Angeles.

"I'll drive you down there," he said, "and wait for you outside. Unless you'd rather I went in with you."

"No," I said, "I think it would be better if I saw her alone."

"She must really be down on her luck, or she wouldn't be living at that address," Ralph pointed out as we got into his car. "Either that or she's putting on an act."

THE tumbledown frame building before which we stopped thirty minutes later certainly didn't look like a place anyone would choose to live in. Gaunt and rickety, it was a relic of Los Angeles' oldest days. Once, perhaps, it had been some wealthy *caballero's* home, but now the city had crowded in on it, jostled it until it was unsteady on its foundations, dirtied it with grime and dust.

"Whew!" Ralph murmured. "I'd better help you find her." And I was glad of his company up the unsteady front stairs and into the shadowy hall. I stood there while he knocked on several doors without receiving any answer. At last one of them opened, and a sullen man in undershirt and trousers directed us to a room on the second floor for Mrs. Boerland.

Clinging to Ralph's arm, I went up another (Continued on page 70)



FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN

Behind that trombone is radio row's latest favored swing leader—Glenn Miller. Glenn's playing at Westchester's popular Glen Island Casino, with a network wire over NBC. The lovely blonde is Marion Hutton who is Glenn's vocalist. Below, Ray Eberle also sings with the band.



CHARLIE BARNET dropped his entire band for a week recently just to fly west and play patty-cake with Dorothy Lamour. Then he came back and re-hired the band all over again. The love bug has surely bit him. In order to catch the westbound plane Charlie hired an ambulance so he could pass all the traffic spots.

* * *

If the Lombardos really break precedent and hire a girl singer you can bet she will be a Lombardo relative.

* * *

We told you that Bob Crosby was headed for a coast-to-coast commercial. He replaced Benny Goodman in June.

* * *

Pete Viera, 32-year-old middle western pianist replaced Bob Zurke in the Bob Crosby Cat-clan.

* * *

You'll never recognize the Benny Goodman and Hal Kemp bands—there have been so many replacements.

* * *

Kemp's organization must be a great training school for future batoneers. Look at the graduates: Skinnay Ennis, John Scott Trotter and now Saxie Dowell.

Little Jack Little is back with a new band. His old one is now operated by Mitchell Ayres.

* * *

Al Donahue stays at the Rainbow Room in Radio City until October 10.

* * *

Hal Kemp returns to the Waldorf-Astoria in August.

* * *

Radio listeners and tin pan alley mourn the passing of swing band leader Chick Webb, of "A Tisket, a Tasket" fame, who died of tuberculosis.

* * *

Buddy Rogers will try again to lead a band when he returns from Europe with his wife, Mary Pickford. Having failed to click with a swing and sweet band, Buddy will groom one along the lines of a pres-

entation outfit, a la Heidt and Waring. His manager is lining up musicians and soloists and has designs on the talents of those 17-year-old Steele Sisters who chirped on the Musical Steelmakers program over MBS. These kids recently had a professional tryout with Heidt.

* * *

Those band feuds have never materialized. This summer Garber and Lombardo were both in New York at the same time and never crossed swords. Earlier this season Kyser and Kaye played in Gotham simultaneously and never came to blows.

* * *

The hit tune from Billy Rose's Aquacade "Yours for a Song" is a Jesse James on Snow White's "One Song."

(Continued on page 79)

Penny for penny your best Cigarette buy

By burning 25% slower
than the average of the 15 other
of the largest-selling brands tested
— slower than any of them —
CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKING IS BELIEVING ... Jean Martin and William Bishop enjoying Camels at the New York World's Fair. "I've often noticed that Camels burn more slowly," says Jean. "I think that's one reason why they smoke cooler and milder. As far as I'm concerned, smoking is *believing*! I know that Camel smoke is cool on my throat. And Camels have such a delicate taste!"



PUFF BY PUFF YOUR GREATEST SMOKING PLEASURE

The next time you light up a Camel, notice how *slowly* it burns... and be glad. For —

With slow-burning Camels you get — a cooler, milder smoke. Fine fragrance, too—and what a delicate taste!

With slow-burning Camels you get — added moments of smoking. The pleasure is prolonged!

With slow-burning Camels you get—smoking pleasure at its best. For Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos!

Smoke Camels and enjoy what Camels have to give — rare smoking pleasure and *more* smoking in every pack!

IN APRIL, 1939, a group of scientists made some unusual tests of cigarettes. They applied the same tests—*impartially*—to 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

1 *In the Weight Test*—Camels were found to contain **MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT** than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 *In the Burning Test (or Smoking Test)*—**CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS!** By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

3 *In the Ash Test*—In this test, **CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER** than the average time for all the other brands.

Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, is the luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford. Truly, penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

*Camel's expensive Tobaccos...
So inexpensive to Smoke*



BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous . . . my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?

Everybody's talking about the
extra care, brilliance
that Luster-Foam "bubble bath"
gives the teeth!



1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!



JIM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.



NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.



More than
 $\frac{1}{4}$ POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢
Regular size tube 25¢

LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.



THE NEW FORMULA

Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P. S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM



Summer School

For the March of Games contest on CBS, little Sybil Trent, right, the Drum Major, leads the contestants to the mike, while young Arthur Ross, left, puts them through their paces.



WHILE the summer sun beats in at the closed windows of the school house, the CBS March of Games program sees to it that you don't let those cobwebs settle on your brain while you're having a good time. For the March of Games is a quiz show for everybody between the ages of eight and sixteen—although its questions can make some of the older folks scratch their heads for an answer. If you don't believe it, try this game:

In the box below are 14 questions especially prepared by Natalie Purvin Prager, originator of the show.

Try the quiz yourself, and then give it to your mother or father—and see which member of the family gets the highest score. But remember, this game is run on the honor system—the answers are on page 86 but it's no fair looking until you've finished.

After you've done the quiz, you're sure to want to listen to the March of Games program, on CBS every Tuesday and Thursday at 5:45, Eastern Daylight Time. It's produced by Nila Mack, director of children's programs at CBS, but only children take part in it.



1. Right or Wrong: An Indian mother carries her caboose on her back?
2. A giant is always very big, little or cruel?
3. What would one do with a coronet? Eat it, play on it or wear it?
4. Indian is to Teepee as eskimo is to ?
5. Right or Wrong: A water moccasin is a fancy bathing shoe?
6. Would you write, ride or eat an avocado?
7. The Pilgrims landed at Fort Ticonderoga, Plymouth Rock, or Massachusetts Bay?
8. Right or Wrong: The little people with whom Gulliver dwelt in "Gulliver's Travel's," were called Hottentots?
9. Would you look for kohlrabi in a mine, in a garden or at the Zoo?
10. Spot the word that does not belong in this group:
Hockey, Checkers, Lotto, Chess, Backgammon.
11. What did the following nursery rhyme characters eat?
A. Miss Muffet B. Jack Horner C. The Knave of Hearts
12. Right or Wrong: Napoleon Bonaparte was a Frenchman?
13. Name three songs that have a girl's name as the title?
14. In what country would you look for the following:
A. Jinricksha B. Windmill C. Gondola

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
			NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
			NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
		9:00	CBS: From the Organ Loft
		8:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
		8:00	NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
		9:15	NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
		9:30	CBS: Aubade for Strings
		8:30	NBC-Red: Crawford Caravan
		10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00	NBC-Red: Highlights of the Bible
		10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
		9:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour
10:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: News and Rhythm
		11:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
		11:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: News
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
		12:00 Noon	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Walter Logan Music
		12:30 P.M.	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Church of the Air
		11:00	NBC-Blue: Waterloo Junction
		11:00	NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
		1:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Symphonette
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Democracy in Action
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's
		2:30	CBS: It Goes Like This
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		2:45	NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: CBS Symphony
		1:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Bookman's Notebook
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
		1:30	NBC-Red: Name the Place
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Musical Fun
		2:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
		2:00	NBC-Red: Rangers Serenade
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: News from Washington
		4:00	NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
		4:45	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
		4:30	NBC-Red: Grouch Club
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Alibi Club
		5:00	NBC-Red: The Aldrich Family
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Musical Playhouse
		5:30	NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
		5:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Ellery Queen
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony
		7:00	NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
		9:00	CBS: Ford Show
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
		7:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Knickerbocker Playhouse
		9:00	MBS: Goodwill Hour
		10:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Cheerio
		11:00	CBS: Dance Orchestra
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra
6:30	8:30	9:30	
7:00	9:00	10:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ From the play, "What a Life"; Ezra Stone, Marguerite Lodge, Ann Lincoln

Tune-In Bulletin for July 30, August 6, 13 and 20!

July 30: If you like to solve mystery puzzles, be sure to listen to the Adventures of Ellery Queen, on CBS tonight at 8:00.

August 6: And another quiz program—this time about music—is the Hour of Musical Fun, on CBS at 4:00 this afternoon.

August 13: NBC has a couple of sports events for you—the National Soap Box Derby from Akron, Ohio, and the finals of the Eastern grass court tennis tournament.

August 20: The largest army maneuvers since the World War are on the air today, over CBS—the U. S. Army war games from Plattsburg, N. Y.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Aldrich Family, starring Ezra Stone as Henry Aldrich, on NBC-Red from 7:00 to 7:30, Eastern Daylight Time (rebroadcast to the West at 7:30, Pacific Time), sponsored by Jell-O.

Old star-maker Rudy Vallee is responsible for this half-hour weekly serial, as he is responsible for so many radio successes. With the help of Rudy, The Aldrich Family "just happened."

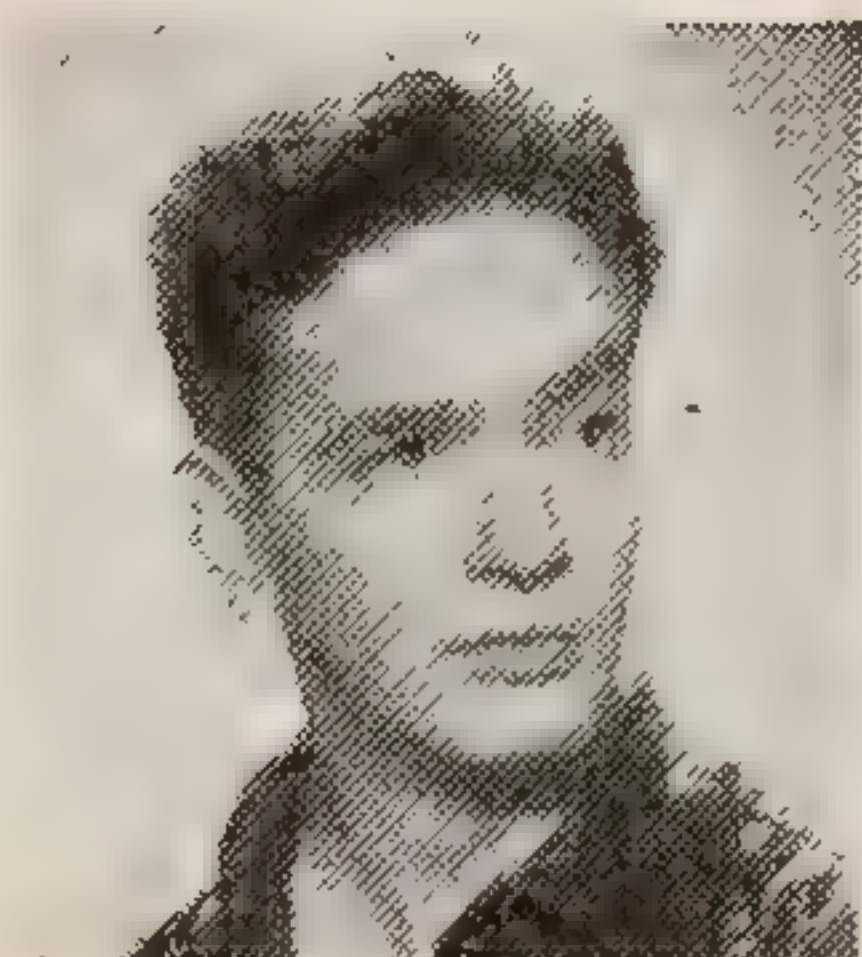
It all started with the play, "What a Life," which was a Broadway hit from the minute it opened more than a year ago. In the natural course of events, Rudy Vallee presented a scene from the play on his NBC program—and scored such a success with it that he asked Clifford Goldsmith, who wrote the play, to write another Aldrich Family sketch for use the next week. This original sketch was funnier than the scene from the play, so Author Goldsmith wrote another, also for the Vallee Hour. By this time radio agencies were bidding for the services of Goldsmith and Ezra Stone, and the successful bidder was the Young and Rubicam agency—which promptly put The Aldrich Family on Rudy's competing program, Kate Smith's Hour. There it stayed until this summer, when it took Jack Benny's time.

The Aldrich Family consists of Henry, played by Ezra Stone, his sister Mary,

played by Ann Lincoln, his mother, played by Katherine Raht, and his father, played by House Jameson. Ezra Stone and Ann Lincoln are the only members of the radio cast who are also in the Broadway play—and in that Ann is only an extra. She was so good when she auditioned for the Mary part, though, that she won it in competition with twenty-five other actresses.

Like Orson Welles, Ezra Stone is a youthful theatrical genius—but unlike Orson, he's not spectacular. It's hard to believe that this modest young fellow—only 22—is already one of the trusted lieutenants of the famous theatrical producer, George Abbott. He lives quietly with his parents in Brooklyn, but they probably don't see much of him, he's so busy acting Henry Aldrich on the stage and over the air, speaking at high schools and clubs, and helping run the business affairs of the stage play. Some time ago "What a Life" would have closed, but Ezra talked Producer Abbott into letting the cast take it over on a co-operative basis, and since then he has been practically the business manager as well as the star. By this time all his different responsibilities should have put a few gray hairs into his head—but as Ezra himself points out, you couldn't see them anyway because for his role of Henry he has to keep his naturally dark brown hair dyed a bright golden red.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



ELLIOTT LEWIS—leading man and master of ceremonies on the Knickerbocker Playhouse, on CBS tonight at 10:00. Elliott's been called the radio find of the year. He's only 21 years old, and was studying law in Los Angeles when he started acting on the air to earn tuition money. Then he discovered he loved acting, and now he's given up the study of law entirely.

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
		9:00	
		8:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		8:00	NBC: News
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
		8:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Girl Interne
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
		1:45	
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:00	
		4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can Be Beautiful
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		4:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
		5:45	
		4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:05	
		5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:45	
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:30	
6:30	8:30	6:30	CBS: Blondie
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
6:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Larry Clinton
		8:00	
8:30	6:00	7:00	Tune-Up Time (Aug. 21)
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: AL PEARCE
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Magic Key of RCA
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: George McCall
		9:30	
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Guy Lombardo
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: True or False
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Tom Howard and George Shelton ponder a knotty argumentative point

Tune-In Bulletin for July 31, August 7, 14 and 21!

July 31: The racing season opens today at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and CBS' Bryan Field is on hand to describe it for you.
 August 7: You can hear great stage star Margaret Anglin in Orphans of Divorce on NBC-Blue now, at 7:00 tonight.
 August 14: Ted Husing describes the play in the National Doubles Tennis tournament at the Longwood Cricket Club in Boston—over CBS.
 August 21: Andre Kostelanetz and Walter O'Keefe return on CBS at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Model Minstrels, with Tom Howard and George Shelton, Ray Bloch's orchestra, and the Eton Boys, on CBS at 8:30, E.D.S.T., with a re-broadcast at 7:30, Pacific Coast Time—sponsored by Model Smoking Tobacco.

As proof that arguments can be both funny and profitable, take Tom Howard and George Shelton, who have been arguing for years on every subject under the sun, and have made money out of it. As stars of the Model Minstrels, they stage two bitter arguments every Monday night, exhausting themselves and their listeners.

Tom Howard lives with his wife and daughter in Red Bank, New Jersey; George Shelton maintains a residence on Long Island but spends most of his time in Red Bank, working with Tom on their comedy scripts. Tom, of course, is the zany, loud-voiced fool who always gets things wrong; George is the patient, long-suffering friend who tries—and fails—to put Tom right. Privately, Tom and George get along very well, and only argue in public. They write their own scripts during the week, come into New York on Monday to rehearse with Ray Bloch's orchestra, and keep changing the scripts right up to broadcast time. In fact, since they never use scripts on the air, their broadcast version is frequently at least half ad libbed.

People who listen to Howard and Shelton frequently send them ideas for argu-

ments, but Tom and George wish they wouldn't. All too often someone suggests a subject for argument they've already used, or are working on at that very moment, or had thought of for a future broadcast. In the latter two cases they're afraid to go ahead with their plans for fear the person who suggested the topic will want to be paid for it. So their usual procedure is to send suggestions back unopened—except that frequently a suggestion looks like innocent fan mail, and only reveals its true character after the envelope has been torn open.

Tom and George have been the comedians of Model Minstrels only since the first of this year—but four years ago, when the program first went on the air, they nearly got the job. They were runners-up to Pick and Pat, the successful candidates who left the show last winter.

Out in Red Bank, Tom is considered a solid citizen, one of the pillars of the community. Both he and George are in constant demand to appear at local benefit and charity shows—requests that they never, never turn down. Perhaps more than anyone else on the air, they're typical of their background. Both are real vaudeville troupers, with years and years of work on all kinds of stages behind them. Nothing glamorous about either of them, and they're thankful for it—they're just simple, big-hearted people.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



BETTY LOU GERSON—who plays Julia Meredith in Midstream, the serial on NBC-Red this afternoon at 4:45, Eastern Daylight Time. She's been heard on many network broadcasts, and was Don Ameche's leading lady when he worked in Chicago radio. Betty Lou's a Southern girl, is married to radio director Joe Ainley, and enjoys keeping house and cooking.

Complete Programs from July 26 to August 24

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30	NBC-Red: Family Man
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00	Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Girl Interne
		12:15	P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Where to Look for Help
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
		1:45	
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:5	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:0	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:0	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:00	
		4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		4:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
		5:45	
		4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:05	
		5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:45	
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Quicksilver Quiz
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: The Human Adventure
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: The Insue Story
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
		8:30	
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: We, the People
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Artie Shaw
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
		9:30	
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Bob Crosby
5:0	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: TRUE STORY TIME
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Alec Templeton
		10:00	
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Hal Kemp
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: If I Had the Chance
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
		10:30	
	8:30	9:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Some of the Waring Gang: Poley McClintock, Patsy Garrett, Paul Gibbons

Tune-In Bulletin for August 1, 8, 15 and 22!

August 1: If you missed the opening program last week, here's your chance to listen to the second in a new series on CBS called *The Human Adventure*. It's exciting stuff about science and the men who work with it . . . Freddie Martin and his orchestra open at the luxurious St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco—listen on both Mutual and NBC.

August 8: *True Story Time*, with Fulton Oursler, editor in chief of all Macfadden Publications, is a good bet for 9:30 on NBC-Blue.

August 15: More of the National Doubles tennis matches you heard yesterday—on CBS, with Ted Husing announcing.

August 22: For swing fans, there's only one choice tonight at 9:00—Artie Shaw's orchestra on NBC-Blue.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT—Fred Waring in *Pleasure Time*, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes on NBC-Red from 7:00 to 7:15, Eastern Daylight Time, with a re-broadcast at 7:00, Pacific Coast Time.

To get this fifteen-minute variety show on the air every night except Saturday and Sunday, the services of seventy-five people are required, in one of radio's most complex organizations. Fifty-six of the people are performers—the other nineteen are writers, secretaries, music arrangers, press agents, and even a cook.

Fred Waring has a whole floor of an office building on Broadway, where the affairs of the Waring gang are transacted. A big rehearsal room, just like a radio studio, is equipped with microphones and control-room—and even with recording equipment, so rehearsals can be put on wax and then played back so mistakes can be corrected. In addition, there are several smaller rehearsal rooms, where trios and soloists can practice. There's a ping-pong table, for relaxation when rehearsal hours are long. And off Fred's private office is a compact kitchen, where his personal cook prepares the dinner that Fred and one or two guests eat between the first and second broadcasts.

Every afternoon the Waring gang deserts all this magnificence and repairs to Radio City, where it rehearses some more until

it's time to go on the air. Fred always prepares twice as many numbers as he'll need, and never selects a complete program until the very last possible minute—a system that helps keep the show spontaneous and lively. In the gang there are twenty-one "entertainment units"—that is, soloists or specialty combinations; obviously all twenty-one can't be used on a fifteen-minute show, so Fred has devised a mysterious staggering system, understood by no one but himself, for using different acts on different nights.

The whole broadcast is staged exactly as if it were meant to be seen as well as heard. NBC's Studio 8-G, where the gang broadcasts every night but Wednesday, when they use the larger 8-H, has a stage with a curtain; and Fred has the curtain raised at the start of the show and lowered at the end. He also uses different lighting effects for the various numbers. All this for the reason that he wants to keep his entertainers accustomed to acting for audiences as well as for the mike.

Studio audiences at *Pleasure Time* get a double measure of enjoyment, because after the broadcast a further informal entertainment is always given by the gang—Fred thinks fifteen minutes of fun isn't enough repayment for the trouble of getting a broadcast ticket, going to Radio City, and settling yourself in the studio.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



RUTH CARHART—whose lovely contralto voice is heard on *Story of the Song*, over CBS at 3:30 this afternoon, and on other CBS programs. Ruth was born in Ellsworth, Kansas, and revealed musical ability when she was very young. She won a scholarship given by Mme. Schumann-Heink and later attended the Curtis School of Music. While she was in the Curtis School, "Roxy" discovered her and presented her on the air. CBS signed her to a contract soon after, and has recently renewed it for a fourth year, making her one of the few soloists to remain with one network for that long a time.

In the Social Whirl

—IN THE

**Both thrilled over the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN"
care* they can give
their skin today**

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.



Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.



Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

BUSINESS WORLD



Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

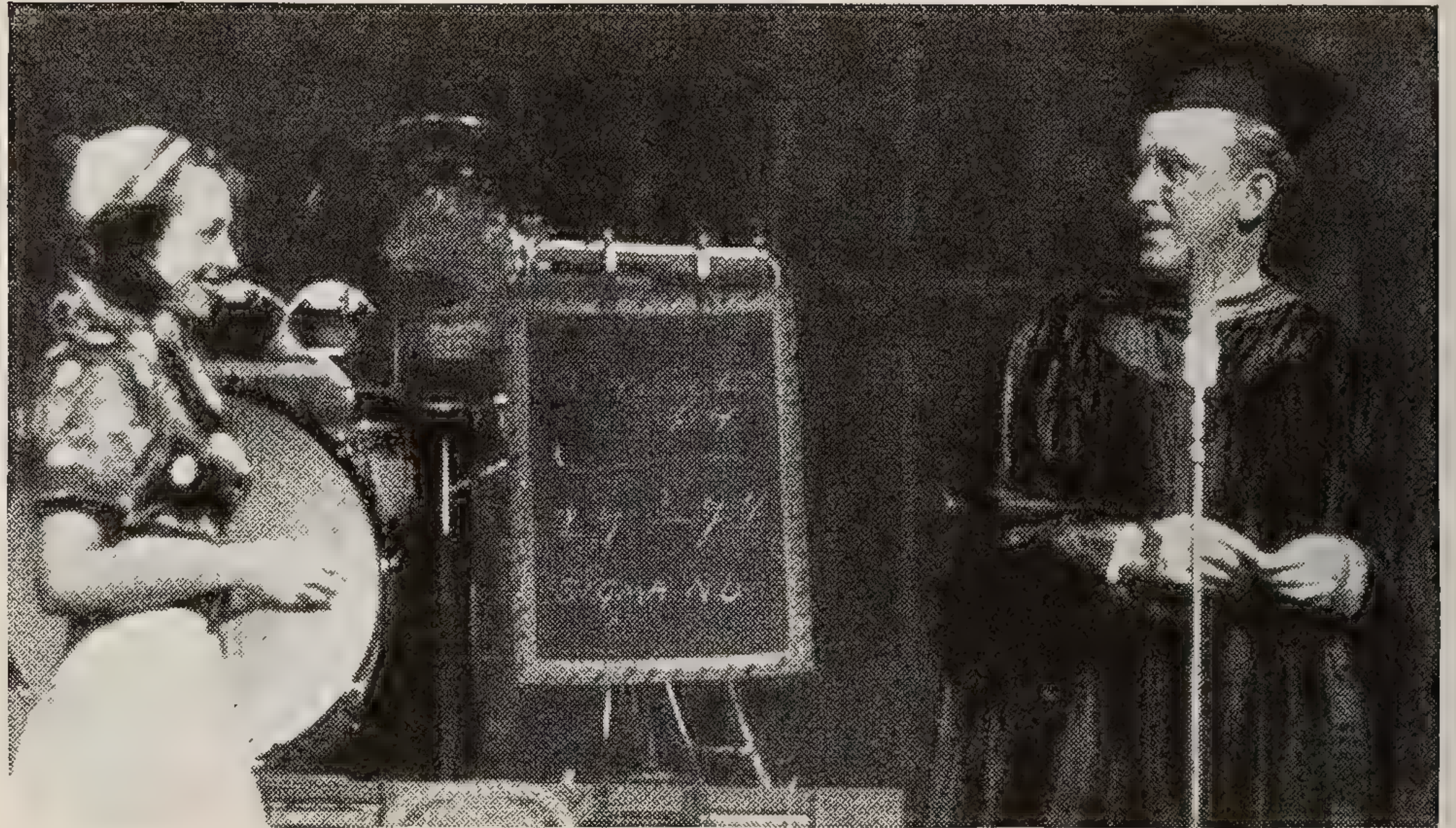
SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CVJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
			NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	
		8:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Girl Interne
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
		1:45	
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Primrose Quartet
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
1:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:00	
		4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		4:30	NBC-Red: Lily and Betty
		5:45	
		4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:05	
		5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:45	
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Michael Loring
	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: People's Platform
	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		8:00	
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Phil Baker
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Stadium Concert
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: What's My Name
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Professor Kyser quizzes a willing—and beautiful—pupil

Tune-In Bulletin for July 26, August 2, 9, 16 and 23!

July 26: That expert New York Philharmonic Orchestra plays tonight from Lewisohn Stadium, over CBS at 9:00.

August 2: Paul Whiteman's orchestra is on the road now, and tonight's his first broadcast on tour. It comes from the Art Museum in Detroit, on CBS at 8:30.

August 9: Carmel Snow, fashion authority, talks today over CBS, giving you the latest slant on what they're wearing in Paris.

August 16: You can listen to the great Arturo Toscanini today, conducting his second program over NBC from the International Music Festival in Lucerne, Switzerland.

August 23: It's NBC's turn today to broadcast some of the U. S. Army maneuvers.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge, on NBC's Red network from 10:00 to 11:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

If all temples of learning were as much fun as Kay Kyser's College, not a youngster in the world would object to going to school. It's not only a constant series of laughs for the studio and radio audiences, but provides just as much fun for the "faculty"—Kay, his orchestra and soloists, the producers, control room and sound effects men, and even the page boys. There's a general air of hilarity running through the entire studio, from the first minute of rehearsal Wednesday afternoon to the last note of the broadcast.

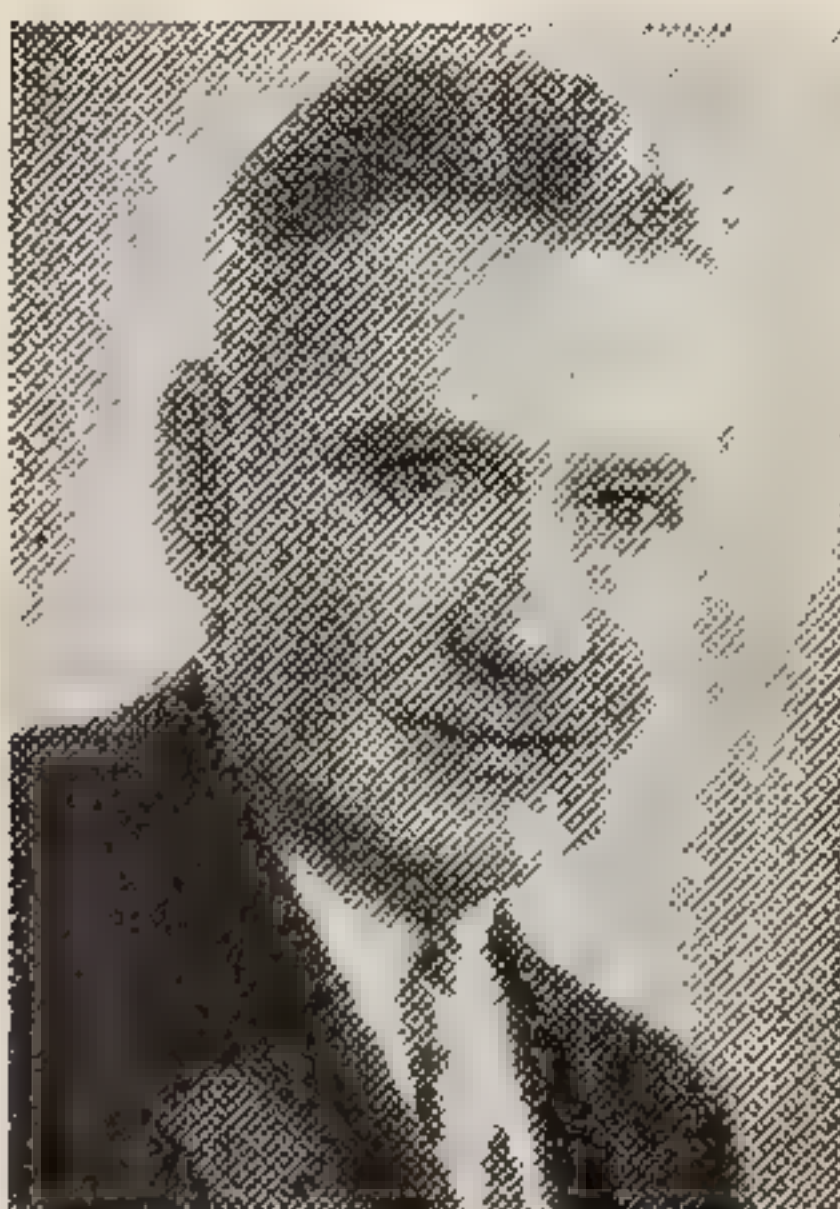
Although the College is a quiz program, with questions concerning popular music, it does have to have a rehearsal, because of the numerous orchestral and vocal numbers that intersperse the questions. The first hour of band practice is usually directed by one of the men in the orchestra, for then Kay is backstage with his secretary, his arrangers, his research staff and announcer Ben Grauer, going over the script and suggesting last-minute revisions or additions. Also, he makes sure that every piece of music has been arranged in the right key for his pretty girl vocalist, Ginny Simms, or for one of his other two vocalists, Harry Babbitt and Ish Kabibble.

Finally Kay emerges from the conference room and takes over the band for more rehearsal, after which the quiz part of the program is timed. Everybody in the studio has a lot of fun during the timing process. Standing opposite Kay at the microphone is Ben Grauer. Kay asks him the first question and Ben gives a funny answer in return. He ad libs his way through the entire script, giving crazy answers to the questions and often sending everyone into helpless laughter.

Getting the questions together in the first place is no laughing matter, though. It's one of the toughest parts of Kay's job. He employs a large staff of researchers, and insists that they check at least five different sources to be sure they have the right answer to every question—well knowing that it's all too easy to pull a blunder.

If you want to be one of the active participants in a Kay Kyser musical quiz, there's only one way for you to achieve your ambition. Get a ticket to the broadcast, and go to it. The stub of your ticket is deposited in a huge goldfish bowl (without any water in it) which is set on the stage beside Kay, and before the broadcast he has a girl select stubs from the bowl until three girls and three men have been found to broadcast the quiz game. If you're one of the lucky ticket-holders you'll get your chance to display your musical knowledge (or ignorance) to the whole country.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



EDWIN C. HILL—a star reporter for twenty-five years. He got his first newspaper job after graduation from Butler College in Indiana, and soon after that came to New York with \$100 and lots of ambition—and was a success with his very first news story. He's been a success on the air, too, since 1931, and tonight at 6:05 you'll hear him broadcasting the news over CBS (that is, if you live in the East). His greatest joy is fishing, he usually carries a walking stick and prefers gray suits and gray hats, and he writes all his own broadcasts at top speed on a battered typewriter.

Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



4 MONTHS

"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry."

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"



11 MONTHS

"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!"

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



2 YEARS

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch."

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."



3½ YEARS

"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert."

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:15 NBC-Red: Hi Boys
			8:30 NBC-Red: Do You Remember
			9:00 NBC: News
			8:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:30 CBS: Manhattan Mother
			8:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
			9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
			8:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
			10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
			10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
			10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
			10:45 CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
			11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
9:45	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
			11:15 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
			11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
			11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
			12:00 Noon CBS: Girl Interne
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
			12:15 P.M. CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: American Life
			12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
			1:30 CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30	1:45 NBC-Red: Words and Music
			11:45 12:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
			2:00 CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
			2:15 CBS: Dr. Susan
1:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	2:30 CBS: Your Family and Mine
			12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
			2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	1:00	2:00	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	4:00 NBC-Blue: Sunbrite Smile Parade
			12:00 2:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
			4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	4:30 NBC-Blue: Rhythm Auction
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:30	2:30	3:30	4:45 NBC-Red: Midstream
12:45	2:45	3:45	5:00 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
			5:30 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
			5:45 CBS: March of Games
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
			6:00 CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00	6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
			6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
			7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
			7:15 CBS: Music by Malneck
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
			7:30 CBS: Joe E. Brown
7:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Goldman Band
3:30	5:30	6:30	8:00 NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE
4:00	6:00	7:00	8:30 NBC-Blue: It's Up to You
4:30	6:30	7:30	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
			5:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Toronto Symphony
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: America's Lost Plays
5:00	7:00	8:00	10:00 CBS: Workshop Festival
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:00	8:00	9:00	

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Workshop cast assembles for the first rehearsal of a play

Tune-In Bulletin for July 27, August 3, 10, 17 and 24!

July 27: On the Columbia Workshop drama festival tonight—CBS at 10:00—"A Trip to Czardis," adapted to radio from a short story of the same name by Edwin Granberry . . . it's one of the eight Workshop repeat broadcasts selected for this summer.

August 3: Tonight's Columbia Workshop play—a revival of "The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet," by Pauline Gibson, featuring Karl Swenson as the ghost who doesn't like to hound people. . . . Arturo Toscanini directs a symphony orchestra in Lucerne, Switzerland, today, and NBC brings you his music by short wave.

August 10: The Columbia Workshop play at 10:00—an original script by Dorothy Parker, famous writer. . . . Also at 10:00, Jose Iturbi is a guest star on the Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red.

August 17: "A Drink of Water," by Wilbur Daniel Steele is the Columbia Workshop play—the story of a girl who suffers from a strange fear of men. . . . Ask-It-Basket, the popular quiz program with Jim McWilliams, returns tonight—on CBS at 8:00.

August 24: Irving Reis directs his own play, "Meridian 7-1212" tonight on the Columbia Workshop festival.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Columbia Workshop, heard on CBS from 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Daylight Time.

This month of July marks the third birthday of one of radio's finest unsponsored programs, the Columbia Workshop, devoted to experimental radio drama, and to celebrate, it's presenting several of its most popular broadcasts all over again, plus some new plays specially written by famous authors. You'll find the program for the five Thursdays covered by this issue of your Almanac in the Tune-In Bulletin above.

The Columbia Workshop was the brainchild of a young CBS engineer and writer, Irving Reis, who experimented with unique methods of writing and presentation until he was wooed away from the Workshop, and from radio, by Paramount Pictures in December, 1937. After that, William N. Robson took over the series for six or seven months. Then CBS decided to make the Workshop a general Columbia project in which all its directors could participate.

Many are the tricks the Workshop has originated. One program compared the way a play sounded on the air when its

actors huddled around a microphone reading scripts, with the way it sounded when the actors moved freely around the studio and memorized their lines. It had lots of fun with sound-effects, even inventing some sounds for things you can't hear, such as the sensation of drowning, or sea-sickness, or fear, or fog. It even put a real human heartbeat on the air for the first time, as background for Edgar Allen Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart."

At least ten new radio writers have been discovered by the Workshop—including Milton Geiger, a Cleveland druggist whose first radio effort, "Case History," was bought two hours after the postman delivered it to Workshop directors; Pauline Gibson, who wrote "The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet"; William Merrick, an Associated Press correspondent who wrote "Forgot in the Rains" and "Flight from Home"; and Norman Corwin.

If you haven't been a Workshop listener in the past, this summer is a fine time to introduce yourself to it, because in the "festival" you can be sure of hearing those plays that have proven themselves most popular and exciting in the past.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MATTY MALNECK—whose sensational swing orchestra is on CBS tonight at 7:15 Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 7:15, their time. Matty was first violinist in Paul Whiteman's orchestra for eleven years—but all the time he was developing his own unique style of musical interpretation. When he had it worked out to his satisfaction he got together his own orchestra of eight pieces, and its success was immediate. He's appeared in three moving pictures, and his band was signed for this radio program only four months after its first rehearsal.



My Daughters Sing Swing

(Continued from page 33)

hours you work on any job, and singing with a band just means that you work while other people play—to your music.

When Mart was eight and Liz was five, their father gave them a ukelele. That started something definite. In two hours, Mart had picked out the chords to one of the latest song hits and taught Liz to sing with her in harmony.

In no time at all, they were giving concerts in the back yard—singing duets to Mart's uke accompaniment, just like any other kids of the time.

THEN came the inevitable move to singing for money instead of just for fun. Right after Martha finished high school, a band leader named Sid Lippman asked her to join his band at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. In some ways, this did introduce a problem. Martha was only eighteen and the hours at the Cocoanut Grove were long and late. But that's what she wanted to do, and if she was going to be happy at it, her father and I didn't see why we should interfere.

One rule we have always had, however. We would never have consented to let either of the girls sing with any of these pick-up, fly-by-night bands that work in questionable neighborhoods or cheap cabarets. Such places are sometimes not even safe for the musicians, let alone for girls Martha's age.

As it worked out, Martha loved singing with Lippman's band. She got valuable experience in stage presence, in adapting herself to the hours you work with a band.

But her next offer introduced a problem of a different kind. Hal Grayson, a West Coast band leader, asked Martha to tour with his band. I felt exactly the way any mother would feel when her daughter considers leaving home for the first time. But I couldn't stand in the child's way. The only thing I could see to do was to go with her.

Our tour took us up the West Coast as far as Seattle. We couldn't have been more business-like if we'd been selling furniture. Most afternoons there were rehearsals that Martha had to attend. That would be when we were staying one place for a week. If we were doing one-nighters, we'd usually spend the days travelling. Any free time we had, we did just what any other mother and daughter would do—shopped or went to the movies.

I didn't always go with Martha when she went to work at night. I can't keep up those late hours. But, if I didn't go, the boys would see that she got there all right. And see that she got home again safely. Actually, it seemed to me that she was a lot safer with all those boys than she would have been with a single escort. When, as sometimes happens in any dance hall, some over-enthusiastic youth would try to bother Martha, there would be a dozen musicians ready to take care of him. The men Martha works with have always realized that she takes her job as seriously as they take theirs. Many of them are married, you know, and most of the single ones are likely to look on her as a sort of little sister.

(Continued on page 53)



"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand...What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why?...Oh, you're HIDING! ... H'm ... Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake..."



"First place, there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there were some danger, you aren't very well hidden."



"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck!... Never mind—we'll soon fix that..."



"Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed..."



"'Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!...Me too, Mother? Me too?"



"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:15
			NBC-Red: Hi Boys
			9:00
			CBS: Richard Maxwell
			NBC: News
			9:05
			NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:30
			CBS: Manhattan Mother
			NBC-Red: The Family Man
			9:45
			CBS: Bachelor's Children
			NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
			10:00
12:00	8:00	8:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
			11:15
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Girl Interne
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: At Home in the World
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
			1:45
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Words and Music
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Women in America
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
			5:00
			NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		4:30	NBC-Red: Billy and Betty
			5:45
			NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
			6:05
			CBS: Edwin C. Hill
			6:45
			NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: The Parker Family
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Michael Loring
	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
			8:00
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Johnny Presents
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: 99 Men and a Girl
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Bob Ripley

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Energetic Conductor Raymond Paige, of 99 Men and a Girl

Tune-In Bulletin for July 28, August 4, 11 and 18!

July 28: For midwestern listeners only—the St. Paul open golf championship games, broadcast by CBS in the midwestern territory.

August 4: Bing Crosby's Del Mar race track is the scene today of the Motion Picture Handicap. NBC broadcasts the doings.

August 11: Artie Shaw opens with his orchestra tonight at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston. You can listen on NBC.

August 18: For some swell music, listen to the Cities Service Concert, on NBC-Red at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Raymond Paige, Ninety-nine Men and a Girl, on CBS at 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by the United States Rubber Company.

The title of this program states the exact truth. There are ninety-two men in Raymond Paige's orchestra—commercial radio's biggest—and six in the male sextet. That makes ninety-nine altogether. And they fill the stage of CBS Playhouse Number One so completely that when the program first went on the air six rows of seats in the theater had to be torn out and the stage extended, to make room.

Drilling an orchestra of ninety-two men, with only one day a week allowed for rehearsal, is a pretty tough job. Most symphony orchestras have an equal number of men, and they rehearse several times a week, so you can appreciate Paige's achievement. Here's the way he does it, to save time and also to help himself in hearing the tonal qualities of the orchestra. He splits the full orchestra into three sections—the strings, violins, cellos, and so on; the brass, trumpets, trombones, etc.; and the wood-winds or reed instruments, saxophones, clarinets, oboes — and rehearses each section separately during Friday morning. Friday afternoon is spent rehearsing the whole band together, plus the girl guest star, a new one each week.

Because by the time the first program of the series went on the air Paige had almost lost his voice from shouting instructions, he now uses a public-address system

during rehearsal. That helps his voice, but his energetic method of conducting still melts weight off faster than a series of gymnasium courses.

All the musical numbers you hear this orchestra play are specially arranged, and so are not printed music, but hand-written with pen and ink. If your musical education never progressed farther than a little home piano-playing, you probably wouldn't even be able to read the long sheets of manuscript score which the Paige musicians whip through every week. It's a full-time job for ten men, plus Paige himself, to supply them with these scores. Working under Paige's instructions, five arrangers make new orchestral versions of the numbers he selects for playing. Then five copyists work most of the week at writing out enough copies of each number to go around to all the musicians.

In the shadowy balcony of Playhouse Number One, late on a Friday afternoon, you're likely to see a hundred or so silent high school children—a sight not visible at other broadcast rehearsals, which are usually as carefully guarded from intrusion as the United States Mint. These youngsters are there at the special invitation of Raymond Paige. They're music students at New York's various high schools and it's part of their class work to watch the big symphony orchestra rehearse. Their presence is good for the musicians too, Paige has discovered—they respond to an audience and do better work.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



MICHAEL LORING—new CBS baritone, who is heard tonight at 7:30, and Mondays and Wednesdays at 7:15, Eastern Daylight Time. If Michael looks familiar it's because you've seen him in the movies—though never in very prominent parts. Born in Minneapolis 29 years ago, he originally planned to be a physician, but gave up his study of medicine to join the road company of the play, "Journey's End." Eight years of ups and downs followed, including a year in Hollywood—then he came to New York to appear in musical comedy and revues. His favorite songs are Negro chants and Irish ballads.

(Continued from page 51)

I can't say I was quite prepared to have both my girls decide to go in for swing-singing careers, though. I suppose my trouble was the usual mother's malady of refusing to think the baby of the family would ever grow up.

Then one day, a neighbor stopped in and said, "Well, I certainly enjoyed Elizabeth's act at the Orpheum. Really, Mrs. Tilton, she was great!"

I wasn't going to give Elizabeth away, so I just blinked and said, "Yes, I guess she's following in her sister's footsteps." The Orpheum? I didn't know a thing about it.

After the neighbor left, I asked Elizabeth about it.

"Well, Mama," she said, "I just got tired of sitting around while Martha had all the fun, so I went into the Orpheum amateur contest."

WHAT was I to say? In the first place, I was sort of tickled at the child's nerve, going into that contest all by herself.

"Well, honey" I began.

"Listen, Mama," Elizabeth said, "you won't tell Martha that I borrowed her white evening dress to do it, will you?"

Yes, Elizabeth was growing up. And when Martha realized it, she reacted almost exactly as I had.

A young chap named Gil Evans who had a local band made up mostly of college students, called Martha one afternoon that summer to ask her if she would sing with them at a dance hall at Balboa Beach. Martha wanted to rest after the Grayson tour, so she turned down the offer. When she came upstairs to tell us about it, Elizabeth let out one screech.

"Why didn't you tell him about me!"

It had never occurred to Martha to mention to Gil that she had a kid sister who sang. She looked over at me. I smiled.

"Why not?" Martha said.

She went right downstairs, called Evans back, and herself took Elizabeth out to the beach next Sunday.

That was Liz' first job and she learned a lot from it. By this time, Martha and I had developed a few rules that we thought a girl singer ought to bear in mind. They were just simple things, but we passed them on to Elizabeth. Things like never go out on the street alone. Take a taxi to get home if you happen to be by yourself when the job is over. Never go out with men you don't know. Simple rules that most nice girls follow anyway.

Soon after Liz started singing, Martha got her offer from Benny Goodman. What happened was that Martha was singing in the chorus that was part of the Jack Oakie College portion of Benny's CBS radio program. She was singing mostly straight lead parts and Benny had no way of knowing that she could sing swing. But one day, the chorus director asked Martha to take a solo lick in a song called "Let's Have Another Cigarette." She sang it natural voice, and Benny liked it. He signed her up.

Liz was still in school, when a telegram came from Gene Krupa. By this time, Gene had left Benny to form his own band. He knew Martha, of course, and he'd heard about Elizabeth. He probably figured, "like

(Continued on page 55)

Which Soap Gives Your Skin THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE?



Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you will choose Cashmere Bouquet Soap, for its fragrance appeals to the senses of men

A MAN loves with all five senses, and smart girls—those serenely confident females who seem to conquer men almost without trying—are fastidious about the fragrance of their bath soap.

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Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

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You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

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The Fragrance Men Love

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Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00 A. M.	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Tony, Juanita, Buddy
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
		9:15	CBS: Fidler's Fancy NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
		9:25	CBS: News
		9:45	NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
8:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Hill Billy Champions NBC-Blue: Morin Sisters NBC-Red: The Wise Man
8:15	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow NBC-Red: No School Today
8:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Barry McKinley
8:45	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up NBC-Red: Armchair Quartet
9:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mellow Moments NBC-Blue: Ross Trio NBC-Red: American Air Quartet
9:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Romanelli Orchestra NBC-Red: Manhattan Melodies
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau NBC-Red: Call to Youth
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show NBC-Red: Campus Notes
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: What Price America NBC-Blue: Morton Franklin Orch. NBC-Red: Kinney Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Indiana Indigo NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Cosmopolitan Melodies
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Laval Orchestra
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Topical Tunes NBC-Red: Summertime Swing
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Three Cheers
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: Instrumentalists NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: This Week in Washington NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted NBC-Red: Art of Living
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Americans at Work NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Larry Clinton's Orch.
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: County Seat NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Brent House NBC-Red: Avalon Time
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance NBC-Red: Vox Pop
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Arch Oboler Plays
5:45	7:45	8:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Benny Goodman

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Soloist Henry Burr and Leslie Clucas, of Barn Dance's male octet

Tune-In Bulletin for July 29, August 5, 12 and 19!

July 29: A couple of horse races for you this bright summer Saturday—the Yonkers Handicap at Empire City, over CBS, and the Arlington Futurity, on NBC.
August 5: Still interested in horse races, your loudspeaker today offers the Saratoga Handicap for three-year-olds, on CBS from 4:30 to 5:00, Eastern Daylight time. The winner will get a purse amounting to about \$20,000. . . . NBC prefers tennis, and broadcasts the Eastern grass court meet.
August 12: Bryan Field announces the Champlain Handicap from Saratoga, over CBS.
August 19: Another \$20,000 purse goes to the winner of the Travers Stake horse race, broadcast this afternoon on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Alka Seltzer National Barn Dance, on the NBC Blue network from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast from 7:00 to 8:00, Pacific Time.

It was fifteen years ago last April that an old-time fiddler and square-dance caller broadcast an "audition" over Station WLS in Chicago. From that humble beginning has come the Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance which today is one of the most popular of network programs—a real radio and national institution.

The Barn Dance is based on the theory—and it seems to be a sound one—that the American public likes a variety show of old-time folk tunes and cowboy ballads, with just a sprinkling of modern music.

Until July 15, 1933, the Barn Dance remained on WLS as a local program. Then it was extended to stations in Detroit and Pittsburgh, and made such a hit that the following September it went coast to coast, where it's been ever since.

It's unique among broadcasts in that its studio audiences pay to get in—and both Saturday night shows always play to packed houses. For a studio, the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago is used, and it holds 1200 people, but all seats are invariably filled long before the first curtain.

The Barn Dance is genuinely rural in its setting. The stage represents a real barn, with plenty of hay around, and all the entertainers appear in character—dressed

in overalls or gingham. Genial Pat Barrett, who as Uncle Ezra is the star of the show with his homely philosophy and quaint style of wit, not only dresses the part but makes up for it too, with white wig, chin whiskers and grease paint. In reality, he is quite a young man, but as Uncle Ezra he looks at least seventy.

The various entertainers rehearse separately on the Friday before each program—singer Henry Burr, who holds a record of having made more than nine million phonograph records; the Hoosier Hot Shots, who are Frank Kettering, Kenneth and Hezzie Trietsch and Gabe Ward; baritone Skip Farrell; basso Joe Parsons; harmonica wizard Bob Ballantine; contralto Lucille Long; Arkie, the Kansas Wood-chopper, who sings Western songs; the girl vocal trio, Anne, Pat and Judy; the Maple City Four and the male octet; and Glenn Welty's orchestra, several members of which play with symphony orchestras in other days of the week.

After these individual rehearsals, the whole cast gathers at the theater on Saturday at 4:30 for a dress rehearsal with Uncle Ezra and the master of ceremonies, Joe Kelly, and there they work right up until two hours before the broadcast. Between the first and second broadcasts there is always a table in the wings of the stage, loaded with a buffet lunch, where the members of the cast gather round to gossip and eat.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



LOUISE TOBIN—the small, dark and vivacious singer with Benny Goodman's band on NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight. Louise is a Southerner—born in Texas and raised in Tennessee. She's been a blues singer all her life, and began her career over Southern radio stations, then came to New York, where she met Harry James, famous swing trumpeter who now has a band of his own. They fell in love and married, and it wasn't until last year that Louise resumed her career, singing in a Greenwich Village night spot. Benny heard her there, liked her, and when Martha Tilton left the band he sent her a hurry call.

(Continued from page 53)

Martha, like Elizabeth." So he wired Elizabeth an offer to join his band.

Well, that *was* a time. It took the combined efforts of the family at home and Martha's air mail letters to keep Elizabeth from quitting school and skipping out on us.

As if this weren't bad enough, Buddy Rogers came to the Palomar just about this time. He, too, had heard about Martha Tilton's little sister. One night when Elizabeth was dancing at the Palomar like any other girl on a date, Buddy asked her to sing a chorus with the band. She did—and he offered her a job right away.

BUT Elizabeth showed her natural good sense. Without a word to anybody, she turned down the offer, went back to school, and graduated.

Then, the very day after graduation, she left to join the band of a friend named Ken Baker in Portland, Oregon.

I didn't go with her. I figured she'd learned all she needed to know by now and could take care of herself.

Later, when Elizabeth returned home, she found that Buddy Rogers had not forgotten about her. He had wired her to join him in Memphis, Tennessee. Together Liz and I made the plane reservations—and I had to realize that my second daughter was grown up and started out in the world on her own.

Regrets? Well, hardly. I've tried to make it clear to you that I don't consider my girls are in any more moral danger singing in a night club than they would be typing in an office. They probably make more money than do most stenographers and their work is less confining and more fun. They have learned a great deal of self-reliance from being on their own as they are and from being financially independent at such an early age. Of course, I miss them—the house seems very quiet when they are away—but they write me oftener, I'll bet, than do many girls who work away from home.

Neither of the girls drinks or smokes. As a matter of fact, they rather disapprove of my taking a cigarette now and then. They're happy, doing good work at jobs they like. And by now, they've got over the terrible homesickness that goes with traveling with a band at first.

Why should I worry? If other mothers in America have daughters who are crazy to sing swing with bands, I can only say to them, just be sure you know that your daughter really wants to sing, that she isn't carried away by the notion that singing with a band is just an exciting, grand picnic of dressing up in evening clothes every night, spending your time among the bright lights, and having a lot of men around all the time.

Try to make her see it as a job like any other for which she must have real ability, real ambition, a lot of good sense, and a knowledge of how to conduct herself as any nice girl would. And I think she ought to finish high school at least before she even considers taking up such a career.

Then, if you have been close enough to her, so that you know you can trust her under any circumstances, and she *still* wants to sing swing with a band, I say, why not?

I have two daughters who sing swing with bands. I'm proud of them.

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?



Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair—with no scalp irritation!

If you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair!

Because hair that sparkles with high-lights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

HALO SHAMPOO



Fine Weather for the Country

If you're the outdoor type—active, athletic—here's a semi-up hair-do for your kind.



High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire ear. Back of hair is long, hugging the neck, forming a soft roll.

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR



MEAT CASSEROLE A LA MILANAISE
 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
 1½ cups left-over beef, lamb or pork
 ¾ teaspoon salt
 ⅞ teaspoon pepper
 Buttered bread crumbs
 Chop Franco-American Spaghetti a little. Grind meat and add seasonings. Arrange in alternate layers in greased casserole, finishing with spaghetti. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes, till casserole is heated through and crumbs slightly browned. Serves 4 generously.

THRIFTY WIVES—Learn this priceless secret!

• Get acquainted with Franco-American Spaghetti. It puts *flavor* into your foods! Serve it with less expensive meat cuts. Combine it with left-overs and see the welcome they get. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with eleven different ingredients.

Serve it as a main dish, too. Junior will love it for lunch—a big plateful! Give it to him often, mother. There's good, wholesome nourishment in it and loads of energy! Only 10¢ a can. Order several from your grocer today.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 439
 Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Condemned to Live

(Continued from page 9)

he had said "Good-bye." He understood that one day she would want to hear him call her "Mary," and to be told that his name was Bill.

And—wonderfully—he seemed to understand that it was good not to meet, not to know each other except as disembodied voices.

A month—two—three—a whole year. And then one day her husband came upon her as she was talking on the telephone. He was home early, and he entered the room quietly, secretly, as he always moved. He was at her elbow before she was aware of his presence, startling her so that she stammered guiltily, and put down the telephone sooner than she had intended.

"Who was that, Mary?" he asked. He had a small, tight-lipped mouth that seemed to let words go out of it reluctantly, and whenever he spoke he watched the words with a pair of light blue eyes, watched them until they reached the person he had spoken to, and watched to see their work upon that person.

"YOU wouldn't be interested," she said, but he paid no attention and repeated his question. She knew he would ask until he received an answer, so she said:

"I don't really know."

"You would not talk to someone you didn't know."

"I talk to *you*," she said. "I don't know you. We're strangers, Henry."

"That's nonsense," Henry Crane said. "We are man and wife, and you know I have no time for sentimentality."

"Is it sentimentality to want love and affection? Laughter? Children? . . . Henry, we don't mean anything to each other, any longer. Please—please—let me have a divorce!"

"I've told you before," he said patiently, "you can't have a divorce. I intend to be elected senator from this state, and it must be obvious even to you that a divorce at this time is impossible."

"You're so ugly!" she exclaimed.

Quite unruffled, he remarked, "I have a love letter from you in which you called me handsome."

"Inside, you're—you're hideous!"

Crane turned away, as if he had lost all interest in the conversation. "Please go and dress now," he said. "I have a guest coming for dinner—Mr. Everhart. I wish you to be polite to him—charming. I want him to write my speeches for the campaign. After he leaves—" the thin lips curved in a slight smile—"you can go to bed with a book of love stories. To feed your romantic mind. . . ."

When, dressed in a midnight-blue gown of pebbled crepe, with only her pearls for jewelry, she entered the drawing room, Mr. Everhart had already arrived. He was younger than most of her husband's acquaintances; only a year or so older than she was herself. Her first sight of him showed his long, straight back as he stood talking to her husband. Her second, as he turned, revealed widely-spaced, candid eyes, filled with a gravity that went oddly with the humorous line of his mouth.

"This is a great pleasure, Mrs. Crane," he said in response to Henry's introduction.

"Henry says you are an excellent speech writer," she remarked in confusion.

"Not too excellent. I'm really an electrical engineer, and just drifted into politics."

"He still carries on his electrical experiments," Henry said, managing to make the pursuit sound faintly discreditable. The butler entered, with word that Mr. Crane was wanted on the telephone. "I'll take it in the library," he said, and left the room.

"Let me look at you, Bill," Mary whispered.

"Are you disappointed?" he asked.

"No. I knew you the instant I saw you. I didn't even have to hear your voice."

"I hoped you would," he said.

"Why did you come? Why did you allow us to meet?"

"I had to," he said simply. "Just as I had to start calling you up. You didn't know—but I saw you a year ago. One day in your husband's office. I was leaving—you were coming in. Ever since that day . . . I've loved you."

She shivered. "You mustn't say that, Bill."

"Why not? It's true."

The latch of the door clicked behind them, and Henry Crane came into the room. "Mary, will you ring for cocktails?" he asked politely.

THE days when she could not see Bill were meaningless, now. Somehow, she knew she must persuade Henry to give her a divorce. Perhaps he would, when he understood. He *must*!

She and Bill went to the country, one afternoon while Henry was in Washington. Clouds floated over their heads; the field where they stopped the car was edged with trees whose leaves were just beginning to be flecked with autumn colors. But Bill looked at their beauty with unseeing eyes.

"I'm sorry I had to see you, Mary," he said. "I shouldn't have forced my way into your life, to complicate it."

"Complicate it!" She laughed. "I've only begun to know what life can be like."

He shook his head. "Mary—you have to know. Once I killed a man."

"You . . . what?"

"I killed a man—and ran away. The people who talk about conscience are so right, Mary. I haven't slept for years. I ask myself—how can I live without sleep—without peace?"

She held him to her breast in a passion of tenderness. "I'll bring you peace, Bill. I'll find some way. I'll talk to Henry—and together we can—"

"No—not Henry. That's the power he has over me—over us. You see, Mary, he's the only person in the world who knows that I am a murderer. He was there when—when it happened."

"Oh—no!" she whispered. "No!"

"That's why I tried to stay away from you—and yet tried to be with you. I thought it would be enough to talk to you on the telephone, without letting you know who I was. But it wasn't enough—and now this isn't enough, either." He moved away from her, sat up straight. "There's only one thing left—to confess to the murder. That will break his power

over me. It's the only way."

"You mustn't! Let me try—I'll see him tonight. He's got to understand. He's never given me anything I wanted—he must see that he owes me this." She was speaking in short, broken sentences, her hands twisting together in agony.

But that evening, when she entered Henry's room, she was calm. Be calm—that's your only chance, Mary. . . . Emotional scenes infuriate him, you can speak to him only with logic.

"I'm going away, Henry."

He looked up from the desk where he was working on one of his campaign speeches. "A little vacation?"

"No—forever, Henry."

"Bill?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, Henry."

He carefully placed his pen in its rack. "You'll never go away with Bill, Mary. You and Bill are impossible for each other. He's not really a free man."

"You mean because he once committed a murder?"

HE had not expected this. His voice was surprised: "He told you about that?"

"Yes. But it doesn't matter to me. We're going away just the same. To be together for as long as Bill can live in freedom."

His eyes watched his words, watched her. "Bill can't live in freedom if you go away with him, Mary—because I'll send him to the chair."

"The scandal would ruin your chances to be senator. But if we went away quietly, together, no one would know." Against her will, a note of emotion, of pleading, crept into her voice. "Please, Henry! I promise, no one would know!"

He could still smile. "You'll forgive me if I doubt that. Such things get around, very quickly. And naturally, I should not accuse Bill of murder myself—his indictment would come through the usual channels. I'd merely be a witness. I believe, as a matter of fact, the publicity would be an excellent thing for my campaign."

Listening to that careful, self-contained voice, she knew that he spoke the truth. He was not bluffing; Henry never bluffed. He would bring about Bill's execution as coldly, as logically, as neatly as he had brought about everything he had ever wanted.

Fury shook her at his power. He was not human—he was a gigantic machine of power and ambition. But he could be stopped—there was one way. . . . This machine was built of flesh and blood. It could die!—even though its death at her hands meant her death too.

In his dresser drawer there was a pistol. She had seen it there, only a week ago. She whirled, tore the drawer open. Yes, there it was. She took it out, pointed it at him, saw the cold eyes widen for the first time in fear . . . and pulled the trigger.

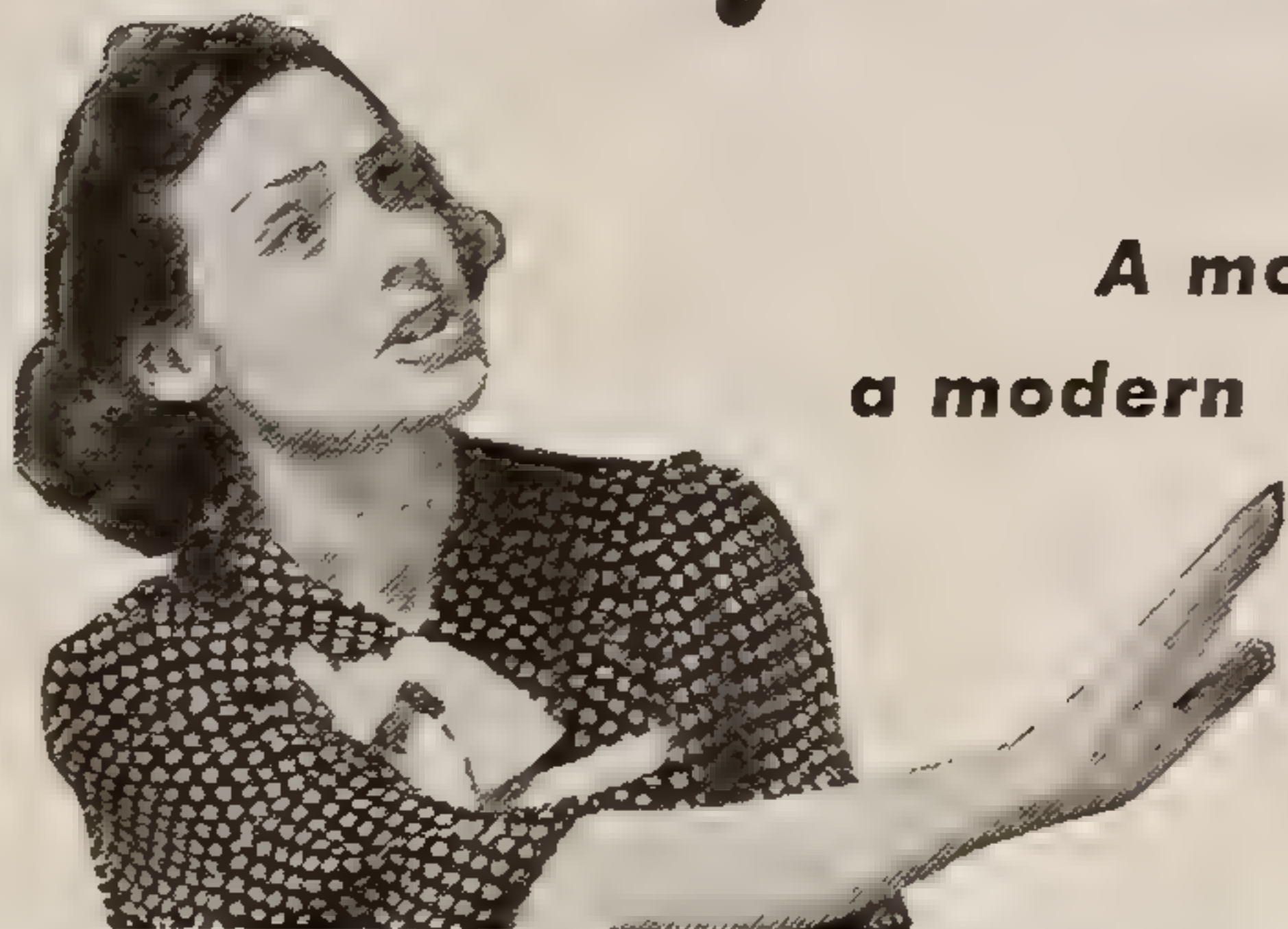
The explosion echoed about the room. It blended with the sound of the doorbell. Why didn't the butler answer? Then she remembered—he was off for the evening, and so was the cook. The pistol still in her hand, she walked through the apartment, opened the door.

Bill stood outside.

"Good evening, Mrs. Crane," he began formally, as he always did in this house. Then his eyes found the pistol. "Mary! What—"

"I've just killed him," she said. "He threatened to send you to the chair—"

"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"



*A modern wife finds
a modern way out for her child*



1. But, Mary . . . I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .



2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!



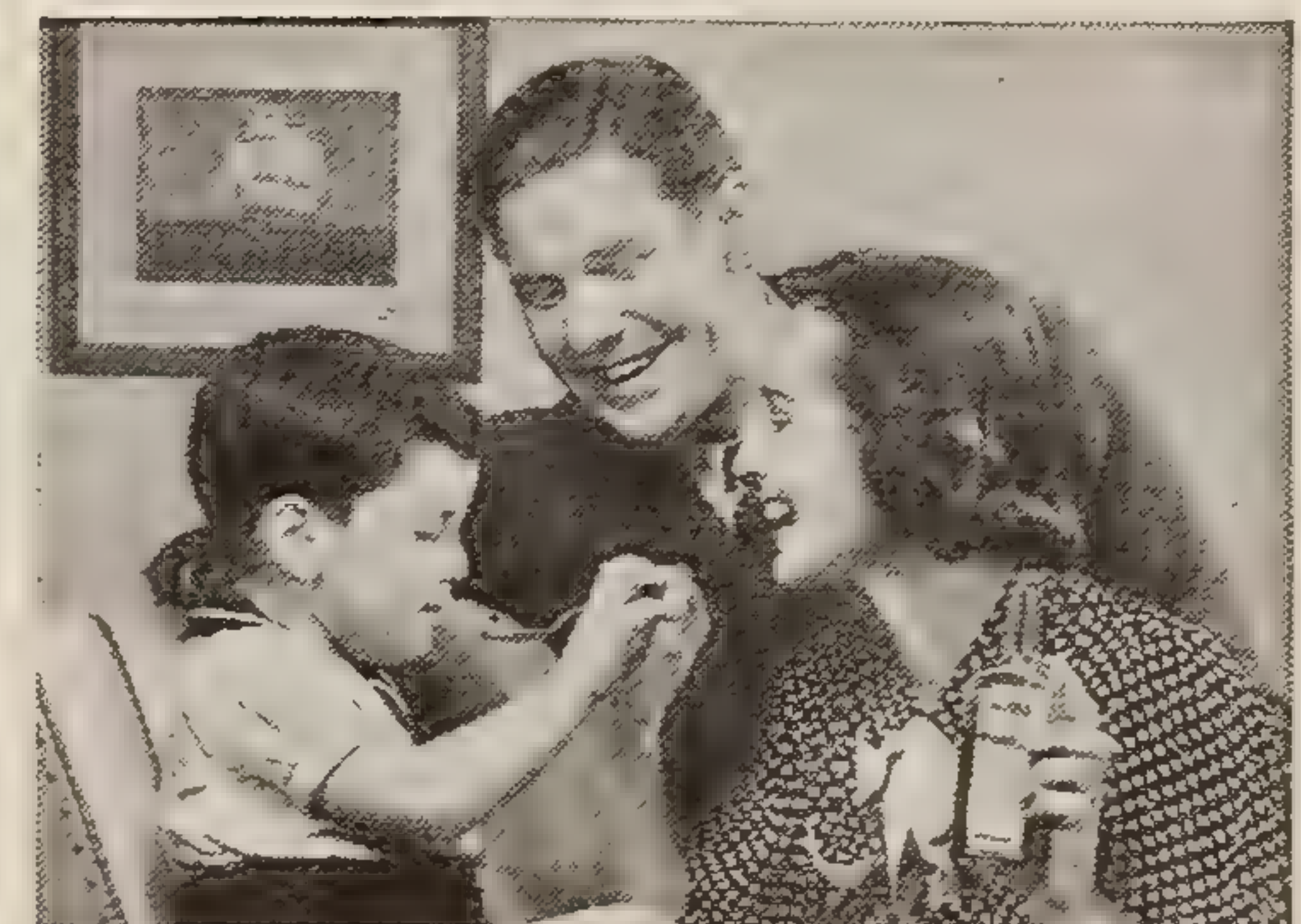
3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor. . . uh-huh . . . WHAT? . . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.



4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides" . . . and could do more harm than good.



5. He said to give him a modern laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's safe, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.



6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in this family.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

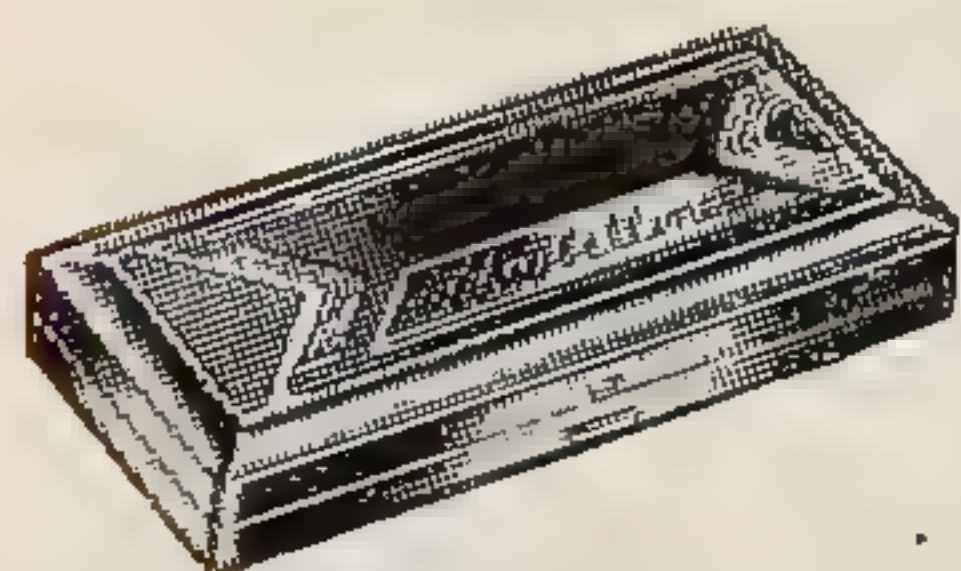


In this illustration you see a face divided. Except for eye make-up, the two sides are identical. Try covering the side with the made up eye and look at the other. Notice the pale, blank expression. Now cover this side and look again. You see a thrilling change—an entirely different personality.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids will do the same thing for you. It's easy—and exciting to see it happen.

First you blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. This adds depth and brilliance to your eyes. Next, taper your brows gracefully with the Maybelline perfectly pointed Eyebrow Pencil. Notice how expressive it makes them. Then Maybelline Mascara for your lashes and just look—you'll be amazed by their appearance of long sweeping loveliness, luxuriant and dark to the very tips! This modern Mascara is a joy to use—harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

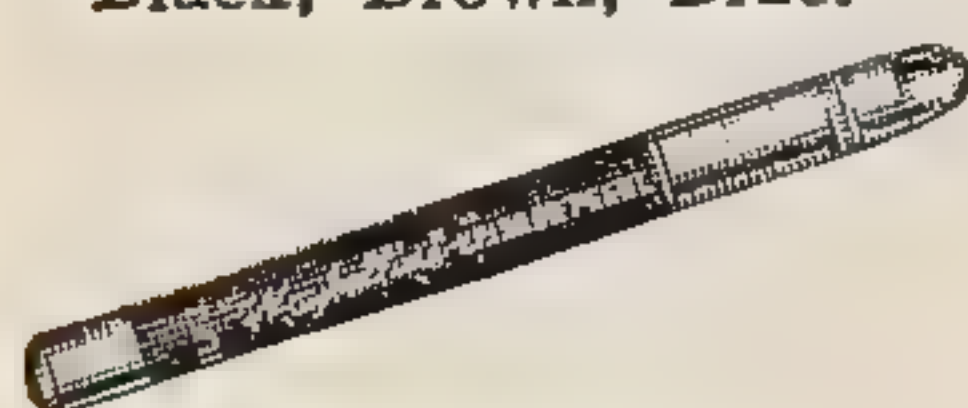
Give yourself thrilling added beauty today. Introductory sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



and I shot him. I don't care. I'm glad!"

He rushed down the hall, into the bedroom. In a moment he was back, his face chalky white. He went to the telephone.

"Operator, get me Police Headquarters."

"Bill!" she cried. "What are you doing?"

"This is it, Mary," he said. "This is the time when I'm to be punished for the murder I committed."

"Bill! Don't!"

"Hello," he said into the telephone. "Police headquarters? This is William Everhart. I'm at 201 Grove Avenue. I've just killed a man."

SO Henry fulfilled his promise after all," Mary said to the attentive listening priest. "He is sending Bill to his death—tonight. I tried telling the judge, the district attorney, the governor—I told them all that Bill was lying, to save me. And none of them would believe—they believed Bill instead. . . . Don't you believe me either, Father?"

"I believe you, Mary," he nodded.

"Father, how can I save him?"

"You must make him talk. Tonight. You must make him tell the truth."

The train was going slower, stopping. A cab took them up a winding road to the prison, and Mary followed the priest down brightly lighted corridors of steel and concrete. For a while she waited at a barrier, and then she saw Bill enter the room on the other side. He came near her; they could talk through a slit in the glass.

"Bill," she pleaded, "there's still a chance to save your life."

"I don't want my life, Mary. For eight years I've been living on borrowed time."

The tears were falling on her hands, clasped in front of her; she let them fall. "You sound as if you want to die!"

"I do, Mary."

"But you're going for something I did."

"I'm paying for something I did, Mary. If I choose to assume your debt as well as mine, you can't stop me!"

"But I should be punished!" She felt as if she were talking to him in a language he did not understand, for he only smiled and said:

"For loving me? For my loving you? If our love was at all beautiful, live on the memory of that. That's

all life is, really—a collection of memories that we store up to take with us on another journey. Take mine with you—as I'll take yours with me—and be thankful that we've shared something . . . beautiful."

The door opened behind him. In the shadows she saw the priest's figure, waiting for Bill—and though she beat and tore at the barrier until her hands were bruised and bleeding, she could not follow them.

"Bill, who killed you? Henry? I? Did you know you were dying—that first day you saw me? Or the first day you picked up the telephone to call me? You were dying all through our love. And now I've died too. I can walk, and talk, and I suppose some time I must sleep, but I'm dead."

"No! I have to live! I have to make someone believe me. I have to let the world know that I was guilty, not you. . . ."

* * *

ON the busiest corner of the city, late at night, a woman stood. Her coat was thin and old, it was no protection from the icy wind, but she did not shiver. Watching her, the priest saw her lay her hand on passersby, speak a few words before they shook her off and hurried on their ways.

"Mister, can you wait a minute? I want to tell you a story."

But no one would listen.

The priest stopped beside her.

"Good evening, Mary," he said.

Her worn, lined face, with the graying hair straggling out from under the battered hat, turned to him, and the tired eyes softened.

"Good evening, Father. Do you know what it is to tell the truth and not be believed?"

"Yes, Mary," he said. "I know what it is."

"Every night I come here—I try to talk to people, and tell them the truth. But they don't care, they won't listen, and if they do listen they won't believe me." She looked around in confusion, at the hurrying people. "They don't believe me. Do you believe me, Father?"

"Yes, Mary. I believe you. I've been believing you for five years."

"Five years?" she asked. "Is it so long since they took Bill? . . . Father, won't someone punish me?"

"You have been punished, Mary."

"Have I?" she asked in bewilderment. "How?"

How to Raise a Male Quartet

(Continued from page 21)

youngsters. They return her affection with gusto. But the other day cook's false teeth were missing. One minute they'd been sunning on a window sill, the next they were gone. The Quartet was hauled up and questioned. Dennis squirmed. "I buried 'em," he finally acknowledged. At his mother's look he backed away hastily. "Mother, it was a x-periment. You wouldn't understand. Please wait till Daddy gets home!"

The teeth were duly excavated and they waited for Bing and the Explanation. Dennis made it standing in the middle of the kitchen. "Papa, I was just trying to see if they would grow. You said teeth grew but I've been waiting a week for my two front ones and they ain't in yet. So I took cook's. . . ."

No, there's never a dull moment in that house. If you noticed that one of Bing's broadcasts started off a bit hectically not so long ago there was a reason! As a rule he rehearses straight through on Thursday afternoon until he's on the air. But this time he dashed home for something or other. Only to find a frantic family. Philip had swallowed a golf tee. . . .

Bing dangled him by the heels while Dixie called the doctor. Dennis screamed. Gary kept going around saying, "Do something, somebody!" Finally the doctor arrived with the stomach pump. Nobody but Papa could hold Philip's head. It was only when the tee was dislodged that they remembered to look at the clock. Ten of seven! And they're miles from the radio station. The police came to the

rescue with an escort. Bing got there just as Bob Burns was about to sing his opening number!

Next year Gary is going to the regular district school. There will be no *foobilahs* (coined word a la Crosby) about the boys' education. No fuss or fancies. Bing's sons are going to know economic values. Everything about their upbringing is simple, plain. You walk into their nursery and you won't find one elaborate note—unless you count Gary's bed. That is an exact duplicate of his dad's, a mahogany four-poster. But there are no expensive toys. The youngsters have to make up their games just as Bing and Dixie had to. "You have to learn to live with yourself," is their father's theory. "And it helps to be thrown on your own resources a little. Kids with everything become too easily bored."

If one of them shows signs of "temperament" he is ignored. It soon brings him around! Last Sunday while the whole family was having a picnic in the back yard the twins had an argument. An argument of the hair-pulling variety with ample sound effects. Bing looked up, surprised. "Hey," he said, "you fellows don't belong in this camp, do you? We don't act like that here. Come on, mama." They made a movement to go, and the noise stopped.

Saturday afternoon movie shows are the "gold stars" for weekly good behavior. But sometimes they're a headache to Mama! The last time she took them to see one of Bing's pictures Papa was being chased by a lot of policemen. "Mom," yelled Gary at the top of his lungs, "is my Pop going to jail?" In another sequence it showed Bing kissing a girl. She heard a queer little sob beside her. "That isn't you, Mom," Gary pointed out. She tried to explain that Papa was only acting, but that night it was hours before he would go to Bing. And now the producers are wondering why Bing doesn't like kissing in the scripts!

Holidays are really their specialty though, Dixie confided. "If you have solid-steel nerves and are not allergic to fog horns, fire alarms and radio static, you have a fairish chance of living through them. Take Christmas, for instance. . . . It begins at five A. M.—with carols. That is, with what the boys fondly *think* are carols. From then on—bedlam.

They do pretty well with "America" too, on the Fourth of July. Papa, of course, leads the parade and they all play drums (including Papa.) Luckily they are usually at the ranch for this occasion so no neighbors have turned in riot alarms as yet.

An amusing thing happened at the ranch this summer. Bing has a big hay wagon and he and the Quartet—all in overalls—do a lot of joy-riding around. They were crossing the state highway this day when a car pulled up. "Could you tell me the way to Oceanside?" asked the driver. The small girl beside him regarded the hay riders with upturned nose. "Poor farmers, they don't have *any* fun, do they, father?"

Whereupon young Dennis Michael Crosby shouted, "Sissy! Bet you can't even milk a horse!"

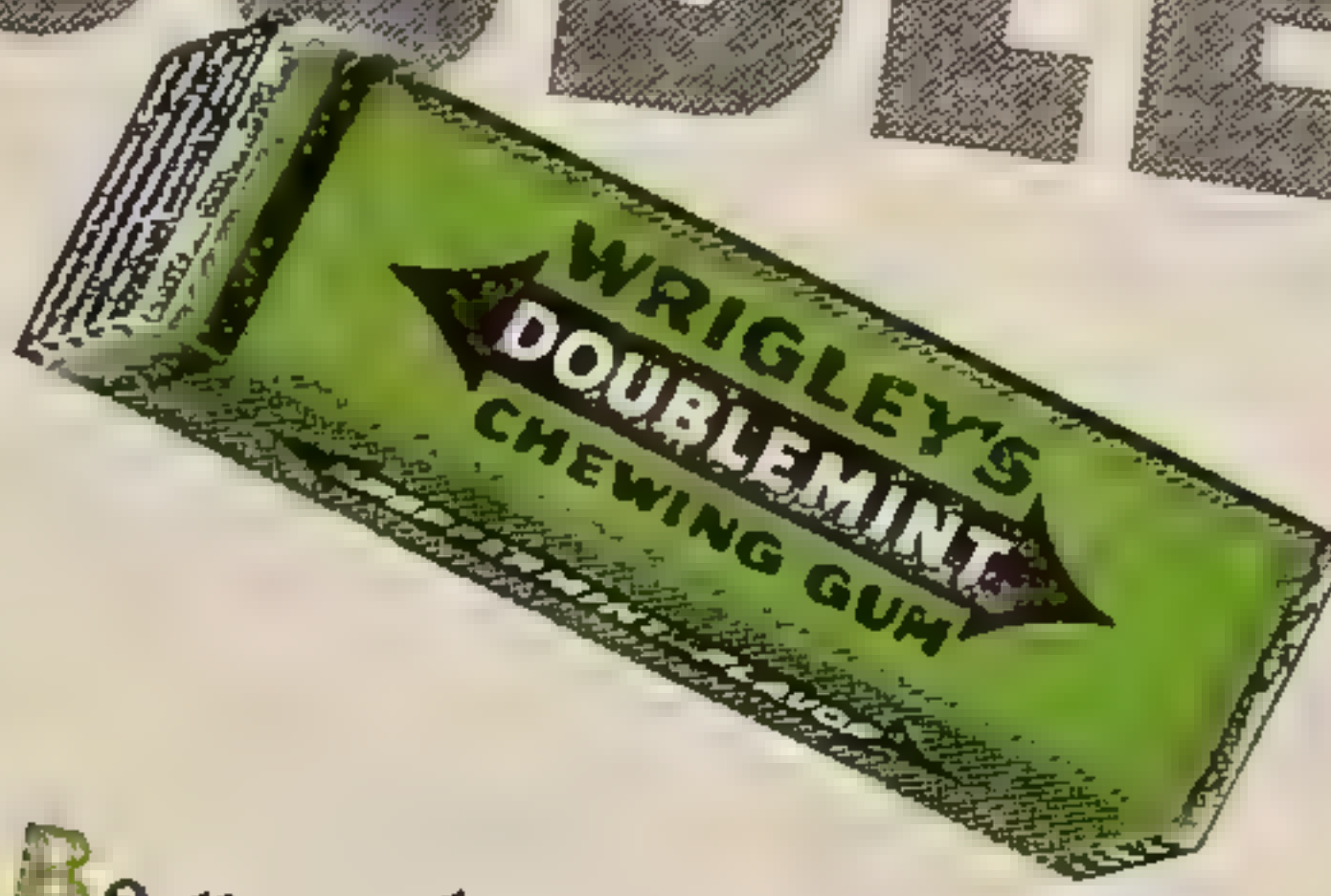
"Our home life?" says Dixie. "Yes indeed. It's made up of Bing—and four little bangs!"

Ginger Rogers—Hollywood's sparkling star. See her in RKO's new motion picture "*Bachelor Mother*"



It's healthful . . . pleasure-giving . . .

DOUBLEMINT GUM



Be popular with your family and friends by treating them to delicious Doublemint Chewing Gum. Its wonderful-tasting and long-lasting flavor of mint leaves helps sweeten your breath. The chewing aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean, bright, attractive—bringing your smile more compliments.

And speaking of smiles, none is lovelier than that of GINGER ROGERS, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self . . . Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. *You'll like it. Get some today.*

T-219

"WE'RE A LUCKY
GENERATION!"



**MORE WOMEN
THAN YOU THINK
- USE TAMPAX**

WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

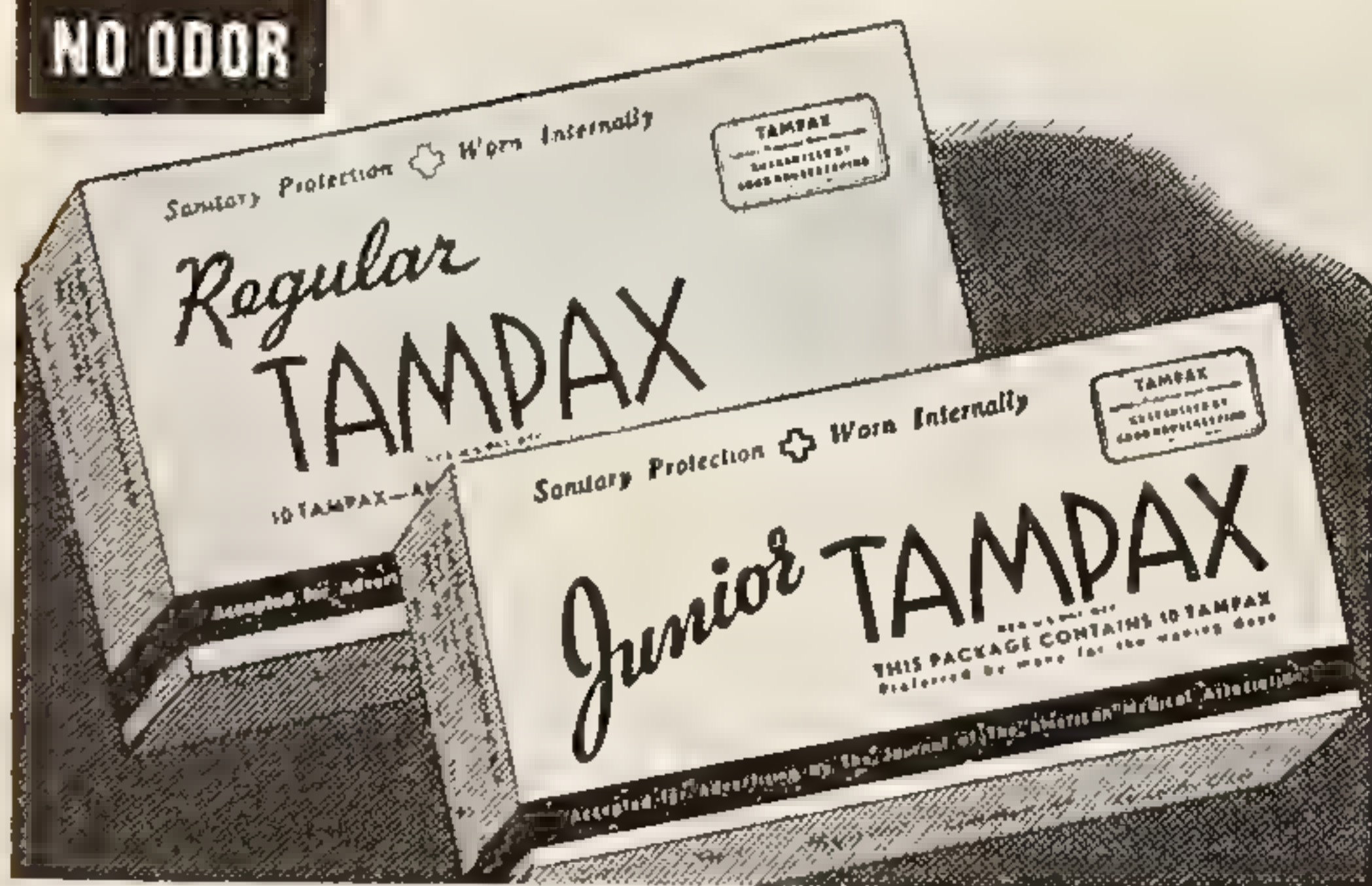
Wear sheer formals *any* day of the month; no belts or pads to "make a line," because Tampax is worn *internally*. Perfected by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax acts gently as an absorbent. It is very neat and efficient. The wearer is not conscious of its presence! Best of all, odor cannot form. And there is no disposal problem after use.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
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Tampax comes in patented individual container. Your hands never even touch the Tampax.

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MWG 99

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Luise Barclay plays Kareen Adams in *The Woman In White*.

WITH so many lovely ladies in the field, Luise Barclay has plenty of competition, but I'm sure our readers will agree with me that she should be included in the ranks of the most charming. Miss Barclay is Kareen Adams in *The Woman In White*, heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 EDST over the NBC Red Network.

Born in Philadelphia May 23, 1912, Luise, as a child, wanted to be a concert pianist. Attended a Philadelphia high school where she studied literature and later joined the Leland Powers School of the Theater . . . took courses at the Cincinnati and Philadelphia Conservatories . . . studied piano twelve years; dramatics four years. Luise made her radio debut in Philadelphia over a small station. She speaks French fluently, rides horseback, skates and walks for exercise . . . is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 133 pounds and has brown hair and eyes.

Jean, Sydney, Nova Scotia—Below is the cast of *One Man's Family*:

Character	Actor or Actress
Henry Barbour	J. Anthony Smythe
Fanny Barbour	Minetta Ellen
Hazel Barbour	Bernice Berwin
Herbert	Bert Horton
Bill Herbert	(inactive)
Pinkie Herbert	Richard Svihus
Hank Herbert	Bobbie Larson
Claudia Lacey	Kathleen Wilson
Capt. Nicholas Lacey	Walter Paterson
Joan Lacey	Eleanor Taylor
Paul Barbour	Michael Raffetto
Teddy Lawton	Winifred Wolfe
Barbour	Barton Yarborough
Clifford Barbour	Helen Musselman
Anne Waite	Page Gilman
Barbour	
Jack Barbour	

Betty Carter
Barbour
Beth Holly
Wayne Grubb
Laura Parker

Jean Rouverol
Barbara Jo Allen
Sonny Edwards
Lucy Gilman

Thomas Ashe, Waterbury, Conn.—Below are the theme songs of the orchestras you requested:

Orchestra	Theme Song
Larry Clinton	"Dipsy-Doodle"
Benny Goodman	"Good-Bye"
Will Osborne	"The Gentleman Awaits"
Guy Lombardo	"Auld Lang Syne"

FAN CLUB SECTION—We have been requested to make the following announcement: "We should appreciate your advising fans who inquire, that the address of Mr. Charles Boyer is 9423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. Mr. Boyer is not under contract to any studio and we have been experiencing difficulty in handling his fan mail, which seems to be increasing steadily. Requests for photographs have become so numerous that keeping his fans supplied with pictures has definitely become an item, and we therefore are forced to make a charge of twenty-five cents for each 8x10". (Signed) G. A. Lovett, Business Office of Charles Boyer.

The Jack Baker Dixie Friendship Club is anxious to enroll all Jack Baker fans in their fan club. If interested in becoming a member, just drop a card or letter to Miss Gertrude Turner, 403 South Eleventh St., Gadsden, Alabama, who is National Secretary; or to Mrs. Hattie C. Privette, President, 14-14th N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

Write to Kay Browning, President, of the Bing Crosby Fan Club for details on how to become a member. Address her at Camden, Miss. No local address is necessary.

What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 3)

helping one to overcome nervousness?

I have had that experience during the past year. I suffered a very severe attack of the measles and, as a consequence, had a nervous breakdown.

My doctor sent me to the country and for several months I made little headway towards recovery. The loneliness was terrible and worried me greatly. I suggested a radio but the doctor vetoed my suggestion, as I was to have quiet. But I got the radio anyway. It helped me almost immediately.

Within two months, I was well enough to return to my work, and even the doctor had to admit that a large part of the credit for my early return was due the radio and its splendid help in helping me forget my troubles.

C. W. Raymond
Parkersburg, West Va.

FIFTH PRIZE

What A Man!

At last, a comedian with brand-new quips on every program! Bob Hope is the one I'm talking of. He has people running to turn on their radios at ten o'clock—instead of running to turn them off! He strives to get something new into each broadcast, he's not content to twiddle along with the same gags and material as the next fellow. In fact, he's even waking up other comedians. They're even trying to inject new life into their rutted spots.

Hooray for Bob Hope! Beware Fred Allen and Jack Benny—Hope is a challenger not to be sneered at.

E. M. Murphy
Lewiston, Maine

SIXTH PRIZE

Reading Was a Bore, Until—

Radio works wonders. Up until a year ago you couldn't have forced my kid brother to read a book or a short story or a play. The only "literature" he ever read was the daily newspaper comic strips.

My mother, a school teacher, was worried about kid brother's English grades. He seemed to think the study of English was just one big bore.

Then we got him interested in radio stories, One Man's Family, Hilltop House, Pepper Young's Family, Star Theater, Hollywood Playhouse and other such radio features, in an effort to increase his desire for reading.

And it worked! As this is written, he has read seven of the nation's ten best sellers and has even gone back into the past for "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind."

Thelma Louise Smith
Memphis, Tenn.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Just Two Cents Worth!

I think it's just fine to let these movie stars like Tyrone Power off the air, for they have plenty of money, and just think of all these young people who are out of school (studied hard too), and step out and try to get work. But can they? No! Just because sponsors want someone who has "box office" *umph!*

Well, I guess I spoke my piece and feel much better now. Thanks a lot for having a soft shoulder.

Marjorie Nyboe
Anaheim, California



BEAUTY'S BEST CHANCE
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Store up Allure while you Sleep!

BEAUTY's best chance comes at night. As you sleep your skin has time to repair the ravages of the day, throw off wastes, combat unflattering dryness. But it can seldom do this without help.

A delightful beauty cream used at night... a thin film left on while you sleep... will help your skin regain its vigor and smooth texture. Woodbury Cold Cream contains a Vitamin of great importance to the skin, invigorating it, bestirring its activity.

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(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

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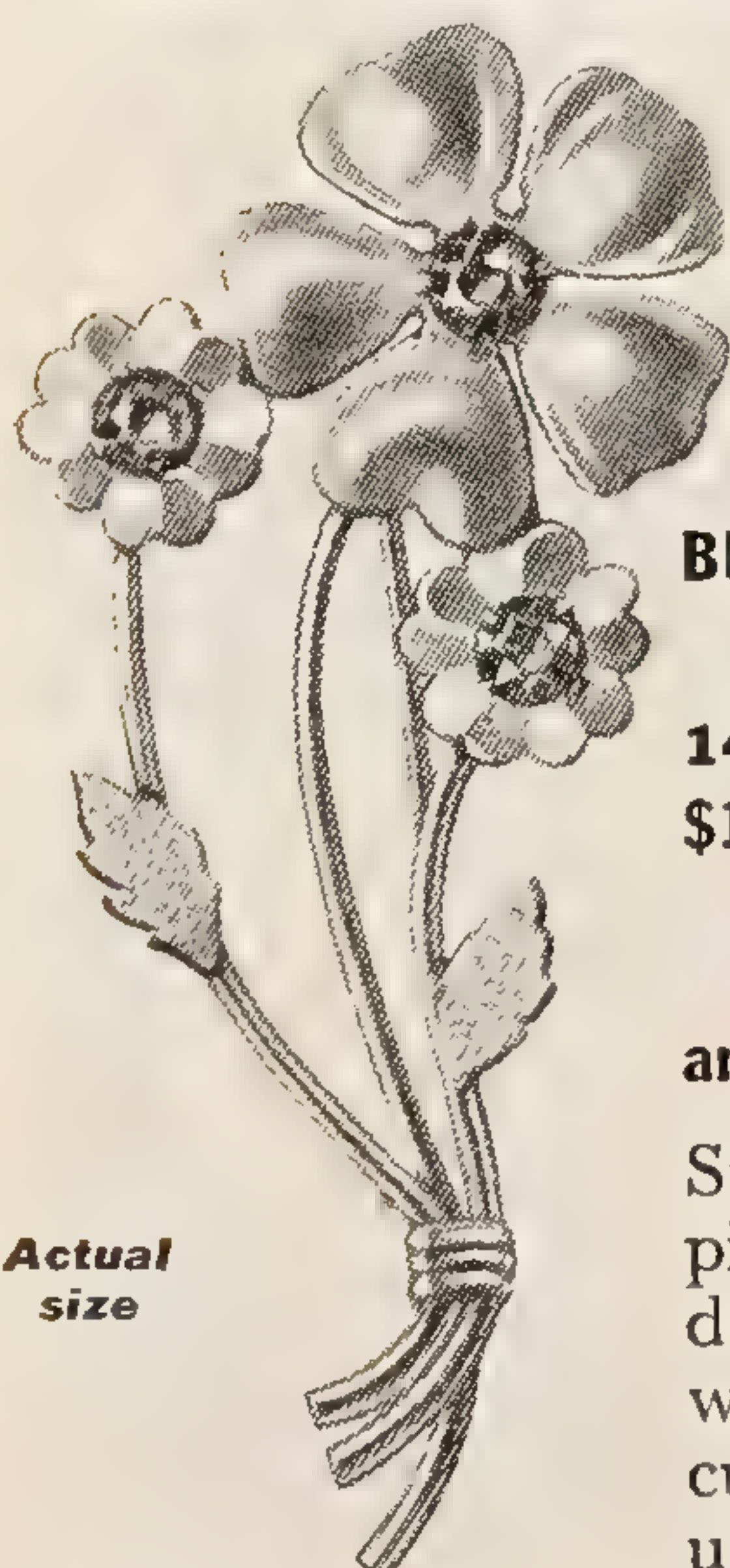
(Continued from page 15)



*Such Easy, Fast
cleaning with
**OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER**
Cuts grease quickly
Doesn't scratch!*

*As kind to your hands
as to surfaces!*

It's the ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION of Old Dutch Cleanser that "zips" you through your work. 1, *Cuts grease quickly*; 2, *Makes cleaning easier*. That's why millions of modern housewives use it for bathroom, kitchen—all their cleaning. Have you tried it for cleaning painted surfaces? It works like magic!



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JEWELRY PIN**

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25¢

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Please send me _____ costume jewelry pins. For each pin I enclose 25¢ and the windmill pictures from 2 Old Dutch labels (or complete labels).

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"It's true. I did see him. I saw him shoot."

Then began the nightmare of questioning, until at last she had told all she knew. That the man had been young, with a heavy, roundish face covered with dirty blond stubble, a small reddish mustache. His eyebrow—the left, yes—seemed partly missing, she had noticed when he frowned just as he shot, and another scar cut up across his forehead and made a path through his thinning sandy hair. His clothes were dark and she had not seen the light accent of a shirt collar. Yes, perhaps he had worn a muffler . . .

It was over, at last. But the police had hardly gone, with the warning that they would want Mary again later, when Catherine turned on her.

"I suppose you realize what you have done," she said coldly. "It was unnecessary to involve me in this."

Mary stared. Involve Catherine! When it was her own house, her own chauffeur who had apparently stolen important government papers, and had then been shot! She turned to Larry. Surely he would point out to Catherine how unfair, how unscrupulous, her words had been.

BUT he was only turning away from her, angrily and bitterly.

It was incredible.

Or . . . was it? And suddenly she knew that it was not. It was merely proof of how right her fears had been. She remembered other times when he had lost his lightning perception, had been blind to her moods and needs—and always it had meant that she was losing him, losing him to glamour.

But this time was the last. It had to be, if she was to retain a single shred of self-respect.

"I'm sorry," she told Catherine quietly. "Perhaps it will make it simpler for you if I move to the hotel with the rest of the cast."

Catherine assented with a curt nod. Of course she knew Larry, in his present mood, would accept her decision. But it hurt, when he did not follow her to their room until she had nearly finished packing.

"You're being quite silly," he said. "It's rude and childish to flare up just because Catherine hates the idea of all this publicity."

Her teeth clenched tight against a bitter retort. Instead, she said, "I suppose you are not coming with me?"

"No, I think I'll let you be alone until you come to your senses."

"I have come to my senses," she said, as she closed her suitcase.

There was no quarrel this time. They were miles apart, too far for passionate anger. "I've lived through this sort of thing often enough before," she said, "but I still don't seem to have enough practice to enjoy it. And I happen to know you don't really want me around, just now."

"Not in your present mood, certainly," he growled.

"I'll see you at the theater in the morning," she said.

A sleepy obsequious butler in the deserted hall downstairs summoned a taxi for her, and she was driven to the hotel they had selected for the rest of the cast who would arrive in the morning.

She walked to the theater, the next

day, aching in every muscle as if she had been beaten the night before. She had slept very little, and there was a dull throbbing in her temples.

Ahead of her as she turned into the alley back of the theater, she saw four figures, and caught her breath in sharp pain. Two of them were strangers, men. The other two were Catherine and Larry, and she thought wryly: "Perhaps he doesn't even want me as business manager, now."

The four of them watched her approach. "These men from the police want you, Mary," Larry said, as coolly as if they had not parted forever the night before. "You've got to go to headquarters and speak your piece again."

The old Larry would have offered to go along with her. Today's Larry turned and went into the theater, with Catherine.

He hadn't, of course, known what she was going into. Even Mary, sitting in the rear seat of the car between the two men, staring unseeingly at the flowers outside in blurred bright patterns, did not know that the way to police headquarters could not conceivably lead through miles of park. Still, when the car rolled onto the bridge over the river, she sat up straight.

"Where are we going?"

"Repose yourself," came the quick answer. She felt his hand on her wrist, tight, hurting, and turned to look at the man. He was middle-aged, with sagging face and tired eyes beneath short-clipped mouse-gray hair. Somehow neither he nor his companion any longer looked like detectives.

THE hand of the man on her right closed over her mouth as her scream started. She was pushed back heavily against the seat. Four hands held her there helpless. She stopped struggling.

The car turned south on the broad highway beside the Potomac, then turned off to the right, twisted through narrower and narrower back roads leading between high cut banks of bright red clay. This was Virginia, that she knew. But even as she thought this, one of the men tied a handkerchief over her eyes.

It seemed hours later that they led her out of the car, across soft turf and then into the resounding rooms of a great house.

She knew it was afternoon by the light in the upstairs room where they removed the blindfolds and left her. She opened the window that looked out on rolling hills and gardens. But one of those inconspicuously barred screens which ironically keep babies safe from kidnapers imprisoned her. There were two doors to the room, the one leading to the hall securely locked. The other door led to a bathroom equipped with the same impregnable screen. From it a door apparently led to another bedroom, from which came the faint sounds of conversation in a language that surely was not English.

As she listened someone entered her room and she came out to confront the man who had been on her right in the car. He carried a tray of sandwiches and coffee. "You will find it useless to consider methods of escape," he told her. "You will not de-

part until we wish it.”
 “And when will that be?”
 “It will be—if I receive a message that the police have released the suspect whom they hold in the death which you were so unfortunate, my dear lady, as to witness.” He bowed formally, with a faint click of heels. “I am sorry,” he said.

Dusk came down over the hills, and Mary sat without moving, watching and thinking. Yet she thought of her own danger, oddly, almost not at all.

Larry . . . Larry . . .
 Should she have held her peace, stood by, waited until his madness was over? As she had always done before? No . . . instinctively, she knew that this time was subtly different—that Catherine Monroe was a stronger antagonist than any of the others she had met, and vanquished. And so it had been right to let him go, even though it meant the death of something within her. Better death than unending torture.

WE shall go now.” The guard had come back.

“Do you mean—I’m free?”
 He shook his head and shrugged slightly. “Not in the sense I would wish,” he said cryptically.

Again blindfolded, Mary rode beside him in the car. After an hour she smelled a misty soft saltiness in the air. The car stopped and she heard the gentle lap of water against a retaining wall.

“Where are we?”
 “By the Potomac. Step into the boat, please.”

Mary saw the skiff in the dim light, bobbing against the wall. She stepped into it. “Lie down,” he ordered her.

Prostrate, Mary lifted her head. Swiftly he knotted her hands together behind her back. And then he stepped out of the boat.

“You’re—you’re not putting me adrift—alone,” she gasped. “Where are the oars—I’m tied—”

“I’m sorry,” he said again gently. “But in the morning the Chesapeake fishing boats will find you.”

His foot pushed the boat away from the wall. At first Mary could not believe it had happened. Surely she would soon hear the chug of a motor boat, some light would sweep over the water, and she would be lifted into dry, warm safety. Her position was cramped, she ached all over with cold, the ropes cut painfully into her wrists. But there was still a new terror for her. At first she had thought the small waves lapping against the side of the boat had splashed over, or that the rain had settled into pools between the cleats in the bottom of the boat. But after a while she knew. The boat was leaking.

Afterward, Mary realized that the night had been mercifully shortened by unconsciousness. From time to time she roused herself enough to find the water higher, and to hitch herself farther upright against the gunwale, to keep her head in the air.

By dawn the boat was awash, rolling deep down in the water. It couldn’t possibly stay afloat much longer—not until the fishing boats were out. She closed her eyes.

Was that a distant humming sound? Her eyes flew open again. Yes! the bright shape of a plane streaked overhead, against the gray dawn sky. But the light was still too dim for them to see her, and she couldn’t signal.

Then she saw the plane dipping,



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turning. It was circling lower. She fought to cling to consciousness, for relief was almost too much for her. The plane loomed lower, huge. She saw a man creep out on the wing, saw pontoons magically appear. And then the great ship was cutting across the churning water toward the boat.

What happened between that time and the moment she found herself in a clean, hard hospital bed was never very clear in Mary's mind. A strange man—young and keen and alert—was leaning over her.

"I'm Lieutenant Bradley," he explained. "I picked you up out of the Chesapeake this morning. How do you feel now?"

HER thanks were inadequate, because words came hard. There was only one thought in her mind. Larry. Would he come?

Lieutenant Bradley told her Larry was on his way. Although she didn't remember it, she had had strength enough after her rescue to identify herself, and they had already telephoned him.

Minutes later, while Bradley still sat beside her, Larry stepped through the doorway. He was haggard, years older than when she saw him last. "You—came," she whispered.

But he did not touch her. He stood there, eyeing Bradley while she performed the introductions. His thanks were stiff, and he stood aside while Bradley touched her hand and said lightly, "You know, I'm terribly glad I found you this morning."

Then Bradley left the room.

"Thank God you're safe," Larry said huskily.

That was all. And she understood what he meant—that he cared enough for her to be concerned for her safety, but that he had also accepted their separation. Her adventure had not changed that.

When he had left, she lay there, dry-eyed, watching the leaf-dappled sunlight on the opposite wall, trying not to think.

It was a week before she left the hospital. The staff doctor had insisted that she stay at least that long, to recuperate from the shock and exposure. She might have stayed even longer, but one afternoon, when he came in on his daily visit to her, Bill Wicart's face was grave.

"Washington needs you, Mary," he said. "Do you suppose the doctor will let you go today?"

"Of course. He'd have let me go before, if—if Larry had wanted me." There was no need to pretend with Wicart—she was grateful for that.

"He does want you, whether he knows it or not," he replied. "More than that. He needs you."

"What—what do you mean, Bill?" "You get dressed and I'll tell you all about it in the car."

As they swept out of the hospital drive, Bill glanced at Mary's expectant face. "So, just out of some darned female pride, you left a perfectly good husband in Catherine Monroe's hands!"

"Then—then you know she's—in love with him?"

"In love with him!" The young Senator's voice was gruff. "If that was all she could do to him!"

"Bill, tell me everything you're getting at. I want to know."

So it came out—all the things she had half suspected, many that she hadn't known at all. That Wicart

suspected Catherine of being a member of the gang that had killed her chauffeur. That the gang's leader might well be a certain Baron Zenoff whom Mary remembered having met at Catherine's home that first evening.

And further, that there was a definite connection between this spy ring and a vigilante group that called itself the League for Modern Freedom.

"The League's run by an ex-gangster called Voigt," Wicart explained. "Just what it's supposed to accomplish is rather vague. But one of the things it has accomplished is to throw a monkey wrench into your husband's plan for opening that play—"

"The play! But—why?" Mary gasped.

"It seems the League for Modern Freedom doesn't care for the propaganda in the play."

"Why, the only propaganda is for freedom!"

"They use strange labels these days to accomplish their purposes, Mary. At any rate, the League managed to get at the scenery, and tear it to pieces, and Larry won't be able to open until new sets have been built."

"Oh . . . poor Larry!"

THE Senator went on: "That's not his biggest trouble. This morning I was backstage at the theater. I wanted to see Larry, try to warn him. But first I caught sight of Catherine standing behind a wing with Voigt, the League boss. She was so busy with him that neither of them saw me. And I saw her hand him a long, tube-shaped package . . . I happen to know her house has been watched for months now. The theater would come in handy for a meeting-place."

She gripped the Senator's arm.

"We've got to keep Larry from being mixed up in it!"

"My idea exactly. But you're the only one that can—by getting him away from that woman!"

A few minutes later, standing with Wicart at the stage door, Mary's heart was hammering. She had been wrong. She could not desert Larry—even though never before had she been up against so complex, so strange an enemy as Catherine Monroe. It would be the hardest fight of all. But—she felt Bill's solid strength beside her—this time she had an ally.

They walked through the darkened stage, toward a light that shone from a lamp placed in one of the wings. It wasn't until they were almost upon it that they heard Catherine's voice, not bright and sparkling, this time. It was low, tense. "Here it is, Larry. Remember I'd never give it to anyone else. Use it, Larry, when I—tell you—"

Mary saw them then, standing so close together they were almost touching, yet not quite, except for his hands closing over the folded paper she was giving him. He looked down into her eyes as if he would never have enough, and then he answered as if the words were part of the spell that was on him.

"I—I promise, Catherine."

What secret is in the paper that Catherine has just given Larry? Does it mean that he is already hopelessly enmeshed in the intrigue she is carrying on, and that Mary is too late to save him? Read the next chapter of this thrilling story in next month's *Radio Mirror*.

The Real Life Adventures of Molly Goldberg

(Continued from page 24)

to a little farm house in upper New York State. There was no running water, no electricity, no modern convenience of any kind—which rather disturbed me, but never bothered Mrs. Berg one bit. She was born and raised on a farm, you know.

The little old woman who owned the farm house had a queer, cracked voice and an accent all her own. I noticed Mrs. Berg listening to her, as she always does to new voices, before we went to bed.

THEN, just as I was dozing off, and while Mrs. Berg was getting ready for bed in the next room, I heard our hostess' voice through the paper thin walls of the house. She was discussing her shopping list for the next day, giving prices, recipes, and making little personal comments that I knew Gertrude Berg would love to hear.

I told her about it as soon as she returned.

"I'll bet you could use a character like that in a broadcast," I said.

"Maybe," she said calmly.

Then she climbed into bed and tucked her flashlight between her chin and shoulder to read by. When she had finished, she flashed off the light. And, in the dark, I heard once more the voice of our hostess, going over her shopping list.

It came from the bed beside me—and I realized that it had been Mrs. Berg all the time, imitating our hostess' voice, playing a joke on me.

But, aside from her love of prac-

tical jokes, Mrs. Berg is never too tired or too busy to enter completely and realistically into the lives of people she meets.

On another trip to the country, we stopped at one of those roadside diners for something to eat. We sat down on stools at the counter. I started to open my mouth to order a hamburger.

"Do you think there is any place around here where a waitress could get a job?" Mrs. Berg was saying. "I had to leave New York on account of my health!"

I was too surprised to say a word. She listened attentively while he told her all about his last waitress, about the people who came in there to eat, about the people who lived in the neighborhood. In the end, he offered her a job!

Once we were eating in a little cafeteria in New York's famous garment center, the core of the cloak, suit, and dress business of America. It's in the upper thirties in Manhattan, west of Seventh Avenue. Mrs. Berg likes to go there because the neighborhood is so full of vigorous humanity.

We took our trays to a table in the corner and sat down next to a woman of about forty, with a tired, unhappy face.

Mrs. Berg smiled at her, then turned to me and said, "If I don't soon find a job, I think I'll kill myself!"

I was too startled to say anything, but our table neighbor looked up.

"You don't look as if you need a

job, Miss," she said.

"Oh, that's just because my rich sister here helps me out," said Mrs. Berg. "But she can't do it forever, you know. Do you think there would be anything for me in your shop?"

"No, I don't," the woman answered. "You see, we do piece work in my shop. It takes me all week to make eight or ten dollars. That wouldn't do you any good. I know. But what's a woman to do?"

She was lonely, discouraged, and without that necessity of the human heart—somebody to tell her troubles to. She found that somebody in Gertrude Berg, a perfect stranger in name, but a sympathetic friend in mind and spirit.

BY way of the universal road of understanding, we three became old friends in a few minutes. And two of us learned more about the people in the garment industry in an hour than we could have learned by reading a whole library full of books.

Gertrude Berg would hoot at anybody who mentioned anything so high-falutin' as the study of human nature to her. She can no more help drawing people to her than she can help breathing.

Her concern for people is the most all-embracing one I have ever seen. It's no wonder that characters in The Goldbergs come over the CBS mike as such *real* people.

I've seen her stop in a filthy little hut in Tia Juana, talk to the people in sign language, pick up the children

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WHOSE SKIN IS
SWEET. IT'S THE
MOST APPEALING
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in her arms, and, finally, when a horribly dirty glass of water was brought to her, drink it right down. And make me drink one, too! Never mind if the water was full of typhoid germs! The people had been kind enough to get it for us. We had to drink it!

I'VE seen her go into little dance halls in Mexico—not the fancy, high-priced places, but the places where ordinary, poor people go. And she made friends with the people, danced with them, talked with them, and listened while they talked to her as if they had known her all their lives.

Mostly, though, we do our adventuring around New York City, mostly down on the lower East Side, too, in New York's so-called Ghetto.

Occasionally, we go to visit a particular kind of people. Like the time Mrs. Berg wanted to write a Polish character in her script.

We looked up a Polish wedding over on Second Avenue—a typical wedding with its colorful costumes, its exciting music, and its vivid, lively people. When we got to the door, a man stopped us and asked us who had invited us.

We were not prepared for such a reception, but Mrs. Berg immediately murmured something about "the bride." So what did that doorman do but call the bride over. Of course, she didn't know us from Adam.

"Was it the bride, you said?" Mrs. Berg asked me, "or the groom?"

"The groom, of course!" I said quickly.

Well, if they didn't call over the groom! For a minute it looked as if we weren't going to get in at all.

Then Mrs. Berg said, looking right in his eyes, to the man at the door, "But you know me!"

And in a few minutes, she convinced him that he did—and we went in. We had a marvelous time. We danced, we ate and drank, we congratulated the happy couple, we were one of the family by the time we left. And Gertrude Berg felt that she could honestly present a Polish character on the air and feel as much at home with him as she had felt with those Polish people at the wedding.

One night we followed a group of women into a large building down on the lower East Side. It might have been a church service, a funeral, a concert, or a party. We didn't know. When we got inside, we discovered that it was a meeting and grocery shower given by a ladies' benevolent society for the benefit of an old people's home. Of course, somebody asked us if we were members.

"My mother," murmured Gertrude Berg.

So we went in and sat down. The chairwoman was reading out loud.

"Schwester Lena dooz drei dollar . . . Schwester Ruth dooz drei dollar," was what it sounded like to me. I wondered what it was that all these Schwestern were doing.

Not Mrs. Berg, though. She raised her hand.

"I want to pay my dues, too," she announced.

And so she became a member. Half an hour later, she was on the floor, making suggestions about ways to raise money for the Home. Before she left, they wanted to make her president of the society, and she had to excuse herself on the grounds of help-

ing with her husband's business.

She is still a member. To this day, not one of them knows that their helpful sister is radio's Molly Goldberg.

Once we ran into a near-tragedy. It happened on the lower East Side. Across the street from us, a crowd was gathered before the steps of a tenement house. On the steps of the house stood an old, torn mattress, tied up with a string from which several pots and pans hung. And beside the mattress a little old woman was wailing and praying.

"Let them evict me!" she moaned between sobs. "Let them evict me! Somewhere will I find to sleep. But don't let them take my children away from me because I have no home!"

We stood across the street, too moved to go any closer.

Quietly, then, Gertrude Berg said to me, "Go, Fannie, go and see how much the poor woman needs to stop this calamity!"

"How much?" the old woman's daughter asked me. "Twenty dollars back in the rent we are!"

Twenty dollars was all Mrs. Berg had in her pocketbook. But she gave it to me quickly and slipped away.

I pressed the money into the old woman's hands. She looked up at me—dazed. Her daughter made her understand it was for the rent. They could go back now to their home.

"It is the presence of God!" said the old mother. "Now I can keep my children yet a while!"

Back upstairs went the old, torn mattress, the pots and pans banging against each other.

This is the Gertrude Berg I know. I wish you could know her, too.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 37)

Joe E. Brown fooled us all . . . and remains on the air for the full year. I still don't understand how he does it, but Joe's fans are faithful, and that's what counts!

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU!

Doris Mayer, a radio writer, was introduced to a producer at a party the other night. "Your name sounds familiar" said the producer. "Haven't I heard about you before?" "I don't think so," replied Miss Mayer. "My only claim to fame is that I'm the only girl in Hollywood Rudy Vallee hasn't discovered."

SHIRLEY ON AIR?

Darryl Zanuck, in spite of his recent radio retreat, happens to be mulling over an idea that may bring Shirley Temple to the networks. Since her pictures have fallen off at the movie temples, Zanuck, I hear, feels that her stock can be boosted via the airlines. And he's probably right!

Charlie McCarthy's ordered a new full dress suit . . . preparing for an early visit to a producer with his boss Edgar Bergen, who may take the vows with Mary Healey.

Mickey Rooney does a jitterbug dance in his next film: he's been taking lessons at the Palomar, where Artie Shaw has been teaching him the rhythms.

"Boat Talk" predominates around

Hollywood radio studios these days, with the annual race to Honolulu just around the corner. Announcer Jimmy Wallington, of the Star Theater, spends each week-end practicing for the event in rented boats, and plans to buy a super-speed job for the race? Film and radio schedules permitting, Dick Powell will accompany Lee Tracy as a crew-member on Tracy's boat. Meantime Frances Langford and Jon Hall, are full of talk about their new 63 foot ketch the "Katapui," in which they'll sail to the South Seas next year.

Don Ameche, who sings now and then on the Charlie McCarthy hour, has received so many letters protesting against his vocal ambitions, that I wouldn't be in the least surprised to hear that he has given up song for chatter.

SUCCESS STORY

Don't say that Alice Eden and John Archer aren't appreciative of the "break" given them by Jesse Lasky in his "Gateway to Hollywood" series. Alice and John won the finals of the first series, and thus earned the leading role in the film "Career." But they certainly haven't forgotten what Lasky did for them. Each week finds them on hand at the CBS Playhouse in Hollywood to watch newcomers in their try for fame, and to report their activities of the past week to Mr. Lasky.

Dorothy Lamour had herself a real

time a few Sundays ago. Dorothy invited 200 guests to celebrate her mother's birthday . . . and nearly 500 showed up. Which is typical of Hollywood parties. Those on the guest list included Cesar Romero . . . without Ann Sheridan; Howard Hughes, alone but very hopeful: no matter what you hear Dorothy has not yet had a date with him, and confidentially he's done everything but stand on his head to attract her attention. Dotty divides her time between Randy Scott and Bruce Cabot. Party was one of the best of the season, combining Hollywood's Cafe Society with the movie crowd.

Mike fright and an engineer's resourcefulness put Edgar Bergen in an enviable spot the other Sunday. Annabella, the vivacious bride of Tyrone Power, lost some of her composure when she faced at the same time, a glittering microphone and a frankly staring Charlie McCarthy. Mike fright caused her to move away from the microphone, and the NBC engineer sent a director out to remedy the situation. Being a practical young man, the director simply placed Bergen's right arm around the young lady. Bergen was pleased as McCarthy was jealous, until the time came to turn the page of the script. Then it looked as though the comedian would have to choose between Annabella and Charlie. But the director re-appeared in the nick of time. He turned the page, and left Bergen free to support his guest.



This Powder really makes my skin look lovely

YOUR skin will look lovelier, too, the very first time you make up with face powder created by Max Factor, Hollywood. First, you'll note how your color harmony shade enlivens the beauty of your skin. Second, how the super-fine texture creates a satin-smooth make-up. Third, how well it clings and really stays on longer.

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder for you that will really accent the appeal of your type...\$1.00.

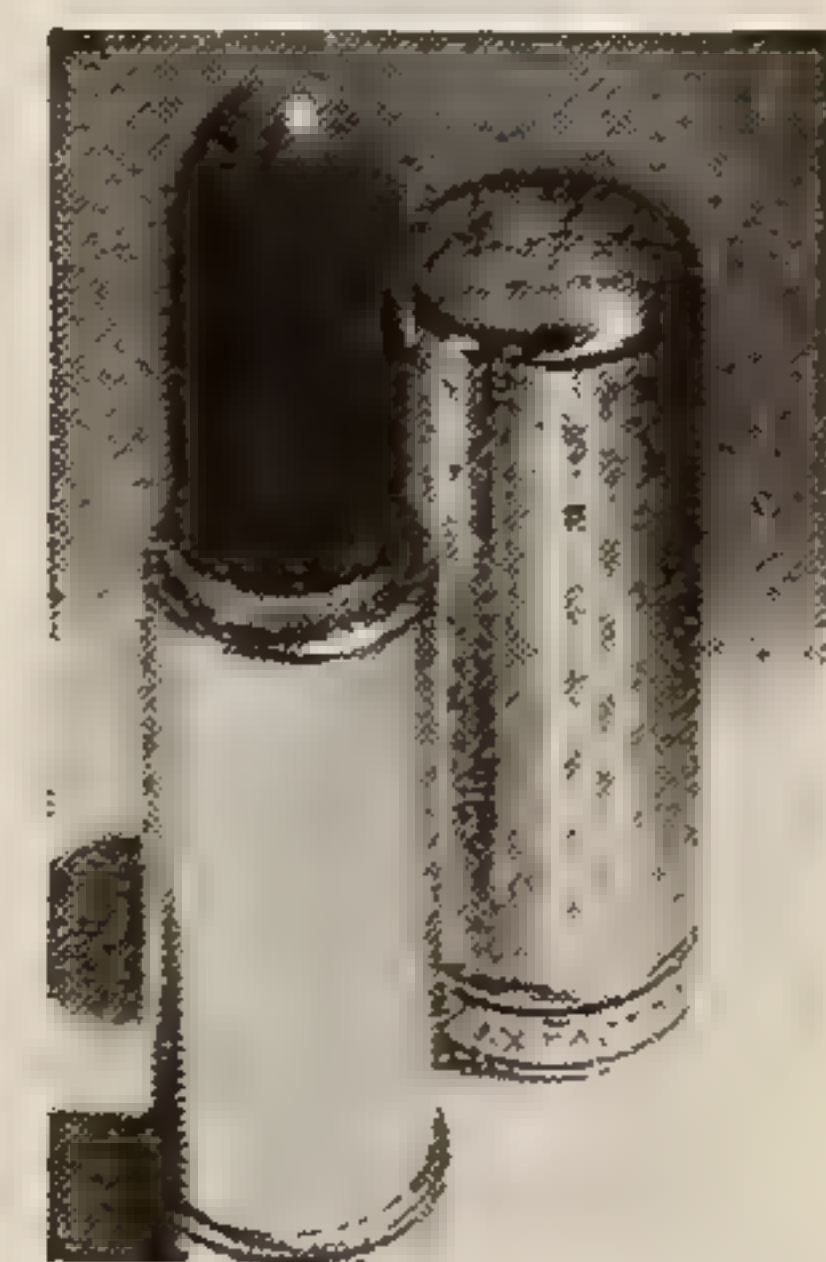
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delicate, lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth, it's easy to blend...50¢.

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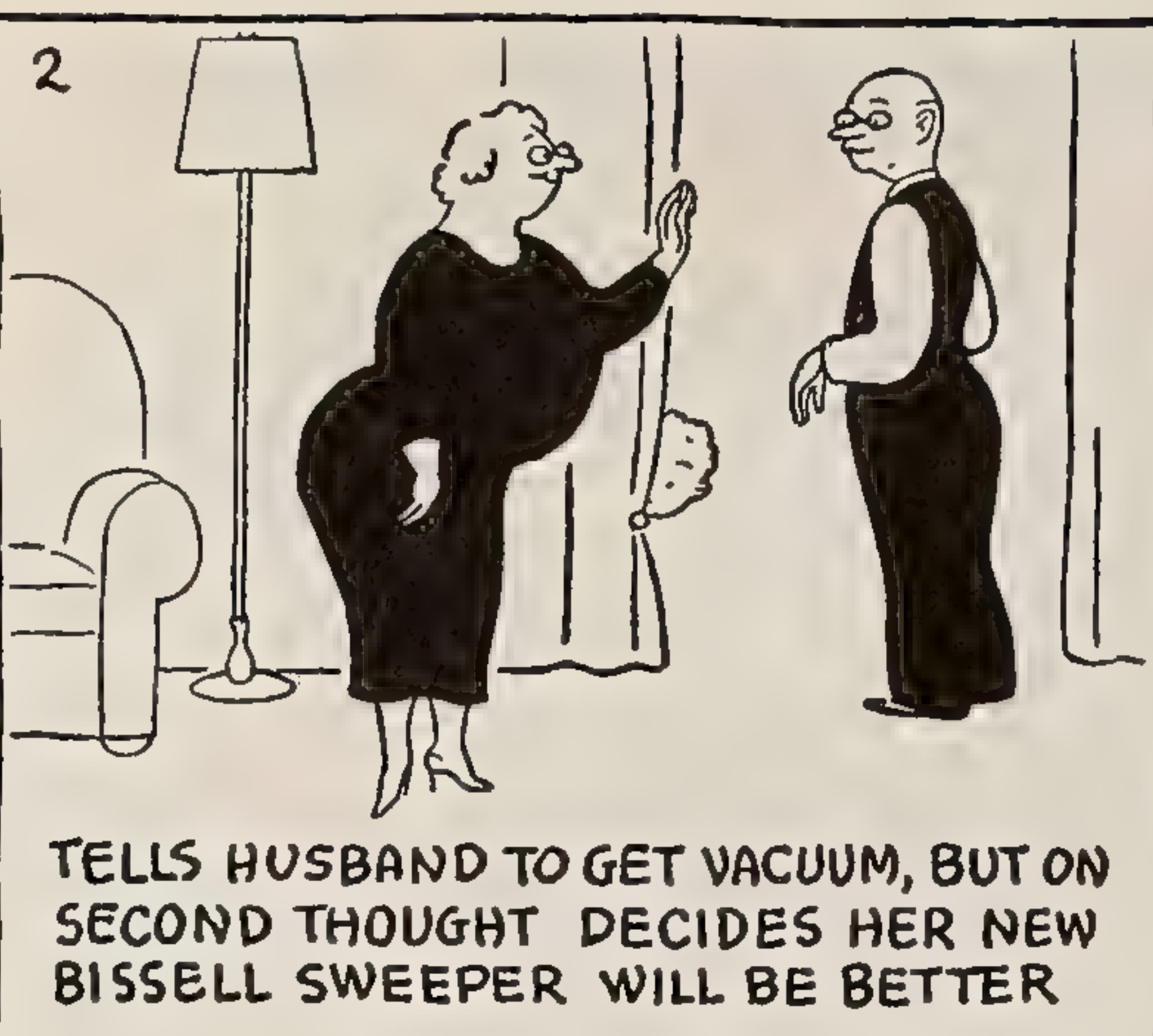
MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

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STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . .	Blue . . .	BLONDE
Fair . . .	Gray . . .	Light . . .
Creamy . . .	Green . . .	BROWNETTE
Medium . . .	Hazel . . .	Light . . .
Ruddy . . .	Brown . . .	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . .	Black . . .	Light . . .
Freckled . . .	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive . . .	Light . . .	Light . . .
Dark . . .	Dark . . .	Dark . . .
SKIN Dry . . .	Dark . . .	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here
Oily . . .	AGE	



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GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Bob Burns is busy explaining to Bing Crosby, Ken Carpenter and everyone else, that his two sons do NOT have the same names. When the newest Burns arrived May 30th, he was given the name Robin Burns. Bob's first son, now 16 years old, is named Robert . . . usually called Bob Burns, Jr. In spite of all he can say Burns can't get away from the fact that since Crosby often addressed him as Robin, the new and real Robin is frequently tagged with a Junior.

Star Theater fans got the surprise of their lives when they attended the show of which Gene Autry, the number one Cowboy, appeared as guest star. Every member of the company, including the band and Ken Murray was clad in a cow-boy outfit, complete from high heeled boots to a ten gallon Stetson. Frances Langford wore a cow-girl skirt and spurs; Ned Sparks sported a pair of six guns; Bill Bacher hid his Harpo Marx shock of hair under a big hat . . . and Kenny Baker's chaps were the envy of Autry himself.

WIN, PLACE OR SHOW?

Bob Hope called the manager of the Lakeside Golf Club the other morning for a favor, and before he was half way through the conversation he had been touched for a ten dollar contribution to the "Calcutta Pool," the club was having. Of course he agreed to pay. "Honestly," murmured Bob as he walked away from the phone, "I get caught on these things twenty times a day. I'm Hollywood's Number One Sucker." Later in the afternoon, the manager phoned Bob to tell him he'd won the \$500 prize!

Here's an item which proves the value of the recent Screen Actors' Guild program and tells a human interest story as well:

This is the story of two hard working, ambitious Hollywood extras. They were fortunate enough to get steady employment, the girl as stand-in for Dolores del Rio, the boy as stand-in for Joel McCrea.

After they had been working for a while, they married; but shortly afterwards the girl contracted tuberculosis, and was forced to stop work. For a year and a half her husband devoted himself to her, worked hard and nursed her. When he couldn't meet the huge doctor bills, the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which gets a great deal of its funds from the Screen Actors' Guild program, stepped in and paid them. Finally the doctors gave the girl up, but her determination to live was so great that she recovered sufficiently to be allowed to go to the desert, with the possibility of a complete recovery. Again the Relief stepped in, and provided money enough for the couple to spend four months on the desert. Joel McCrea furnished a brand new station wagon for the happy couple, and personally wished them God-speed, good luck and a quick recovery! With the future so bright, these two youngsters left Hollywood, leaving for the time being their cares behind them. But the long arm of fate caught up with them two hours later . . . and the boy died instantly from a heart attack. His wife, literally shocked to death died three minutes later. I tell you this story simply to reveal that Hollywood is not all glamour and glitter, but is a town with its share of tragedies, just as every other town in the world!

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WE CANADIAN LISTENERS BY HORACE BROWN

THE CRAIGS—Sandwiched in between stock market reports of interest and value to farmers is a little five-time a week serial, entitled "The Craigs." It is a part of the new CBC policy of supplying information and entertainment exclusively to rural listeners, and may be heard every weekday, except Saturday, over the CBC Ontario network at 1:30 P.M., EDST. Funny thing about The Craigs is that, while designed for the farmers, it seems to have also caught on with the city slickers. This is due to good writing, good production and good acting, plus the fact that there are too few daily Canadian serials.

FRANK PEDDIE, the father of the Craig family, is one of the CBC's most reliable actors; hardly a show of any consequence goes on the air without his services; born 42 years ago in Scotland; educated at St. Andrew's University, and the University of Edinburgh; went through on scholarships; was a prisoner of war in Germany, and would like to forget his tunnelling to freedom (he was caught); some of his more important radio characterizations have been in "Forgotten Footsteps," "The Family Doctor," "The Dream Detective," "Tribute to a Song."

GRACE WEBSTER, the mother of The Craigs; although she has never been one in real life, she has played

more mothers on the radio than any other Canadian actress; a very charming person; was born at Hamilton, Ontario, 44 years ago, and educated in Toronto; started acting as a child, but took it up professionally only in 1927; played in Toronto stock at the old Empire Theater and the Victoria.

ALICE HILL, the daughter of The Craigs; a nineteen-year-old blonde, with blue eyes, five-foot two and weighing 102 . . . her aunt, Alice Yorke, appeared in the original "Chocolate Soldier," her uncle, John Yorke, now appearing in "Leave It to Me" (or has that show closed, too?); thus comes by her acting talent honestly; educated at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; likes badminton, swimming, and dancing; played professional stock, principally "Helen" in "Merrily We Roll Along."

GEORGE MURRAY, the son of The Craigs, is not only an actor, but also a singer; twenty-six years old, and tips the scales at one hundred and eighty-five; nudging six feet; has guested as vocalist with Music By Faith; born at Winnipeg and educated there; played football and basketball; should have a nice future in radio, with his combined talents.

DEAN HUGHES, the author; one of the better Canadian scripters; Toronto-born 31 years ago, but

doesn't look his age; started his career in a bank, but wasn't much good at figures (that is, adding them), so hiked out for a harvester's job in Alberta; worked as "spike-pitcher" and engine-oiler; started in radio as an announcer, then gravitated to scripting; wrote a book of poetry when he was 21, which was published; hopes some day to live that down.

SYDNEY S. BROWN, producer of the program; better known as Syd; up-and-coming CBC producer; after you've known him for a while, you discover to your surprise that he saw four years of service in the Great War; has been with the CBC since '34, starting as "Algy" in the famous "Rainbow Revue" series out of Ottawa; his ambition was to get into production, and so there he is; showed what an audience-getter he can be personally, when he starred as "Mr. Jack" in his "Stars of Tomorrow" program, a show bringing out the talents of Canadian children; has an infinite capacity for taking pains with his productions; will shortly produce a new series written by yours truly entitled, "It's a Racket!"

L'ENVOI . . . if you like a nice, easy, homey atmosphere in your drama, without artificial thrills and with a minimum of hokum, turn your dials to the CBC Ontario network at 1:30 P.M., EDST, for "The Craigs."

WONDERED WHY SHE WASN'T *Lovable..*



SO THAT WAS IT! I'LL NOT RISK "B.O." AGAIN



**No need to offend
—play safe this easy way**

• Even a busy, active girl can keep herself fresh, dainty and lovable. How? The way millions do—the pleasant, delightful Lifebuoy way! Lifebuoy contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. Used in the daily bath, Lifebuoy stops "B.O."—assures personal freshness.

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DAILY PROTECTION
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IT'S A KOTEX
PRODUCT...SO IT
MUST BE GOOD!

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

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Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!



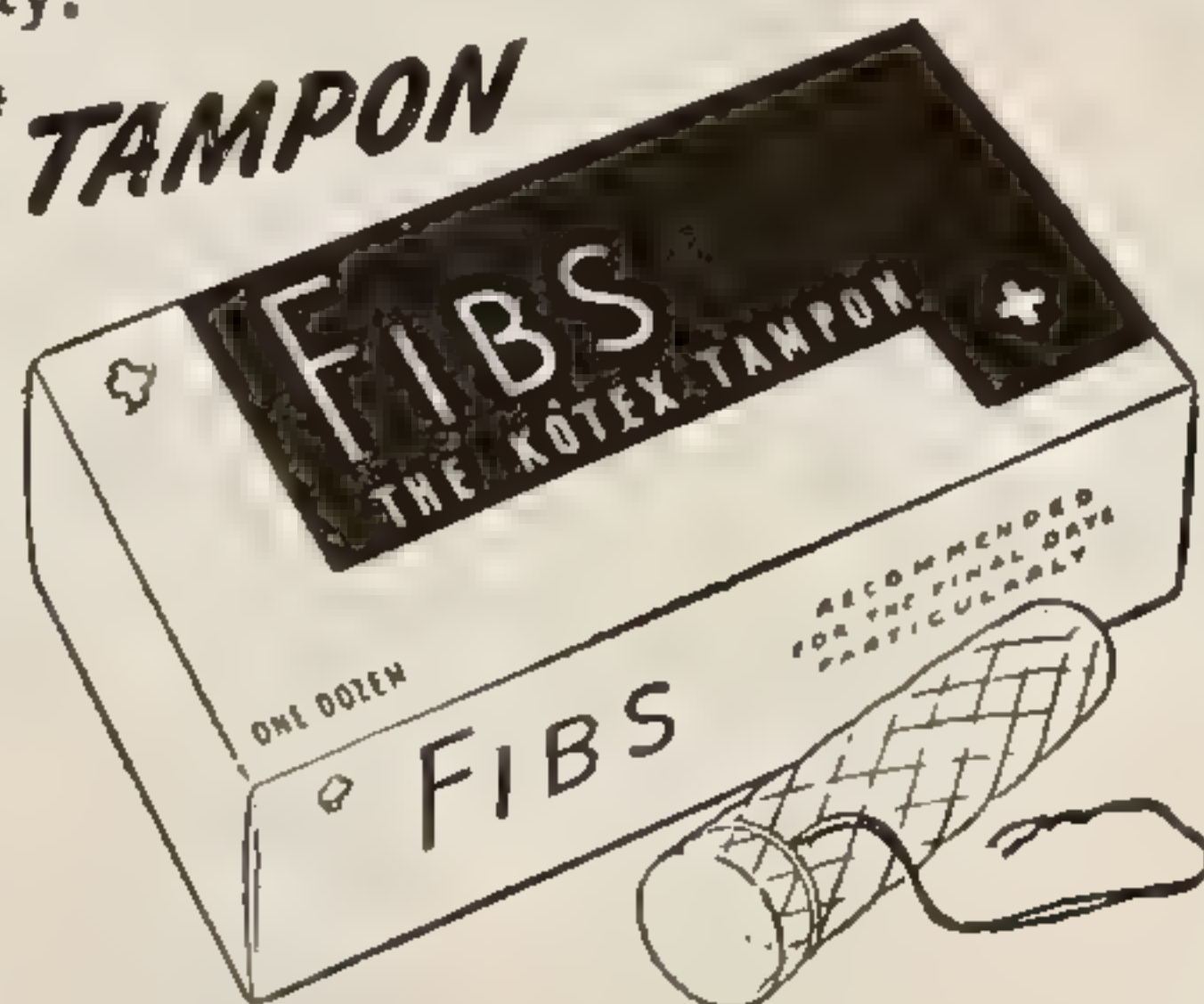
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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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Address.....

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I Married Outside the Law

(Continued from page 39)

flight of stairs and knocked at the greasy panel of the door the man had indicated.

A woman stood on the threshold, looking at me steadily from a pair of deep-set gray eyes. For a moment those eyes held mine, seeming to pull me far down into bottomless wells of sadness.

"Yes?" she said, standing very still.

She didn't ask me what I wanted. She just waited, questioningly.

"I'm Kay Moore," I said. "A friend of Greg Dean's."

"Of Greg...?" she said uncertainly. And then the change in her face was pitiful. It suddenly came alive with eagerness, and she held the door open wide in invitation as she burst out: "Of Tom's? Did he send you? Will you tell him I must see him?"

"I can't," I said, entering the room and closing the door behind me. "He's away. And he didn't exactly send me. I just heard that you were going to contest his divorce and—and so I came to see you."

Her eyes widened, and she sank down on the cheap iron bed that stood in the corner of the little room. "But I'm not!" she exclaimed. "That is—I don't want to. All I want is to see him—talk to him. Will he be back in Hollywood soon? You see, I only found out yesterday that he was Gregory Dean...."

I SAT down on the one old chair the room contained, feeling weak and afraid. Something was terribly wrong here. I had come prepared for arguments, anger, bitterness; ready to fight with a scheming woman. And I found....

I looked at her more closely. She was taller than I, and very thin. Even in the dim light cast by the overhead bulb, I could see the hollows in her cheeks and the pallor of her lips. Her brown hair was dull and lifeless, and her black dress was several years old. Yet, in a worn, emaciated way, she was lovely. There was a sweet and pitiful dignity about her which didn't square at all with my preconceived notions of the sort of woman who was trying to blackmail Greg.

"Suppose you tell me all about it," I said as gently as I could. "I'm a— a very good friend of Greg's. He'd want me to help you."

She pressed a delicate, blue-veined hand against her forehead. "I can't... I don't understand it very well, myself. Tom and I were married five years ago...."

But I can't reproduce her story, in the way she told it—haltingly, timidly, filled with pauses and gaps which I had to fill intuitively.

She had been a stenographer when Greg married her. She must have been pretty then, in an unassuming way. Wildly in love with Greg, she hadn't minded paying the bills for their apartment while he studied music, for there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to see him become famous. When he made up his mind to leave New York and come to California, she followed, uncomplainingly; and in Los Angeles she got another job. But things didn't go well. California wasn't the land of opportunity Greg had thought it was. She began to lose her health, but she struggled



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on, saying nothing, until the inevitable breakdown came.

"I—I don't remember much after that," she said in meek apology. "Only a sort of nightmare existence. They told me, later, that I'd had a complete nervous breakdown. But, anyway, that was about two years ago, I guess. I've been in a sanitarium since then."

IN a sanitarium, without any news of Greg. He might have vanished from the face of the earth, as far as she knew. I could only imagine her life there, as a charity patient in a state institution. But at last they told her she was well again, and let her go, almost penniless, into the world. She could do nothing but search Hollywood and Los Angeles for traces of the man she knew as Thomas Boerland. She might have searched forever, if she had not happened to meet a reporter who knew that Thomas Boerland was Gregory Dean. And it was this reporter who, tomorrow, was going to publish the news of Gregory Dean's destitute wife.

"They say he divorced me—but I didn't know. I was never told. I can't understand why. . . . It can't be legal, can it, if I wasn't told?"

She was pleading with me now, as if I had been Greg himself.

"Perhaps not," I said. "But if you contest the divorce—at least, before you see Greg—don't you know it will ruin his career?"

She sat up straight. "Oh, but I wouldn't want to do that! I wouldn't hurt him—not for anything, not for anything at all. The only thing I've ever wanted was to see him again—" Her voice broke. "He's my husband!"

Then, for a while, there was silence.

I felt numb and sick. Everything she said had painted a new and horrible picture of Greg for my eyes—and everything she said had its deadly parallel in my own relations with him. She had sacrificed for his success—so had I. He had lied to her—and to me. And in spite of it all, she still loved him and wanted him, while I— Did the parallel continue, even there? I didn't know—but I couldn't believe that Greg could really be guilty of such inhuman treatment.

I roused myself. "The first thing we have to do," I said firmly, "is to get you into a decent place."

She looked around the room in bewilderment. "But I've no money—"

"Don't worry about that," I said. Greg had given me a generous check, and it gave me a grim sort of pleasure to spend it on his other wife.

I called Ralph, and together we packed her few poor possessions, and got her into the car and then to a quiet furnished apartment house on Third Street, near Hollywood. After we'd fed her and put her to bed, Ralph drove me back to my own apartment while I told him the whole story.

HE listened in silence and without looking at me, his eyes glued on the traffic ahead of the car. It was impossible to read his thoughts, but when I'd finished he chuckled ruefully. "We had things doped all wrong, didn't we?" he remarked, "making her the villainess."

"I'm afraid so," I said—miserably aware of what my words implied: that if Beatrice Boerland was not the villainess, then Greg must be the villain. "Ralph," I went on hurriedly, "I was just wondering—could you get

that reporter not to run his story? At least until we've talked to Greg?"

"Oh?" He glanced at me quickly.

"Trying to save Greg's skin?"

"No," I defended my request. "All I want now is to help that poor woman. But if the story came out, then we'd have nothing to hold over Greg except his marriage to me. And I don't want to use that."

"CAN'T blame you for that," he agreed. He sighed deeply. "Oh, well, I might have known it. A reporter shouldn't have any friends. Sure, I can get him to kill the story—but I'll have to swap. I'll have to give him a scoop I dug up all by myself, that I was going to use on my broadcast."

"Ralph, you're a darling."

"I wish I thought you meant that," he said. "If I get that story killed, will you call Greg long distance and tell him to come right back here?"

My thoughts flew to Greg. All those years of struggling, of trying to get somewhere in radio and the movies—and now, just when he was on the brink of success, must I force him to cancel the tour that was to have brought him so much?

"It doesn't seem fair," I said. "Can't we wait until the tour is over?"

"No," Ralph said with a determined shake of his head. "This is something that has to be settled right away."

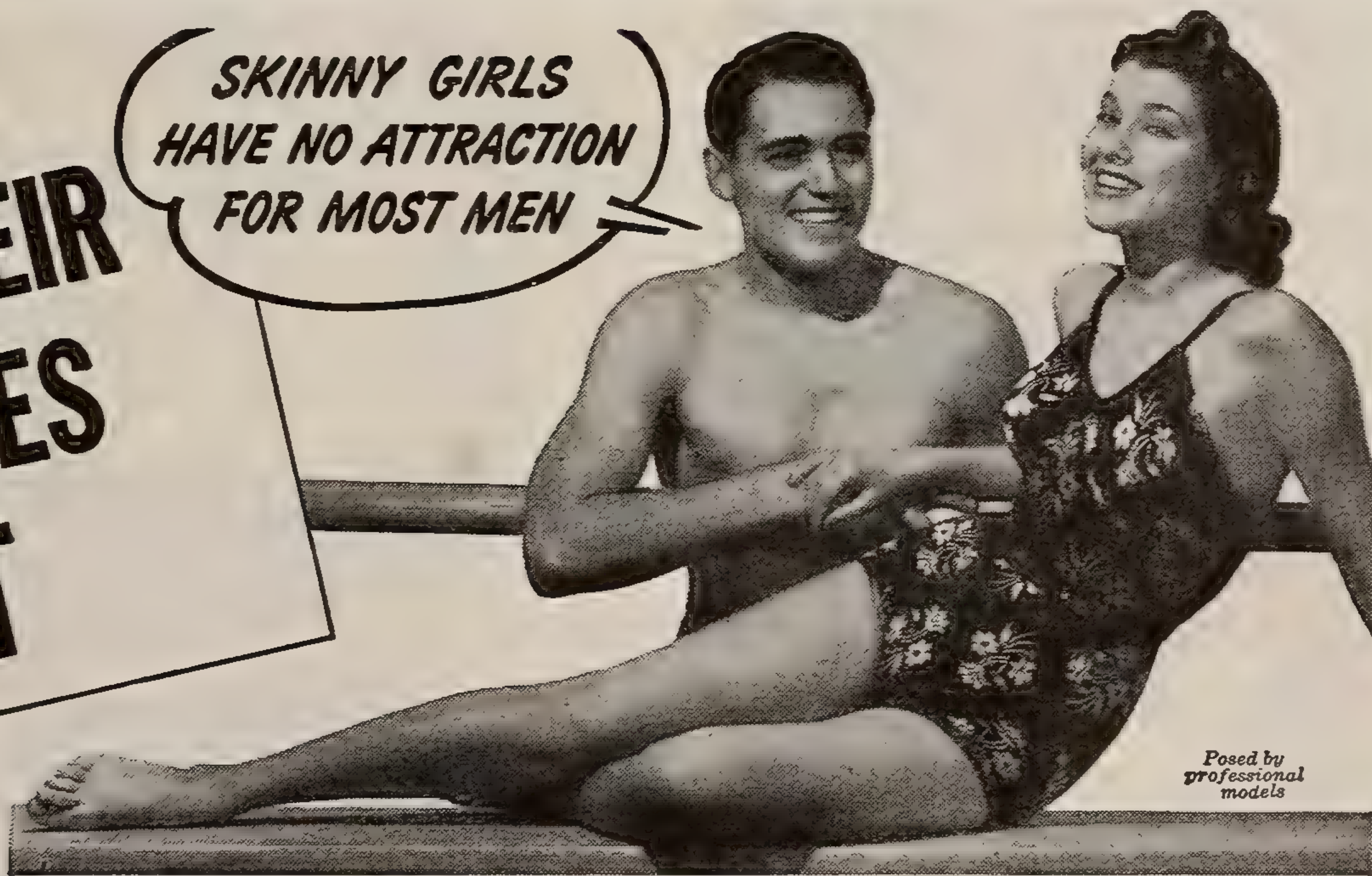
"Yes," I agreed with a sigh. "I suppose you're right. I'll call him."

So, after Ralph had called his reporter friend and got him to agree not to print the story, I picked up the telephone and called the hotel in New York where Greg was staying.

Buzzes, clicks, the voices of the operators, dead silence—and then his

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REJOICE AS THEIR
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**SKINNY GIRLS
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But now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically made, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see how, with their aid, so many almost hopeless people have easily put on the naturally attractive pounds they so long wished for—have gained new strength, new pep, new friends, new joy in life.

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"I had been losing weight and had no pep or energy. I looked so bad I was ashamed to go out and meet anybody. Then I tried Ironized Yeast. In 3 months I gained 14 lbs. My new huskiness and pep has brought me lots of new friends."

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have so long wished for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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voice was there, at my ear. My heart throbbed at the memory of that voice—the magic it had had for me once. This was not the long-distance call I had wanted to make to him.

"This is Kay, Greg," I said, trying to speak steadily.

"Why, darling—this is sweet of you—"

"No," I said, "I'm afraid it isn't. Greg, you've got to come back. Right away. I've just talked to—" it was hard to get the words out—"to your wife. She's ill, and poor, and she needs you."

I heard him gasp. Then he said tensely. "I can't come back. You know better than to ask— You didn't tell her—anything, did you?"

"Are you coming back?" I asked, choosing to ignore his question.

"I can't! I've got a contract for five appearances a day here."

WELL, I said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I think you'd better come, Greg. Get out of the contract somehow. Because I don't think your divorce from your first wife is legal. So we're not married. And—I didn't want to tell you until you got back here—but I'm going to have a baby. I think you'd better come home."

"My God!" he murmured.

"When can you get here?"

"I'll catch the morning plane," he promised.

Ralph watched me as I hung up. "Think he'll come?" he asked.

"I think so." Weariness was overcoming me; an unseen hand seemed to be pressing my eyelids down.

Strange, I remember thinking . . . something must have happened to the lights . . . they were growing dim . . . and dimmer . . . and Ralph's face was receding into the distance.

I remember thinking that—and then I stopped thinking.

I was being cradled in strong arms, lifted and carried in them through the air—as if I were flying. Against my cheek I felt the roughness of tweed . . . and in my dream I felt so safe, so secure. Oh Greg, Greg, you've come back, you're with me again, you do love me . . . I whispered his name.

Then I felt myself being lowered, and the arms were no longer around me. My eyes opened. Ralph was leaning over me, in his face a look of brooding tenderness.

"No, it's not Greg," he said with a little smile. "But don't worry—he'll be here soon. . . . You still love him, don't you?"

I turned away, pressed my cheek against the pillow of the sofa where I was lying. "I don't know, Ralph," I confessed miserably. "I—I just can't believe he could do such a terrible thing to that woman . . . I keep thinking there must be a mistake."

But there was no mistake. I learned when Greg arrived in Hollywood.

"I've made an awful mess of things," he said abjectly. "I know it—I've known it for months. I had no real right to marry you—I knew I'd got my divorce without Beatrice's knowledge or consent. But I loved you so. I couldn't let you go. And I thought Beatrice would be in . . . that place . . . for the rest of her life."

I looked at him—at his handsome face, at the dark rings of sleeplessness and worry under his eyes, at the thumb and forefinger tugging nervously at one ear—and I saw him as a child, incapable of directing his own

life. He was not strong, not wise. He could not look ahead. And in spite of all this, knowing his weakness, I still loved him.

"She wants you back, Greg," I reminded him. "She's lonely and ill, and completely lost in the world without you. You've treated her abominably."

"I've got you to think of, too," he went on in a lower tone. "You—and the baby."

"Oh—" I said. "I can get along somehow." But even as I spoke I felt a warm surge of happiness. Since I met Mrs. Boerland, I had sincerely been more worried over her problems than over my own—but it was inexpressibly comforting to know that I was still important to Greg.

"But I don't want you to get along somehow," he said with concern. "Listen, darling—I have an idea. Just give me a little time. I'll send you out of town—to New York, say—to have the baby. In the meantime, I'll get lawyers busy here, to find out a way of freeing me from Beatrice, and providing for her. Those things can always be fixed, you know, if you get a smart lawyer. I suppose it'll all come out in the papers, that I'm married to Beatrice, but I don't care about that any longer. Just as long as you aren't dragged into it. And then we can get married again—really married, this time."

His face was alight with new hope, his eyes begging me to believe him.

"I've learned my lesson," he insisted. "I'm going to get things all straightened out this time. Please, Kay! Just give me time! I've treated you badly, I know. But you've got to give me a chance to make up for what I've done."

"I will, Greg," I said. For I wanted to believe.

He seized my hand and put it to his lips, then jumped up. "Now I'll have to run. I'll see my lawyer and then I'll come back and we can have dinner together." He looked at his watch. "I'll be back in about an hour."

When he had gone, I stood in the middle of the room, aimlessly gazing around me.

I SHOULD have been happy. I honestly believed that Greg would try, now, to straighten out the mess that had been made of three lives—his, mine, and Beatrice Boerland's. I had been assured once more of his love, by his eagerness to take me to New York, care for me.

Yes, I should have been happy. But I wasn't.

A knock on the door interrupted me as I was trying to make a list of the things I must do before I could leave Hollywood. It was Ralph.

He came in, looking around the room curiously. "Isn't he here?"

"Greg? He's been here." And then, more and more haltingly as I watched his stony face, I told him what we had decided to do.

He made an impatient gesture when I finished. "This has got to stop," he said. "I don't believe a word of it. Kay, if you let him talk you into going to New York, he'll let you down. I know it!"

I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears. In a flash the kind, easy-going Ralph I'd always known had changed into a ragingly angry stranger.

He put both hands on my shoulders and drew me close, looking down into my face. "I love you, and I'm not going to sit back and let you throw

yourself away on that rotter!"

With a tremendous effort of my will as well as my body, I twisted away.

"He isn't a rotter!" I cried. "He's made mistakes, but he's sorry now, and he's going to repair them. He promised me, just an hour ago!"

HE was lying to you—and if you weren't deliberately pulling the wool over your own eyes, you'd know it!"

Suddenly I realized we were standing there in the middle of the room, shouting at each other at the top of our voices. I said more quietly, "Ralph, let's not quarrel. I'm sorry that you—that you think you love me. And you know I'm terribly fond of you. But—Greg is the father of the baby I'm going to have. I want to be with him when the baby is born."

"It isn't possible," he insisted. "Greg will never acknowledge that baby—or you either. Oh, he may think he will, now. Maybe he's being perfectly honest when he promises to free himself of his wife and marry you. But I'll bet he's just playing for time—stalling because he doesn't know what else to do. And when it comes to the showdown, he'll leave you high and dry."

"I can't believe he'd do that to me!" I exclaimed.

"If you like," he said quietly, "I'll prove it. Just as soon as Greg gets back here."

Half an hour later Greg knocked on the door, and when I opened it he rushed in eagerly—to stop short at sight of Ralph.

"Oh—hello, Mont," he said. "Glad to see you."

"Let's skip the formalities," Ralph said, "Kay told me about you two being married, and about the baby."

Greg cast a reproachful glance at me but said nothing, and Ralph went on:

"And I found out something today that ought to make things a lot easier. There's a law in this state that makes it possible for you to go before a judge and swear that you married Kay in good faith, not knowing that your other divorce wasn't legal. The judge can then declare the baby—yours and Kay's—legitimate, and annul your marriage to Kay. Later, if you succeed in divorcing your first wife, you and Kay can remarry."

"Isn't there one thing you've forgotten?" Greg asked slowly. "How about Kay? I didn't want to drag her name into this mess."

But my relief at hearing that there was a way to end our troubles quickly, without waiting for long months of suspense and uncertainty, was so great that I burst out:

I WON'T mind, Greg. It wouldn't hurt me—after all, it would all be legal and aboveboard—"

Greg shook his head. "No, my plan is better," he said. "It's better for Kay to go to New York."

"But suppose you can't?" Ralph insisted. "Suppose it takes longer than you think to free yourself of your first wife? Suppose she puts up a fight? Then Kay's left in New York, with a baby on its way or already born, and no husband."

"It won't take that long," Greg said stubbornly. "And there won't be any trouble about getting the divorce."

"Are you sure of that?" Ralph asked. "Or are you just kidding yourself, because you don't want to admit publicly that you married Kay when you already had a wife?"

"I resent that!" Greg flashed at him. "I don't think I have to explain my reasons to you—for anything!"

"Maybe not to me—but you should to Kay," Ralph answered. "Look here, Greg, this isn't a romantic movie you're playing a part in. This is real life, and things aren't going to turn out right for you just because you want them to. You've got to get your teeth into the situation and do something about it. Don't you know the hell that Kay would go through, sitting in New York, wondering what was going to happen, waiting and waiting—with no assurance in the world that you'd ever be free so you could marry her again? You say there won't be any trouble about getting a divorce from Beatrice, but I'm not so sure. You're in a spot there, too. As far as I can see, you haven't any grounds at all for divorcing her, and she isn't the kind that'll let you go without a struggle. But if you'd do as I say, you could at least make sure of Kay's security!"

We waited for Greg's answer. I had a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach. I knew now that Greg's next words would tell me plainly whether he loved me or his career.

"No," he said sullenly. "I won't do it. If Kay loves me—she'll just have to trust me, and wait."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I guess you were right, Ralph. Greg, I'll let you work things out by yourself. Take all the time you like. But when you're finished—I won't be waiting for you."

ALL this happened a month ago. I have been in Dune, the little town where Greg and I were married, since then. I came here on Ralph's advice, to secure a quiet annulment of my

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marriage, and after the court had freed me I stayed on for a while, unwilling to return to Hollywood. It is peaceful here in the midst of the desert, and I am living with the principal of the little school and his wife. They are kind and understanding, and although they must be curious about me, they never ask questions. Before I leave, I will tell them everything.

I've spent the long hours in writing down what happened to me, in the hope that, once these memories have been transferred to paper, they will leave my thoughts.

There is only one memory I want to keep. Ralph's face, bending over me as I lay on the sofa. I'll never forget that. I couldn't if I wanted to.

It's three o'clock now, on a Saturday afternoon, and I'm glad I have finished—because in a few minutes I'll see Ralph's noisy little car come scuttling up the road from the west. I want to watch for it, and I want to be dressed in my best when I see it.

For a very special reason. . . . Today is my wedding day, and Ralph is the bridegroom.

THE END

Interrupted Wedding

(Continued from page 36)

—cars—accidents—none of it seemed to make sense.

"But Mrs. McCreagh—why don't you tell her you weren't driving?"

"She knows. I'm sure she knows. But she doesn't care. She's a mad-woman, Alice. All she cares about is that I've got money. Don't you see, darling, it's a vicious, horrible net?"

YES, I saw. It was a net. Around him, and around me. And, in a moment of intuition, I saw that instead of helping Bob, my presence hindered him.

But there must be some way out! Innocent people, surely, couldn't be trapped this way. If I could only put my hand out, grasp the missing key to the puzzle . . . it must exist.

"If you really want to help me," Bob was saying, "you'll go home. Only, whatever happens, believe in me. Things—" he tried to smile—"may not be as bad as they look. I may be back for you in no time at all. But right now I've got to stay on and I've got to stay on alone."

"I'll go—right away," I said. "And I promise, Bob—whatever happens, I'll still be waiting."

Quickly he kissed me. "Dearest . . . darling, good bye," he said.

I walked down the dusty street toward the railway station. And now I knew that in spite of his false optimism, Bob had lost all hope. If the net had been a real one, made of rope, Bob could have burst through it with his glorious strength; but it was a net of lies, a gossamer net whose strands had been spun by Mrs. McCreagh.

Somewhere that net had its weak point—but where?

There wasn't another train east for three hours, so I stepped into the shadowy drug store for a cool drink. It was empty except for the clerk, and he was hungry for conversation. It wasn't hard to lead our casual talk to Bob Borden and Georgia McCreagh.

"Nice fella, Borden," the clerk said. "We all liked him real well when he was working on our new bridge a while back. But I must say Mrs. McCreagh gave the town the surprise of its life yesterday when she said Bob had come back to marry Georgia."

"Around here," the clerk was continuing lazily, "we always figured Georgia and Sam Burton would get hitched."

I set my glass down carefully on the marble counter, my hand shaking. Of course! Here was the weak spot in the web, the key to the puzzle—Sam Burton. "Is he a Harmony man?" I asked casually.

"Sure—works at the garage down the road."

Careful not to hurry, I paid my check and strolled out of the store—but my thoughts were racing ahead of me, to the ugly garage on the corner.

It seemed deserted when I got there. I peeked into the littered interior; from somewhere in the back came a sound of pounding. Then, going closer, I saw the figure of a young man in dirty overalls, bending over a tire.

"Are you Sam Burton?" I asked.

He straightened up and turned to look at me. I don't know what I'd expected—a wicked-looking brute, I suppose—but he was only a sandy-haired, blue-eyed boy, about twenty-two, with an unhappy mouth.

"Yes," he said, cautiously.

"I'm Alice Drake," I said. "I'm the girl who was being married to Bob Borden two days ago, when Mrs. McCreagh stopped the wedding."

"Yeah?" he said. "I didn't know about that." He bent once more to the tire.

"Won't you help me?" I cried above the sound of his renewed hammering. "They're saying now that Bob's going to marry Georgia McCreagh."

He dropped the hammer with a clatter. "Look here, lady," he said angrily, "I don't know what you're talking about. It's none of my business who marries who."

I burst out at him: "It is your business! You're in love with Georgia yourself—and you were driving the car the night she was hurt!"

WHO told you that?" And now I saw that he wasn't sure of himself at all—he was only a frightened, unhappy boy.

"Nobody," I said. "I guessed it."

"Well, it—it isn't true," he mumbled. Somehow, I knew he was lying.

"You're afraid to speak the truth!" I accused him. "Well, I'm not. I'm going up to the court house right now and lodge a complaint against you!"

For a second I was afraid my bluff wouldn't work—for it had been sheerest, most desperate bluff. But as I turned to go, his grimy hand grasped my arm.

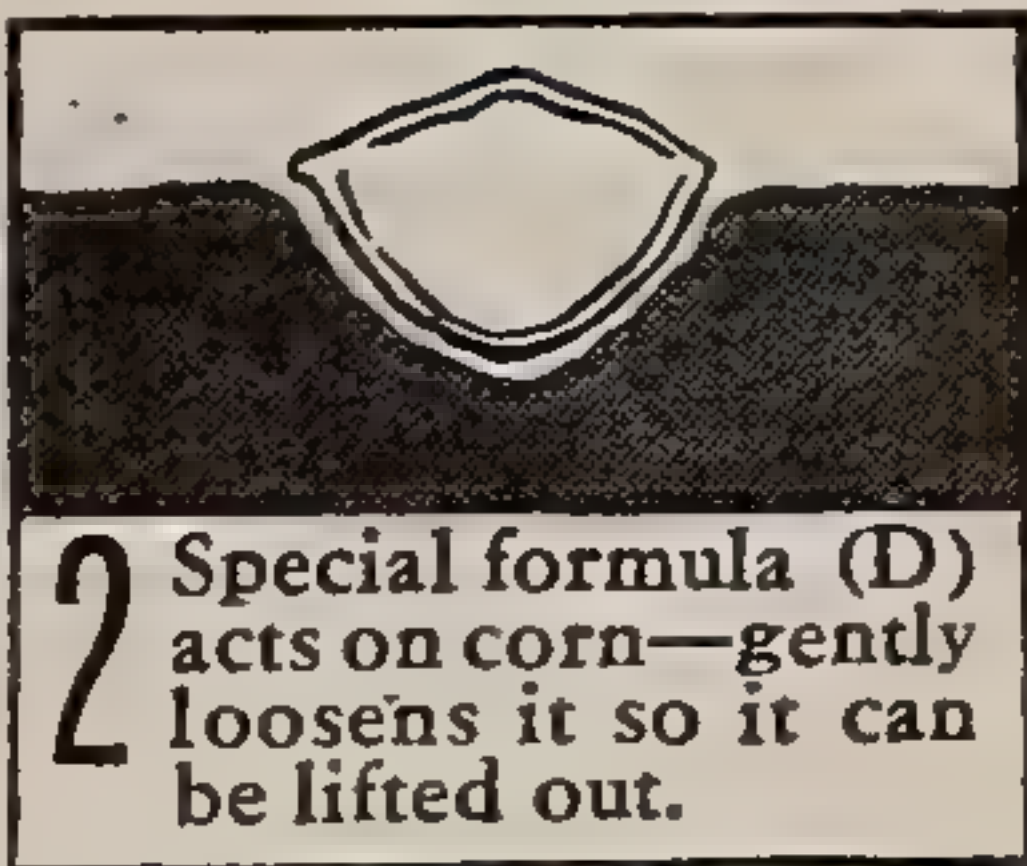
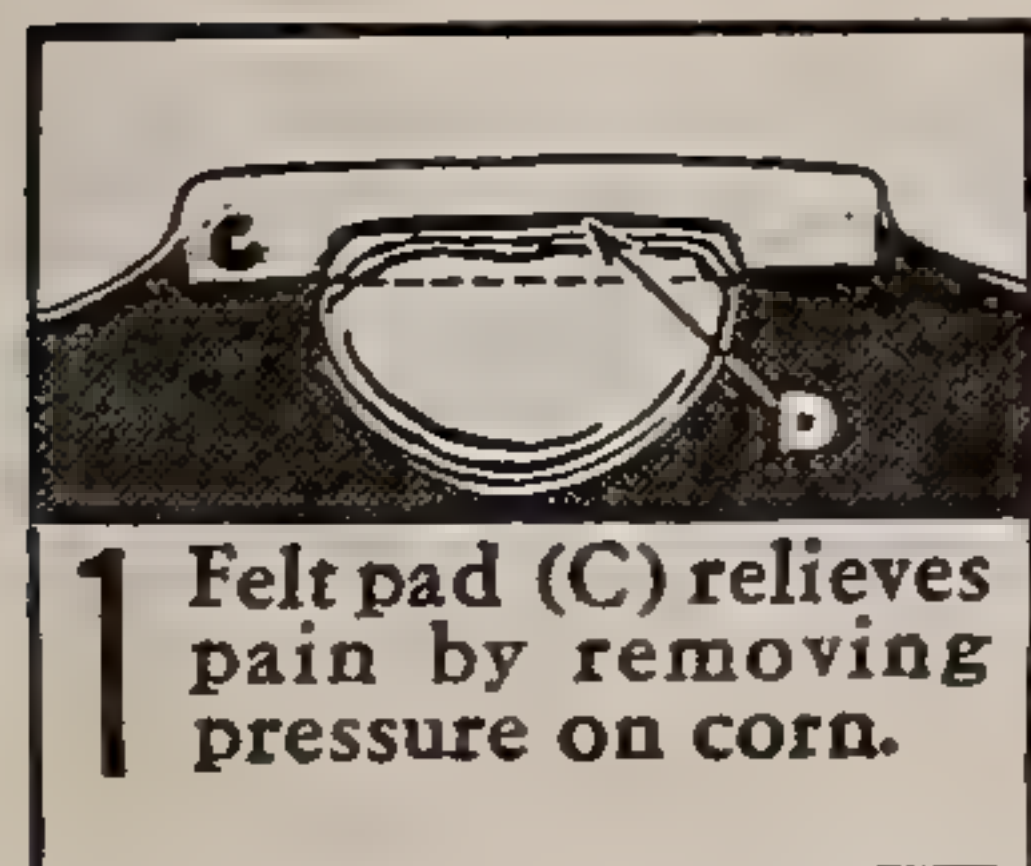
"Lady—don't do that!"

"Will you tell me the truth then?"

He gulped. "Yes. I was driving the car, all right. Bob hired it, and pretended to Mrs. McCreagh that he was taking Georgia out—just so Georgia and me could see each other without Mrs. McCreagh knowing. I was driving, but I was so glad to see Georgia I guess—I guess I was looking at her, not the road . . ."

"And then when I saw Georgia lying there, after the accident—I lost my head. I thought she was dead. I

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didn't know what to do. And Bob said for me to go home and he'd take care of everything."

"Come with me!" I cried. "We've got to tell Mrs. McCreagh!"

And then, with his next words, I realized for the first time how much harm the wrong conception of nobility can do. Until then, Mrs. McCreagh had been my enemy, with her evil strength—but now I saw that the real enemy was Sam Burton, with his weakness that made him willing to destroy himself—and Bob—and me—and the girl he loved.

"No!" he said stubbornly. "I'm not telling anybody else but you. I want Georgia to marry Bob. She's got to have doctors, and treatment, and I can't give them to her. So I won't do anything to break up that marriage."

I felt helpless, bound hand and foot. Salvation was so near—the whole puzzle was spread out, solved if this stubborn man with his twisted ideas of chivalry would only let it be solved.

"You're a fool!" I told him. "How happy do you suppose Georgia's going to be, married to a man she doesn't love? It doesn't matter how well he can take care of her—she'll be miserable! And you'll be miserable, too—and Bob—and me! Four lives torn to pieces—just because you won't tell the truth—because you want to dodge the responsibility of marrying a crippled girl and taking care of her—"

Suddenly his eyes were blazing in the pallor of his face. "You take that back!" he said tensely. "I'm not dodging any responsibility!"

YOU are! You are! If you weren't, you'd tell the truth!"

There was a long silence, there in the dusty garage. I saw his jaw muscles working. "All right," he said at last. "You win. If you can fight this way for the guy you love, I guess I can fight for Georgia."

Together we set out for Mrs. McCreagh's.

She opened the door for us herself and, though she tried to bar his way, Sam brushed past her into Georgia's room.

"Sam's going to marry Georgia himself, Mrs. McCreagh," I told her. "And he's going to tell the truth, if you make any more trouble."

Her hand went to her throat. Her pale eyes stared into mine. Then they dropped. She turned and went silently out of the room.

The door of Georgia's room was flung open, and Bob came out. One sight of his face told me that the nightmare was at an end.

"How did you find out about Sam?" he demanded.

"I'll answer that question later on," I said. "Right now, Bob Borden, I should think you'd have the decency to take me home to our minister, so he could finish the ceremony he began the other day. Remember?"

Bob didn't answer. He sat down and began writing a check. "Just a minute," he said. "I've made myself responsible for Georgia's doctor bills. And I'm going to see about a better job for Sam later on. But right now I want to leave this for them—for a wedding present."

He tucked the check in Georgia's door and came back and folded me in eager arms. "What's all this nonsense you're talking about going back home to be married?" he asked. "Just as if I'd wait that long? Just as if there weren't ministers in Harmony?"



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(Continued from page 19)

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- 18-23 No's—Aren't you sometimes afraid of him?
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1. Do you make an effort to take an interest in your husband's work, and listen attentively to his troubles?

2. Are you careful never to accept invitations to see people that your husband doesn't find congenial?

3. Do you budget your household and personal allowances, and keep to the budget?

4. Do you see to it that your relatives, including your parents, do not enter your home or your life any more than is absolutely necessary?

5. Are you careful to give him his way in small things which make his life more pleasant, even though they aren't really any of his business—the way you keep the house or the color of your nail polish?

6. Do you make a real effort to keep your mind keen and alert, well-informed on all the subjects which interest him, so that you won't be left behind while he forges ahead?

7. Do you make a point of telling him how handsome he looks whenever he's just had a haircut and put on his best suit?

8. When he takes one drink too many, do you let next morning's headache be his only punishment, or do you add a few reminders of his sin on your own account?

9. When you're out in the car together, do you do too much "back seat driving?"

10. Are you careful to give him the impression that no matter how much you love the children, you love him a great deal more, and that the children are something that belong to you both, as partners?

11. Realizing that men don't like anything that cramps their style, can

you enjoy yourself at a party without making him dance attendance on you?

12. Though you are convinced that golf (or baseball or some other hobby of his) is silly, do you humor his enthusiasm for it, and find some personal interest of your own which you can pursue while he's on the links?

13. Are you always ready on time when the two of you are going somewhere together, or do you make such a practice of being late that you give him an excuse to dawdle too?

14. If your husband doesn't like to look at shop windows, are you considerate enough to do most of your window-shopping when you are alone?

15. When your husband talks about the girls he used to know, do you remember that you're the girl he married?

16. Do you flatter him by deferring to his taste in women's clothes, having them sent home on approval so he can see them before you plunk out the cash?

17. Do you see to it that there are plenty of ash trays around the house, and that they are all large enough to do their duty properly, remembering there is nothing a man hates as much as a postage-stamp size ash tray; and if he smokes a pipe, do you provide him with a special big ash tray with a post for him to knock the pipe against?

18. Do you tactfully and subtly remind him that a birthday or wedding anniversary is imminent a week or so before it is due, thereby sparing him the embarrassment of forgetting it?

19. Have you complained so often about the amount of work you do at home that he's developed an immunity to the subject, and doesn't hear you any more, out of self-defense?

20. Do you use reasonable judgment at night in telling him the events of your day—or do you just tell all endlessly?

21. Do you respect his likes and dislikes in the way of friends, and make arrangements to see people he doesn't like at times when he's busy somewhere else?

22. Do you make a note after every argument you have with him that such-and-such a subject is a dangerous one, to be avoided if possible?

23. Do you give him the trust you expect him to give you, so that if he comes home later than you expect him, you take it for granted that he had good and sufficient reasons for the delay, even if he doesn't explain them at once?

"TRUE OR FALSE?" -:- -:- -:- ANSWERS

- 1. FALSE. Loretta Young played with Don Ameche in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell." In this scene, Alice Faye played with Don in "Alexander's Ragtime Band."
- 2. FALSE. Seersucker is a thin striped fabric.
- 3. FALSE. They're made of cotton.
- 4. FALSE. He played the detective, Nick Charles. The title role of the scientist was played by Edward Ellis.
- 5. FALSE. It's a type of couch usually found in bedrooms. The phrase literally means "long chair."
- 6. FALSE. He is the master of ceremonies of the "True or False?" program. Walter Hagen is the golf professional.
- 7. FALSE. A "dead mike" is a disconnected microphone.
- 8. TRUE. It is a very tender steak. (This name, which is of American origin, is said to have originated when Charles Dickens was served an excellent steak during his tour of America by a tavern keeper named Porter.)
- 9. FALSE. Parchesi is a parlor game. Parmesan cheese is often used as a garnish.
- 10. TRUE. It's a short jacket, with or without sleeves. It's also a Spanish dance.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

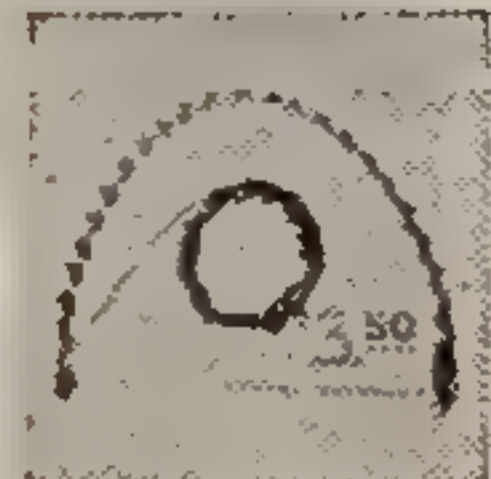
An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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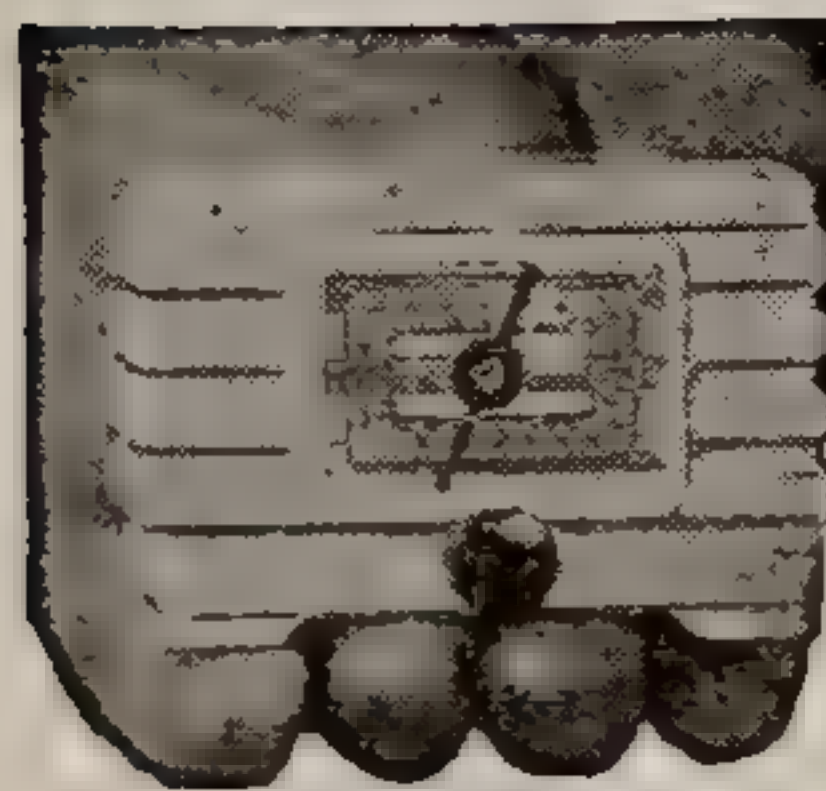
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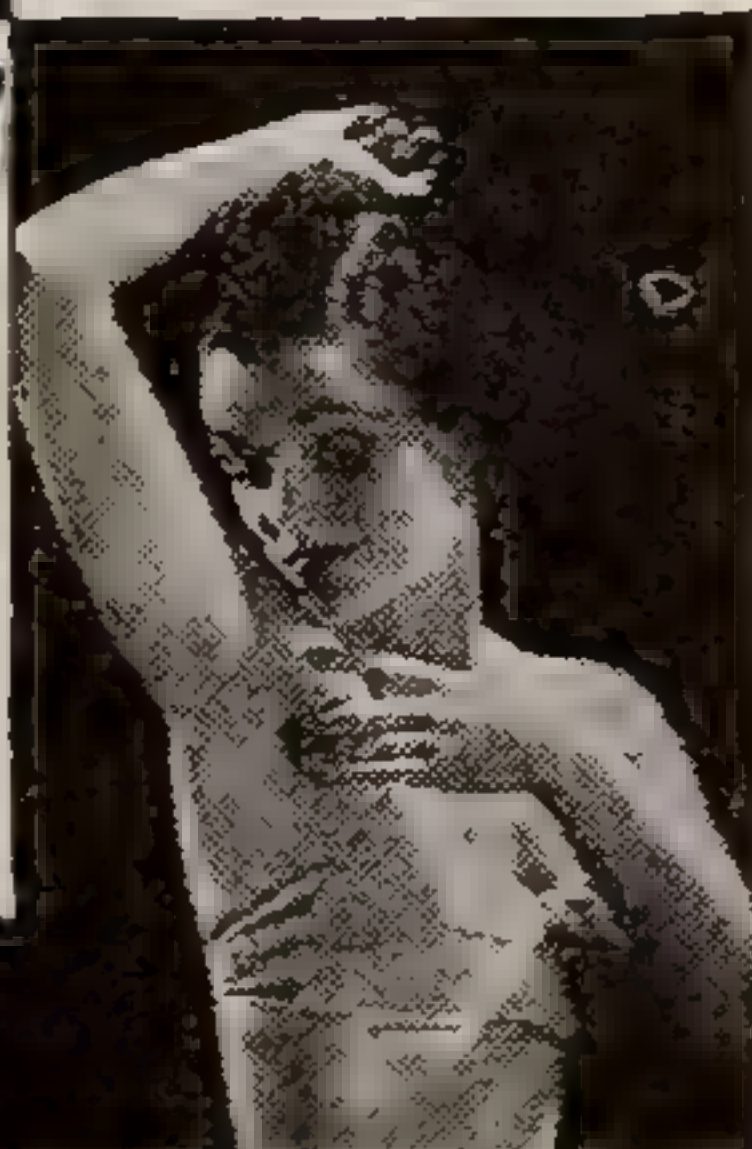
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ASTHMADOR

Eleanor Roosevelt— Radio's Favorite Guest

(Continued from page 17)

before November, 1932, when the National Broadcasting Company made a date with her. She was then just the wife of one of the presidential candidates. But when the calendar had swung around to the appointed time, the American people had made her their First Lady.

She kept her date with NBC, though. She appeared in their studios at exactly the hour arranged weeks before. When she arrived, the studio looked like an over-active movie set. Newsreel cameras leered at her from every angle. Newspaper cameramen with flashlight bulbs, set to explode, crouched and weaved in and around microphones. But they didn't disturb Mrs. Roosevelt's gentle poise.

AFTER the broadcast, she posed for as many pictures as the photographers wanted. They used hundreds of feet of film and bulbs. It was hot in that studio, too. But she just patted her forehead with a tiny handkerchief, smoothed her hair and took whatever poses the boys wanted. After they were all finished, Margaret Cuthbert, head of NBC's Women's Department, walked over to Mrs. Roosevelt and, very apologetically, said:

"Mrs. Roosevelt, I hate to ask you to take more pictures—but NBC would like to take some of you in our own studio. Would it be asking too much to come down to our photograph department now?"

The First Lady smiled: "Miss Cuthbert, if you're worried because you think those pictures which were just taken are not good, that doesn't matter. But if you want other pictures of me taken by your own photographer, I'll be glad to do it."

And because Miss Cuthbert said NBC would like to have its own photographs, Mrs. Roosevelt went uncomplainingly through another thirty minutes or so of posing under hot blinding studio lights.

After working with her for almost seven years, the networks still marvel at the down-to-earth simplicity and understanding of the First Lady. She is far easier to reach, for example, than most radio or Hollywood stars. To obtain her for a program, both NBC and CBS usually write her directly at the White House. Within a day or so, an answer, in which she either accepts the invitation or explains why she can't, comes back. CBS sometimes, too, contacts her through its Washington department but that's only for convenience's sake.

A few months ago Miss Cuthbert wanted her for a program. She knew that Mrs. Roosevelt was in New York. When she is in Manhattan alone she usually stays at the apartment of Melvina Thompson, her assistant.

There is no way of reaching Miss Thompson's apartment by 'phone. But an intimate of the White House had told Miss Cuthbert that all important messages would be delivered to Miss Thompson by the florist who has a shop near her apartment. The NBC executive asked the neighborhood flower dealer to pass on her request to Miss Thompson. In five minutes, Miss Cuthbert's office 'phone rang. It was not Miss Thompson calling back—it was Mrs. Roosevelt herself!

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"PEGGY'S ON THE GO ALL DAY LONG...YET ALWAYS SEEMS SO RESTED. HOW DOES SHE DO IT?"



HERE'S HOW she does it. She's learned the secret many busy people know—this famous Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum. Carry a package around with you. You'll always find it refreshing and restful.



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"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."



VERY often Mrs. Roosevelt appears on the air at the request of various organizations and charities. They, too, write directly to the White House. Even if it means keeping on the go night and day, she does her best to help every worth while cause—from national charities to local youth organizations. Since 1932, she has been heard on NBC 95 times and almost as often on CBS.

Once she agrees to speak for an organization, the networks are called by the group and asked for time on the air. From then until the broadcast, one letter to Mrs. Roosevelt giving the time, place and subject is enough. She has never been late for a program, has never missed a cue, has never run over the time set aside for her.

There was the time three years ago when Mrs. Roosevelt was in New York to appear as mistress of ceremonies on a peace program. It was an important broadcast and its subject was close to the heart of the First Lady. When she arrived, eight minutes before broadcast time, she seemed as gracious and collected as always. She looked particularly lovely that night in a black gown.

She spent her eight minutes learning the names and background of the eight people she was to introduce. It was a half-hour program and she conducted it perfectly. After it was all over, officials rushed up to congratulate her. Her explanation of why she had to hurry away caused them to look at her with a new kind of admiration and respect. On her way to the studio a telegram had come telling her that her sons James and Franklin had been in an automobile crash in Boston. She still had no idea how badly they were hurt. Yet there was no time to find out—she had concealed a mother's burning anxiety to do what she could for a great humanitarian cause.

All network special events men have worn their nerves ragged wondering whether a scheduled speaker will show up at the last minute. They have long since ceased worrying about Mrs. Roosevelt. She has never cancelled a broadcast which she has promised to make. Usually, too, when the networks are dealing with some unusual personage they have to bother about escorts and special studios. But with the First Lady, the broadcasters forget all their worries.

She comes to the studios alone. No state troopers hovering in the background, no anxious brood of secretaries. A cab drops her at one of the entrances and she boards any elevator that happens to be ready to go up.

Usually, she broadcasts from the network studios in New York or Washington. Most of the broadcasts, naturally, come from the capital. When some special occasion doesn't permit the using of CBS's station WJSV or NBC's WRC-WMAL there, the pick-up is made from the White House. The Old Diplomatic Reception Room has been permanently wired for radio equipment and is always used for the President's fireside chats. Microphones are set up there for his wife, too. Occasionally, though, her voice is picked up from her sitting room or the portico and then the radio engineers merely string a few extra feet of wire down the White House halls.

When in New York, she uses any one of the NBC studios that is most

convenient. But, over at CBS, they have a special room for visiting dignitaries. It's called, by an odd coincidence, the Blue Room and was designed by Mrs. William S. Paley, wife of the CBS president. The Blue Room is completely different from every other radio studio. It looks exactly like a comfortable, luxurious living room. When Mrs. Paley originally designed it, everything in it was a soothing shade of blue. She re-decorates fairly often, though, and now it has a combination of blue, gray and green colors.

The idea of the Blue Room, obviously, is to immediately chase away any symptoms of mike-fright. There is even a framed picture which can be swung into place to conceal the small control room from nervous eyes. No one has yet caught the First Lady with a case of air-jitters, but CBS likes to have her use its special Blue Room, anyhow.

Mrs. Roosevelt possesses one radio virtue broadcasters always admire: she is able to speak ad-lib—without notes or script—perfectly. Carleton Smith, NBC's Washington presidential announcer, recalls one occasion when the First Lady turned the page of her script—and found the next page missing. She ad-libbed perfectly until a harried production man finally found the absent section.

BACK in February, 1936, Mrs. Roosevelt appeared as mistress of ceremonies on America's Town Meeting of the Air. The discussion that night was to center around the youth problem—"Young America Looks Forward." There were four other speakers. The first three talks were rather dull and audience and listeners had settled down to a listless sort of attention. But interest perked up when Mrs. Roosevelt introduced Mrs. Eugene Meyer, staunch Republican and a bitter enemy of the Roosevelt administration. Mrs. Meyer spoke caustically and pulled no punches. As she lashed out at the National Youth Administration and the WPA, sections of the audience booed. Mrs. Roosevelt stood up and waved down the boos with her hands. She did this three times. During most of Mrs. Meyer's attack, the First Lady took notes.

George Denny, conductor of the program, looked a little worried during the talk. He hadn't quite anticipated such hectic events. He kept his eye on Mrs. Meyer and, as soon as she finished he rushed over to sign off the program as gracefully as possible. But Mrs. Roosevelt beat him to the microphone. She clasped Mrs. Meyer's hand and publicly thanked her for her suggestions. After Denny had signed off, she told Mrs. Meyer that she had carefully made notes and would carry a report back to Washington.

There were seasoned newspapermen in that audience. They were even more stunned than Mrs. Meyer.

As Mrs. Roosevelt started to leave the auditorium, a policeman came up to her:

"Mrs. Roosevelt, there's a tremendous crowd out front waiting for you. But I've cleared the back way and you can get right away."

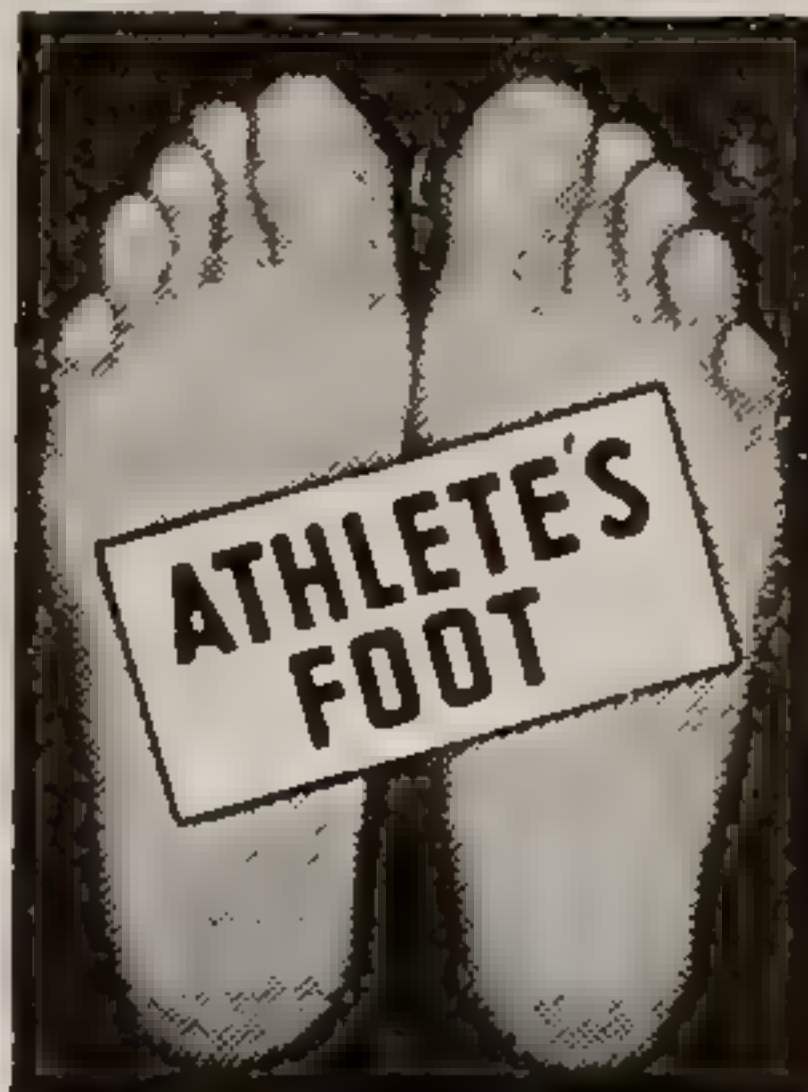
Her answer is a complete revelation of the character of the simple, unassuming woman who is America's First Lady. She smiled as she said:

"Oh, Spinach—I'm going the front way."

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Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.



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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

DYNAMITE IN RHYTHM

DYNAMITE in rhythm is the best way to describe the powerful musical hi-jinks concocted by Glenn Miller, latest of the swing scions to shoot up like a World's Fair comet in the favor of the nation's jitterbugs.

This syncopated strength was not inherited overnight. It is the pent-up musical emotion garnered through the years by the slim, bespectacled westerner who looks like Benny Goodman and talks like Don Bestor.

Glenn is not new in the band business. Most of his thirty years have been spent in it.

Around radio row Glenn is rated as a musician's musician. The Norvos, Nelsons, Nobles knew him but you didn't. Tucked behind a shiny trombone was Glenn, his head spinning with arrangements and plans that were years ahead of their time.

The futuristic arrangements that Glenn devised were carefully tucked away in the back of his long head. The mechanical ones were sold to Goodman, Dorsey, Casa Loma, and others.

The big-shot bandleaders always took Glenn into their confidence. He was a good listener. The assorted maestros liked that type. Glenn was sympathetic and more than that, awfully helpful.

"Glenn, if I could just find a good tenor sax man what a band I would have," was a typical plaint that reached Miller's ears.

Stamping out a burning cigarette, Miller would answer softly: "I'll see what I can do about getting you Tony."

Next day Tony would be working for a new band.

MILLER'S miraculous ability to spot ace musicians in orchestras spread across radio row. He was enormously helpful in organizing the Dorsey Brothers band, enlisted Ray McKinley, the drummer, Skeets Herford, tenor sax, and Don Mattison, trombone. When Ray Noble came to the United States he could not bring his English-born musicians. So Ray sought out Miller, the band-maker, made him key arranger and assistant leader. Glenn accepted, started his methodical tour of Lindy's, Dave's Blue Room, rehearsal halls and broadcasting studios, and formed Noble's American band.

Miller stayed with Noble several years. Then he went back to radio work as a trombonist.

His reputation grew but strictly in the profession. He was still just a good trombonist in a very neat tuxedo to the average dancer.

Most bandleaders will tell you that they got the idea to lead their own band out of a clear blue sky, and quicker than you can say "Paul Whiteman" they were waving a baton. Not Miller.

"I've always wanted to lead a band—but lead the kind of a band that would mean something. I could have started ten years ago. So what? It would never have meant a thing and I'd still be playing every honkey tonk this side of Passaic. I kept thinking about it, working it out in my mind. The arrangements I couldn't sell other leaders because they sounded too



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Indelible, waterproof, non-drying. Varady's Lipstick comes in six alluring shades, Vivid, Light, Medium, Raspberry, Gypsy Red and Orchid—also blending rouge to match.

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New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



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revolutionary I kept for myself. Any musical tricks I concocted became my own secret."

That secret began after Glenn left the University of Colorado, a timid student from the mid-west. Glenn worked his way through school playing in a band.

It seems every good musician has worked at some time or other with Ben Pollack. Glenn was no exception. He played alongside Gene Krupa and Benny Goodman. Pollack came east from California and Glenn went with him. In those pre-swing days Glenn was already playing real swing. Few knew it. The great Bix Beiderbecke knew and he hired Glenn to work with him on phonograph records. So did the Dorseys, Casa Loma, and Red Nichols.

ABOUT a year ago Glenn organized his own band. This time grateful bandleaders whom Glenn had helped, played turn-a-bout. Goodman recommended Hal MacIntyre, an alto man, and he was the first to join the 15-man personnel. "Chummy" MacGregor, a fine composer and pianist, was next. "Texas" Beneke, a comedian and tenor sax star, came next to form the nucleus. They are still with Miller.

Although the style of the band was perfected shortly and Glenn soon had a library of important arrangements, his unit was far from ready for the big-time. He played such places as the Paradise Restaurant where the floor show always over-shadows the bandstand, Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and Wildwood, N. J.

Bookers showed mild interest so Glenn kept polishing. Effort was placed on the brass section and rhythm department. Lovely, blonde Marion Hutton, sister of jitterbug Betty, and Ray Eberle, whose brother Bob sings with Jimmy Dorsey, were hired.

Last winter Glenn returned to the Paradise. But this time he had a radio wire, the oasis in the floor show desert.

Styled directly as a dance band, Glenn's versatility made it possible for jitterbugs as well as dance fans to acclaim this music. The power shot like a bolt from coast to coast. His five-man sax section—the "saxotones"—in which the clarinetist takes the lead—is the star style item, and the one that got people talking about Miller.

For the "pretty tunes," as Miller calls them, he innovated the "brass choir,"—a combination of three trumpets and three trombones.

All saxotone and brass choir tunes are arranged by Miller. But that's hardly enough. Bill Finnegan, a Jersey killer-diller, supplies other arrangements.

The important dates followed quickly.

Then to Glenn came the plum summer spot in the east—Glen Island Casino. To up-and-coming bandleaders Glen Island has more tradition than Buckingham Palace. From this roadside retreat in New York, the Dorseys, Casa Loma, Ozzie Nelson and Larry Clinton went on to major victories. If you're a good boy they give you five broadcast shots a week. Buckingham Palace can give you only the Changing of the Guard.

Off the bandstand Glenn is more like a college professor. I guess you have to blame his glasses for that impression. He is married to the girl he

"fell for" on the college campus.

Unlike most bandleaders I've met, Miller's favorite form of dancer is the jitterbug, but he won't play for them all night.

Plans for the future are particularly rosey. He goes into the Paramount theater, New York, in mid-September. Now you can hear him over NBC from the Glen Island Casino in Westchester, New York. That man you see engaging Miller in long and serious conversations between dance sets, is from an advertising agency representing a large cigarette company.

The initials missing in Glenn Miller's name are T.N.T.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

Whistlin' In the Wildwood; Boom (Decca 2449) Guy Lombardo—The kind of tunes Lombardo plays best.

In the Middle of a Dream; You Grow Sweeter (Victor 26226) Tommy Dorsey—Jack Leonard blends his baritone with the Dorsey trombone for a smooth doubleheader in wax.

A Fool and His Honey are Soon Parted; You Grow Sweeter (Brunswick 8359) Eddy Duchin—The Radio Mirror popularity winner shows off Oscar Levant's latest tune. The composer is known to radio listeners for his "Information Please" puns.

How Warm It Is the Weather; My Heart Ran Away (Vocalion 4819) Mitchell Ayres—An inventive band fashions warm weather rhythms on a better than average tune. Nice crooning by Mary Ann Mercer.

Lady Needs a Change; Honorable Mr. So-and-So (Victor 26242) Gray Gordon—Brightest lyrics of the month on the front side. The reverse strikes these ears like that old favorite, "Bill."

And the Angels Sing; S'posin (Decca 2413) Bing Crosby—Now listen to Bing carol this hit tune and throw in a sentimental oldie for good luck.

Yours for a Song; I Can Read Between the Lines (Vocalion 4818) Red Norvo—The stilted, serious vocalist Terry Allen comes through like a Boy Scout on these two tunes. Sensible rhythms by xylophonist Norvo.

Some Like It Swing

Sheik of Araby; Persian Rug (Brunswick 8370) Jack Teagarden—A swing Sheik that has no connection with Valentino, but is certainly as torrid. Watch this Teagarden trombone troupe.

Rose of Washington Square; I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak (Decca 2464) Bob Crosby—A fine example of solid swing, fringed with Dixieland tempo and professional warbling by Marion Mann.

Runnin' Wild; But It Didn't Mean a Thing (Bluebird B10269A) Glenn Miller. The swing sides of the month. Dancing dynamite.

Snug As a Bug; You're So Indiff'rent (Bluebird B10215) Art Shaw. Not the top-drawer Shaw but still acceptable. Tony Pastor contributes a jig-saw puzzle lyric. Plenty of clarinet ranges.

Rock, Rock, Rock-a-bye Baby; How Much You Can Suffer (Decca 2414) Andrew Sisters—The World of Tomorrow mother will probably swing her offspring to sleep like the Andrew Sisters. A jitterbug lullaby that will bring down, cradle, house, and the neighbors.

Opus ¾; Sugar (Victor 26240) Benny Goodman—The Goodman Quartet comes out of hiding for a neat rendition reminiscent of past efforts. Not for dance enthusiasts.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Box 6, Northwestern Station
Dept. M-44, Detroit, Mich.

ROLLS DEVELOPED 25c Coin.
Two 5x7 Double
Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Prints.
CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 19, LaCrosse, Wis.

Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS 50¢ FOR \$1
EARN EXTRA MONEY EASILY
Show big-value Personal Christmas Cards with sender's name inscribed. Smart, modern designs. Low as 50¢ for \$1, retail. Big profit. Also new "Blue Ribbon" 21-card assortment. Sells for \$1, you make 50¢. Ten popular assts. Experience unnecessary. Free Samples. Write to Dept. 23-H, Chilton Greetings, 147 Essex St. Boston, Mass.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain in Few Minutes or Money Back
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

Switch to... ZIP
A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION
CREAM DEODORANT
Stops Perspiration Annoyance. Destroys body Odors. Instantly effective. More for your money. Liberal size at 10c Stores. Large size at Dept.-Drug Stores

UP TO \$32.00 IN A WEEK
SUPPLYING SILK HOSE. REPLACEMENT
Guaranteed 4 to 8 MONTHS

WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH
without cost and start cash earnings quickly. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months (depending on number of pairs) without holes, snags or runs or REPLACED FREE. Big repeat sales. Doris Jensen of Illinois reports earnings of \$11.00 in 5 1/2 hours. Received 2 new cars as bonuses. Charles Mills of Minn., earned \$120 in one week and received 2 new cars, as extra bonuses. Extra ho-siery for your personal use sent with outfit, no extra cost—send size, no money. Rush name on penny post for sample outfit, de-tails. ACT NOW!

HOSE for your Personal Use Sent With Outfit

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO., Midway K-8, Greenfield, Ohio

10 DAY TRIAL
WRIST WATCH
SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER
FREE
OF EXTRA COST
Simulated diamond. Ring is 14K—R. G. P. with beauty of yellow gold.

Yes, your choice of lady's or man's smart, new, guaranteed Jeweled, accurate Wrist Watch FREE of extra cost with every simulated Diamond Ring ordered now and paid for on our new, one-year payment plan—Send no money with order, just name and address. We ship immediately and you make just 2 easy payments—\$1.59 then \$2.00 later (anytime within one year), total only \$3.59. We trust you, 10 days trial. YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR WATCH, now or later. Just send name and address—no money. Your order will come by return mail in Special Gift Box. We even pay postage.

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 832, Jefferson, Iowa

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

busy dating up every pretty girl he meets.

Mary Mason, who plays Nancy, Dr. Susan's niece in the CBS serial, Life and Love of Dr. Susan, has discovered a new kind of skeleton in her closet. One of those firms which make a specialty of investigating family trees has found out that Mary's ancestry goes back to Welsh kings of the Fifth Century—and also that one of her forebears was burned in New England as a witch. Mary says it can't be hereditary—she never has any desire to ride a broomstick around Hallowe'en time.

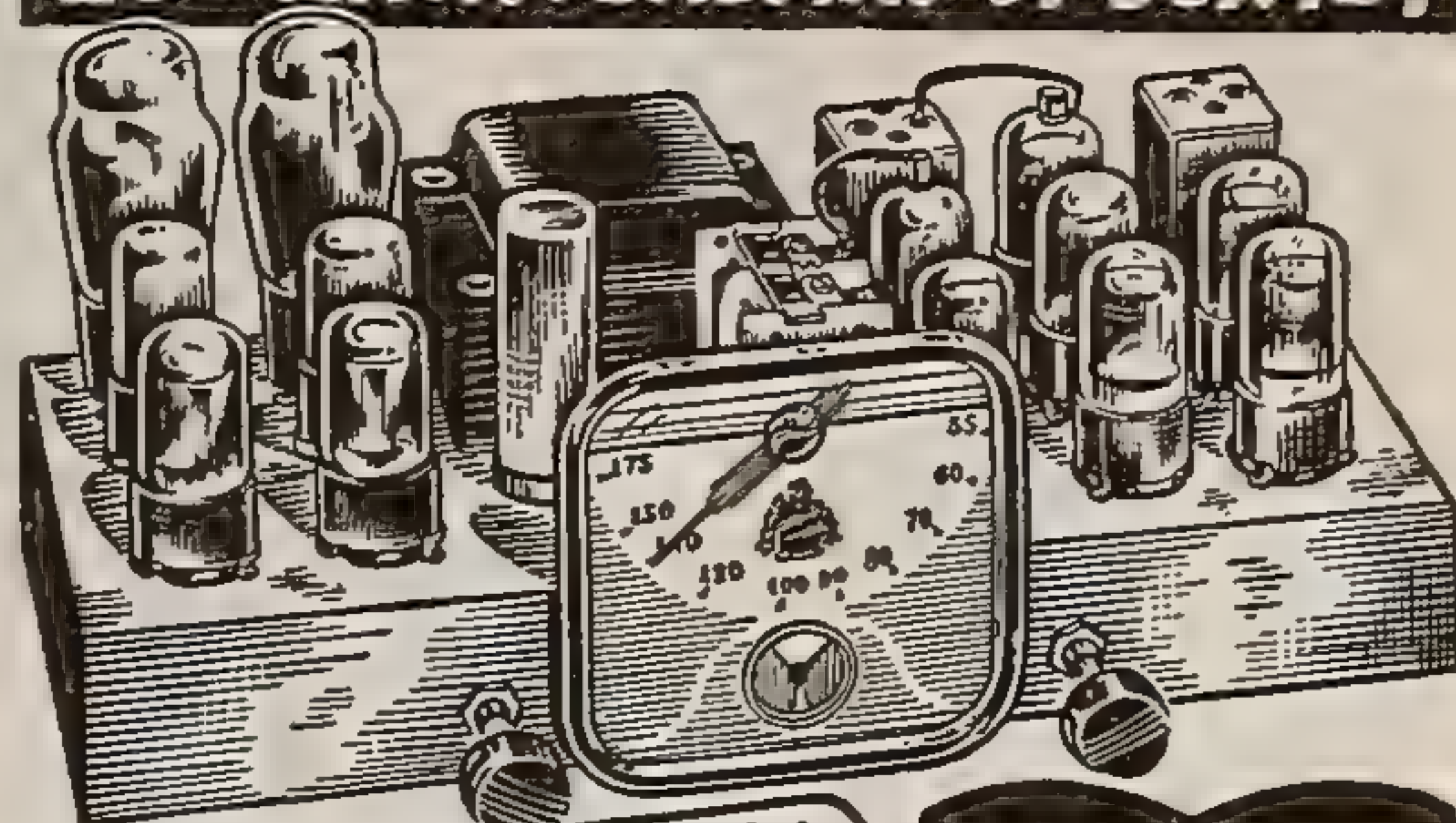
Pat Friday, the seventeen-year-old singer who is on Bing Crosby's program while the Old Groaner takes his vacation, was such a sensation after her first appearance on the show that she'd hardly gone off the air when agents and managers began besieging her with contracts. She turned them all down, which was right in the Pat Friday tradition—because she started out by turning down Bing himself. Bing happened to be in a Beverly Hills night club one amateur night, and heard Pat then. After her song, he asked her if she'd like to be his guest on the Kraft Music Hall—and Pat said no thanks, it would take too much time away from her studies at the University of California. Bing, startled and very much intrigued, sent his brother and manager, Everett, to renew the attack. Pat still insisted that she'd do nothing to interfere with her school work, but finally she said she'd sing for them during the summer vacation, and that's the basis on which they finally signed her up for fourteen weeks. Then her radio debut was delayed three weeks because she had a cold—but Larry Crosby pointed out that this was a good omen because Bing's own radio debut, back in the old days, had been delayed precisely that length of time for precisely the same reason. And look where Bing is now.

Here are two more things you'd like to know about the people on the Kraft Music Hall. Lucille Ball, a recent guest star, mystified everybody by demanding that two of the funniest lines in the script be cut out, or she wouldn't go on the air. She had her way, to everyone's mystified disgust—and then revealed that she'd undergone an appendicitis operation only ten days before, and knew that if the lines were left in the audience would laugh, and they'd make her laugh—and that would hurt her side. . . . Bazooka-tooter Bob Burns has been ordered by his physician to confine his practicing on the famous instrument to ten minutes a week. It's so hard to play that it puts a dangerous strain on his heart, the doctor told him. On the other hand, maybe the doctor is only a lover of good music.

This never happened to me, and now that I know its significance, I'm glad it didn't. Edgar Bergen used to study osteopathy—which, in case you're not up on your medical terms, (Continued on page 83)

HOW TO MODERNIZE YOUR OLD RADIO

MIDWEST FACTORY-TO-YOU 20th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL!

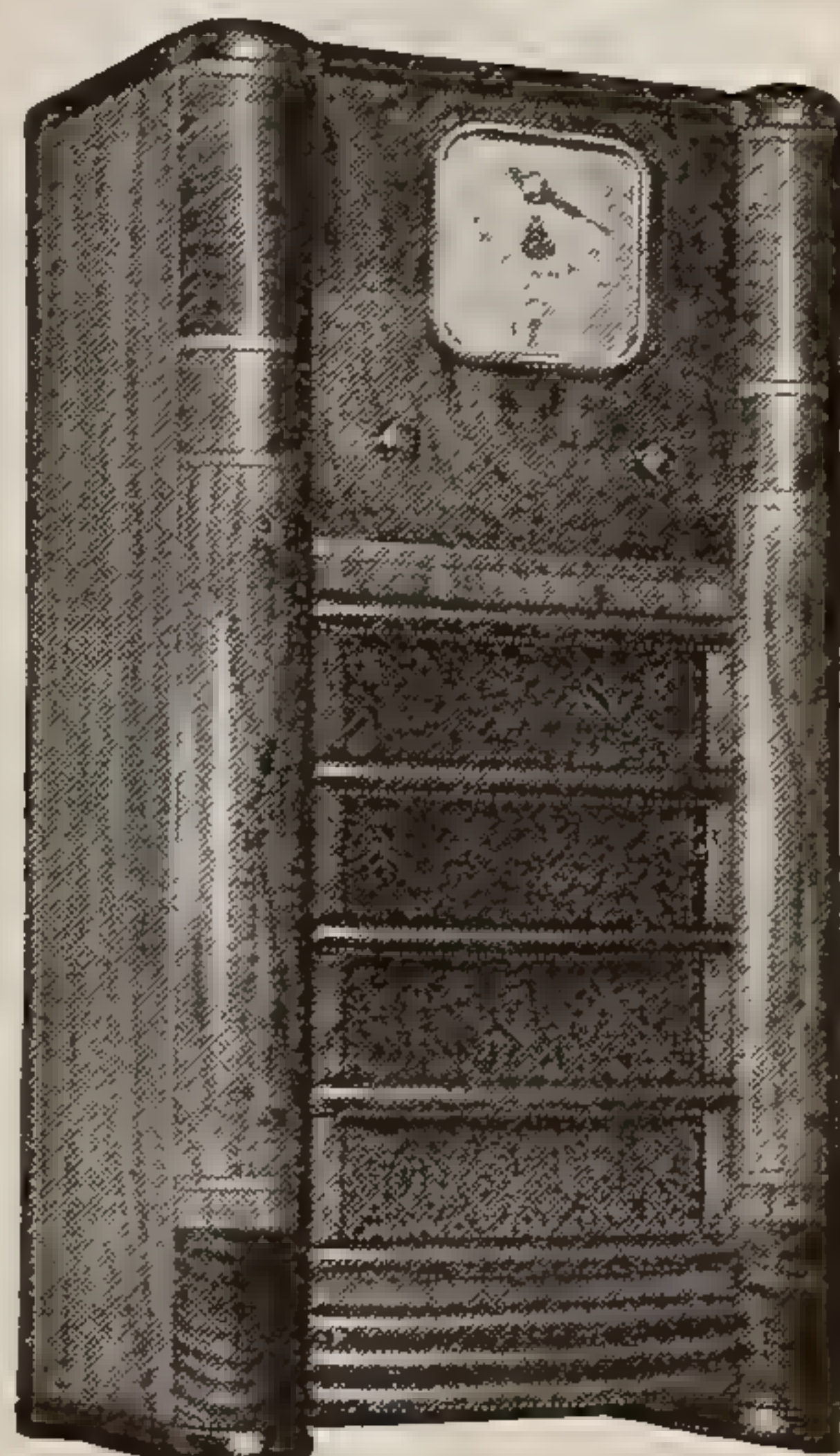


WITH TELEVISION ADAPTATION

Here's today's biggest radio value — the 1940 TELEVISION-ADAPTED Midwest at sensationally low factory-to-you price. Now enjoy exciting world-wide reception. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed on money-back basis. Send 1c postcard for FREE 1940 Catalog. (User-agents make easy extra money!)

PUT THIS 1940 14 TUBE CHASSIS IN YOUR PRESENT CABINET
\$19.95
COMPLETE CHASSIS WITH TUBES AND SPEAKER

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SAVE UP TO 50% 30 DAYS TRIAL EASY PAY PLAN

14-TUBE CONSOLE \$29.95 COMPLETE

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION Dept. 51-A, Cincinnati, O.

PASTE COUPON ON 1c POSTCARD...OR WRITE TODAY!

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION

Cincinnati, Ohio Name _____

Dept. 51-A,

Send me your new

FREE catalog,

complete details

of your liberal 30-

day Trial offer, fac-

tory-to-you whole-

sale prices and big

TRADE-IN offer.

Address _____

Town _____

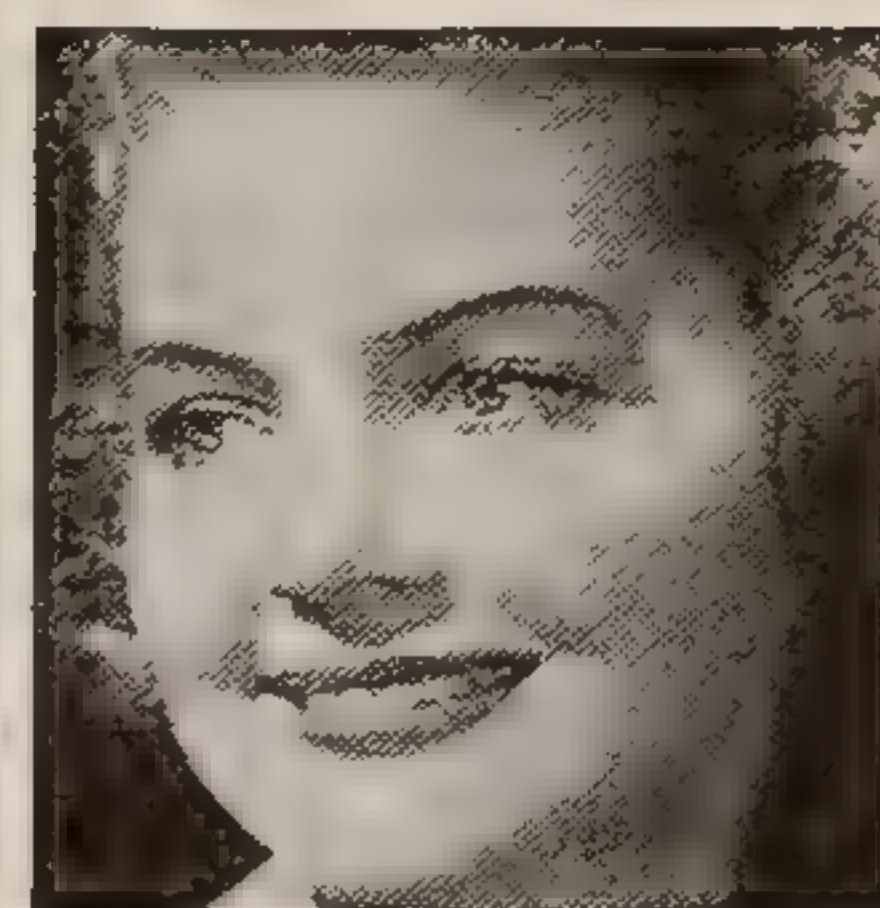
State _____

User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money.

Check here [] for details.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



The beauty-wise woman will see that her hands are well groomed. Joan Edwards, who plays and sings for Paul Whiteman, tells how it's done.

Hands Play a Part

By

Dr. GRACE GREGORY

If you really want to know about a woman, watch her hands, not her face. Are they well groomed? Youthful? Smart? Interesting? If she is really beauty-wise, they are.

Meet Joan Edwards, concert pianist, singer, and all-around musician. There is a regular girl for you! She was born and bred to music. Her father is a music publisher, and her uncle is the famous Gus Edwards. After a thorough training in harmony, theory, and general musical principles, she went to Hunter College. While she was there, in addition to a full college curriculum, she directed the glee club and broadcast regularly. Now you may hear her lovely voice over the radio, with the Paul Whiteman hour, on the Chesterfield program, over CBS.

Hands? Joan has very definite ideas about hands. Hers are the musician's hands, beautifully formed, flexible and expressive. She always carries hand lotion or hand cream with her, and frequently rubs down her subtle, powerful pianist fingers. They are not pointed fingers (creative artists seldom have that type). Long nails and piano keys do not go together.

If Joan could do as she pleases, she says she would wear her nails

long, and color them with all the smartest shades—a different color to harmonize with every costume.

One of the most alluring touches in modern beauty culture is the coloring of the nails in jewel-like tints that accent the hands. Only, if you are going to call attention to your hands, be sure to do it correctly. There are a wide variety of beautiful shades of nail polish from which to choose. Keep several in your manicure kit, and select the right one for the right occasion. In general, the natural shades are best for the older woman and for the work-

a-day manicure. The deep, rich shades of red are charming for dress-up at any time, and especially for evening, provided you select the one that goes best with your costume and your coloring.

Hands that are accented by colorful polish must be exquisitely kept. Use a water softener and a mild soap whenever your hands go into water. Keep a hand cream or hand lotion ready for use afterwards. And in cutting, shape the long nails so that they taper the fingers without going to a claw-like extreme.

CUTICLE CARE

NEVER, never cut the cuticle! To do so makes it harsh and ragged, and is quite unnecessary. If you use hand lotions or hand creams as frequently as you should, the cuticle remains soft, and is easily pushed back with an orange-wood stick. There is a special cream for cuticle softening, which should be used generously whenever you manicure. After the cuticle has been gently pushed back, dip the orange-wood stick into cuticle remover, and get rid of any bit of skin that may have clung to the nail. Do not try to scrape away cuticle with a metal remover. You will bruise the nail.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

(Continued from page 81)

is the science of treating diseases by manipulating the patient's bones. He still uses this knowledge on himself. When he's tired he takes the top of his head in his left hand, his chin in his right, and gives his head a sudden twist that makes every bone in his spine crack loudly and frightens spectators into convulsion fits. Edgar claims the process relaxes his throat muscles and helps him in his job of making Charlie McCarthy talk, but the truth is he uses it more often during interviews and conferences as a signal to his secretary, Mary Harahan. When Mary sees him grab his head and chin, and hears a crack, she knows that he's calling for help—he's tired of talking and wants her to break things up, on any pretext, and give him a chance to get away.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS—Years ago when Beverly Brown was a teacher in an Iowa country school house he certainly didn't dream that some day he'd be drawing on his experiences for radio. Yet today listeners to New Orleans' WWL know Bev as the kind and patient master of The Little Red School House, heard every Saturday night.

There aren't many programs like The Little Red School House, which is built on the theory that Saturday-night listeners would appreciate something a little "different." Its broadcasts vividly depict the happenings in any little school house of seventy-five years ago, when boys and girls trudged barefoot to study, carrying tin dinner buckets, pencil and slate, McGuffey Readers and Blue Back Spellers, and clad in gingham, calico and overalls. The listeners write in, giving school-day experiences of their own, and a cash prize is awarded for the best incident broadcast each week.

After Bev stopped teaching he drifted into dramatic work, and became director of the Atlanta Little Theater. In the line of duty, about eight years ago, he was called on to read a script in the character of Santa Claus, over the air. He was so realistic that a department store hired him to publicize old Saint Nick, and since then he's spent six months of every year writing and acting in Santa Claus scripts which are recorded and broadcast all over the United States, Canada and Mexico. Besides, he is WWL's official continuity director.

Bev's intimate friends call him "Baldy," and he loves work and cigarettes. He doesn't indulge the latter hobby, though, because he swore off for a while and discovered he began gaining weight he badly needed.

* * *

CINCINNATI—One of the country's oldest radio stations celebrated its birthday here recently. It is WSAI, which has been continuously on the air since 1923. Founded by the American Playing Card Company, WSAI was later purchased by the Crosley Corporation, its present owner, and Powell Crosley, Jr., president of the company, was one of the principal speakers on the anniversary program.

The master of ceremonies on the show was Stewart Finley, youthful WSAI announcer, who was just four years old when the station broadcast its first program back in 1923!



*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

YOU CAN HAVE "Hollywood Hands"—thrillingly soft, smooth as satin! Just don't let wind and water dry out the skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin—use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps prevent unattractive roughness.

No stickiness! Such a simple, quick way to have romantic hands. Start today to use Jergens Lotion like thousands of lovely girls. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, —\$1.00 for the extra economy size, at beauty counters.



CUPID'S ADVICE:

Help prevent unattractive roughness—furnish beautifying moisture for your hand skin with Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION

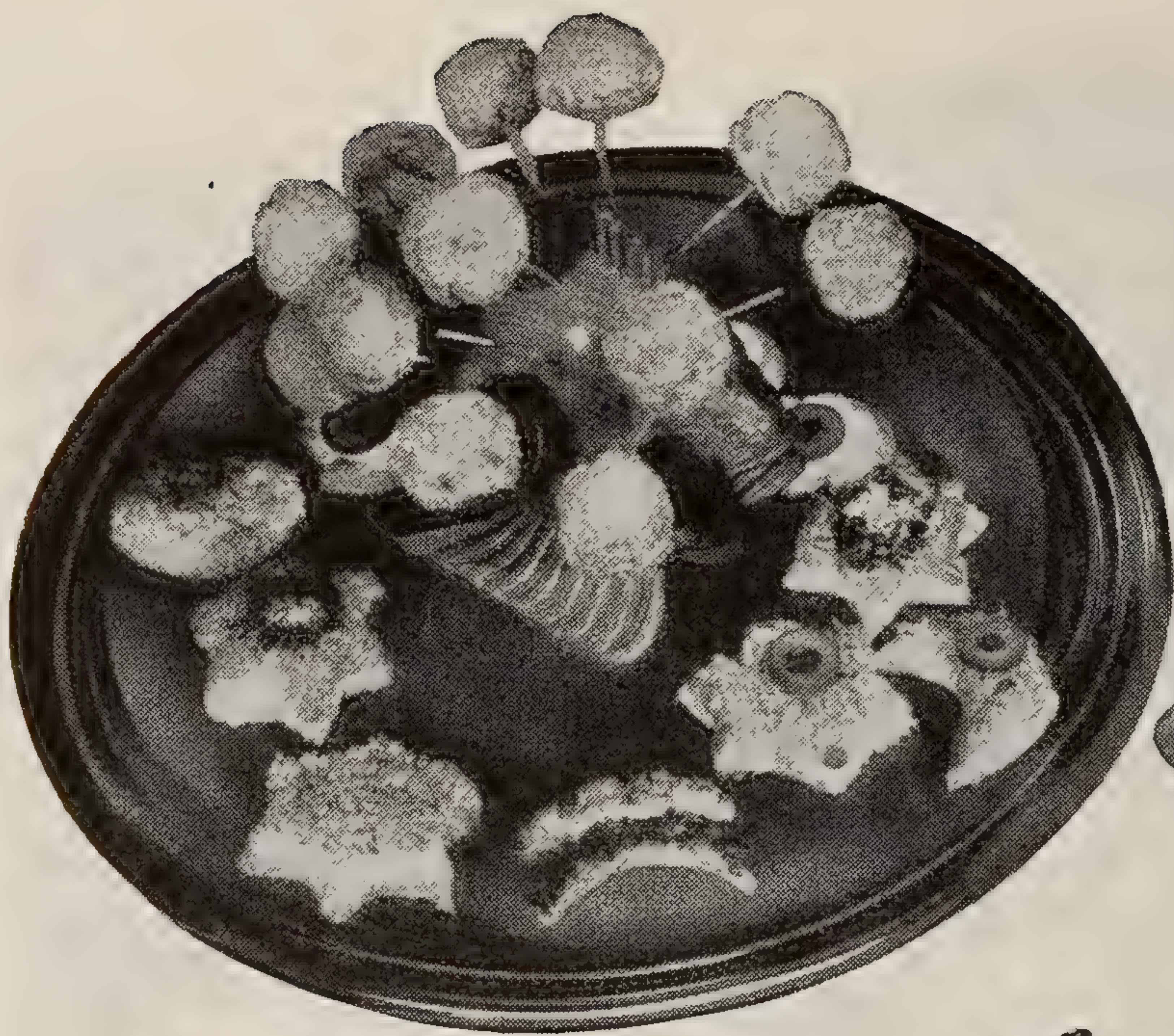


NEW! For Smooth Complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against drab, dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at beauty counters.

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 653 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Left, canned salmon plays the main role in these attractive canapes. Below, a meal in itself, Curried Salmon in Cabbage.



MAKE IT

Appetizing!

By **MRS.**

MARGARET SIMPSON

I'VE never been sure whether or not the belief that fish is a brain food is really founded on fact, but here is one fact I am sure of: the brainiest women of today—the wisest housewives and the smartest hostesses—have set the seal of their approval on one kind of fish—rich, tender, rosy canned salmon. They are serving it in a variety of ways—as it comes from the can, ice cold and garnished with lemon slices; in sandwiches and salads, or in the form of the curried salmon in cabbage pictured above.

Men, too, prefer salmon. Conrad Nagel, well known Hollywood star, now master of ceremonies on the Alec Templeton program, over NBC, makes a point of serving hot salmon hors d'oeuvres with cocktails. They're called Cockleburgs and you'll see them impaled on toothpicks on the little wooden fish, above. He also serves cold canapes, called Salmon Tempters and Canape Royale.

COCKLEBURS

- $\frac{1}{2}$ can salmon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed potato chips
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. mustard
- Speck of cayenne pepper
- 2 eggs (separated)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread crumbs

Flake salmon and combine with potato chips, mustard, cayenne and egg yolks. Form into small balls. Roll balls in flour, dip into slightly beaten egg whites, then roll them in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Serve hot.

SALMON TEMPTERS

- $\frac{1}{2}$ can salmon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
- 1 tbl. lemon juice
- 2 tsps. minced green pepper
- 1 tbl. minced pimiento
- 1 tbl. minced sweet pickle

Flake salmon and blend to a smooth paste with mayonnaise. Add lemon juice, pimiento, green pepper and pickle. Spread on toast which has been cut into small stars. Garnish with pimiento strips and slices of stuffed olives.

Radio's Conrad Nagel knows the secret of savory hors d'oeuvres.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

CANAPE ROYALE

To the recipe for salmon tempters, above, add one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Spread mixture on small toast rings and garnish center with hard-cooked egg yolk (sieved), pickled pearl onions and parsley.

CURRIED SALMON IN CABBAGE

- 1 can salmon
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce
- 2 tbs. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered crumbs
- 1 medium cabbage
- 2 tbs. butter or margarine

Flake the salmon, reserving a few good sized bits for a top garnish. Saute salmon lightly in butter or margarine. Add lemon juice. Add curry powder to hot white sauce and combine with sauteed salmon. Remove coarse outer leaves from cabbage and cook in briskly boiling salted water for fifteen minutes. Remove center leaves, drain, and stuff with salmon mixture. Top with salmon bits and buttered crumbs and bake in hot oven for ten minutes or until crumbs are brown.

TOMATO JUICE

These hot days you can't serve anything better than a delicious ice-cold tomato juice cocktail. For additional zest and sparkle, add a few drops of lemon or lime juice to the tomato juice. And for a long, cooling drink, try mixing tomato juice with an equal quantity of dry ginger ale. It's a grand combination, guaranteed to quench a stubborn thirst.

Honeymoons Need Not End

(Continued from page 11)

For another, lucky enough to be a couple of extroverts, they undoubtedly have never in their young lives over-dramatized themselves and probably never will, which means that whatever difficulties come their way will be kept in proper proportion. For a third, to them career, besides being the pleasant source of a good income, doesn't mean a thing. They will—and do—work hard and conscientiously but they will never be ridden by purely selfish ambition. And it seems to me that these three factors alone contrive a pretty firm foundation for any marriage.

TAKE their honeymoon—which wasn't a real honeymoon at all. Many a young married couple would have found that period a real hurdle—but the Halls took it in their stride.

It coincided, you see, with a personal-appearance tour which Frances had signed up for and couldn't get out of. The bride was playing five shows a day at the New York Paramount, with Jon always introduced at the last of her act, so they had almost no time to themselves. Yet they never once thought about whether or not they were having it tough. It simply didn't occur to them to feel sorry for themselves. Frances had signed for the tour; it was up to her to keep her bargain and make the best of it. Besides, they were together, which was what really counted.

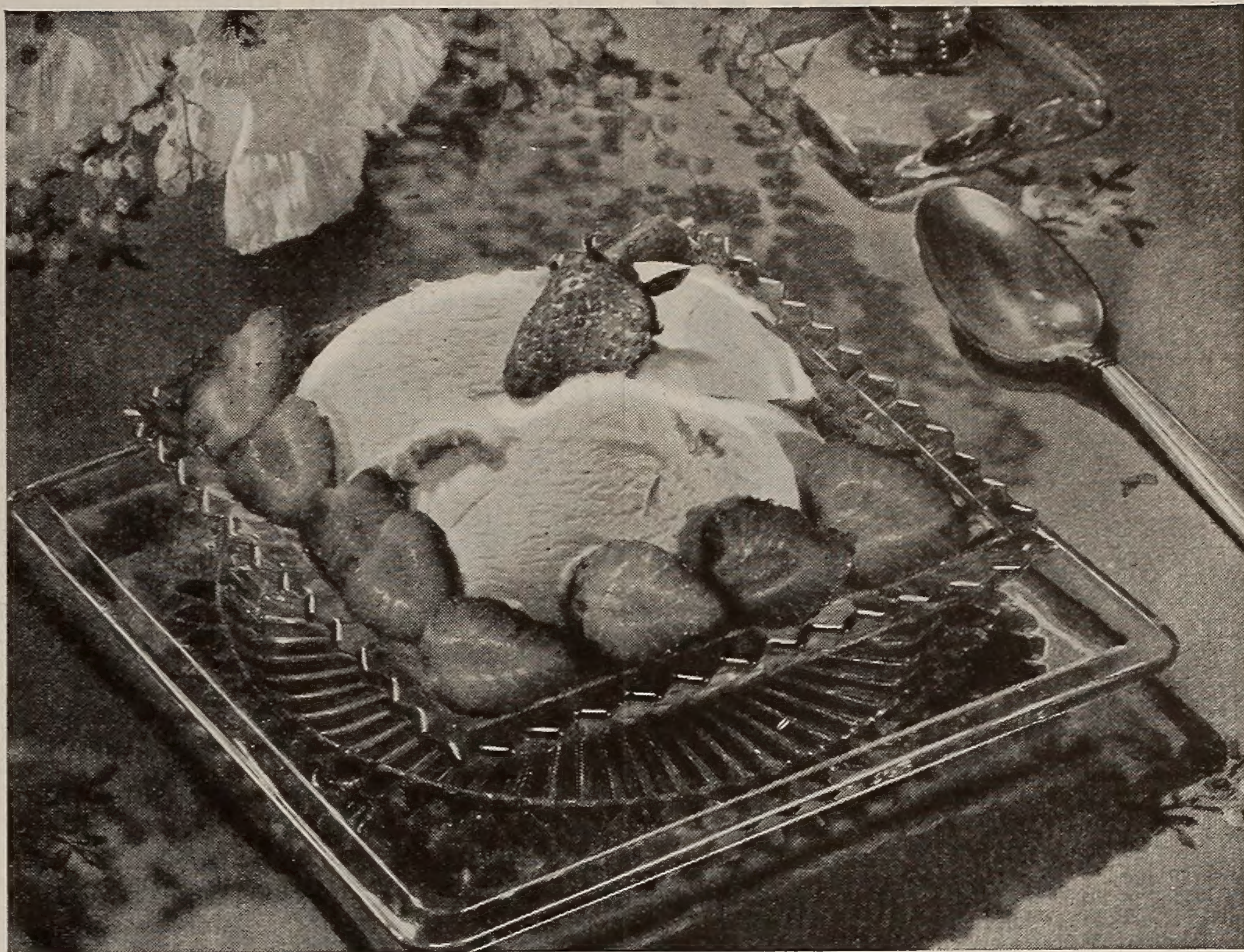
At the Paramount, Frances told me, she first began to appreciate what a very special guy she had married. The first act was at ten in the morning and the crowd of fans outside the theater was always so big that to get through was really an ordeal. Consequently, once she was in the theater, Frances stayed there until after the last show (close to midnight) and Jon, unwilling to leave her alone, stayed with her. Sometimes, he'd brave the fans and go out and buy them a coke or a candy bar, but mostly he sat around in her stuffy little dressing room, never uttering a word of complaint.

And sometimes at the close of her act, when the fans would over-run the stage, threatening to mob Frances, Jon would put his arm around her and get pretty mad at their friendly but robust attentions. "I know they mean well," he'd mutter, "but you're so little." Well, of course, she is—a regular half-pint, although just this month she managed to tip the scales at a hundred.

Today, a year later, if you ask Frances if she's still as happy as she was then, she'll say, "Of course. Why shouldn't I be?"

They live in Beverly Hills, in an attractive house, Italian in motif, with a lovely garden which they have made themselves. They have a couple of servants to take care of them. But theirs isn't an "ordered" household. They get up in the morning when they feel like it. They eat breakfast when they feel like it. They do everything else because they happen to feel like it. Although he's under contract to Goldwyn, Jon hasn't appeared in pictures since "Hurricane," and Frances' radio appearances don't demand a lot of her time. So all they have to do, practically, is to do as they please. . . . Which they accomplish with the utmost grace.

Neatest Trick of the Month!



● VANILLA ICE CREAM — CREAMY SMOOTH AND THRIFTY!

(For Automatic Refrigerator)

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup whipping cream

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, water, and vanilla. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half-frozen. Scrape from freezing tray and beat until smooth, but not melted.

Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 6. (With this recipe you can make two batches of ice cream from one can of Eagle Brand.)

● Only 3 ingredients . . . only 1 cup of cream . . . no cooking . . . only 1 stirring! Yet it's creamy-smooth and free of ice splinters! But remember—evaporated milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

BEAUTIFUL SILVERWARE PREMIUMS! SEE LEAFLET ON CAN.

FREE! "MAGIC RECIPES" 68 recipes just as astonishing as the one above! Pies! Cookies! Candies! Ice Creams! Sauces! Salad Dressings! Puddings! All made by sheer magic! Address The Borden Company, Dept. MWG-99, 350 Madison Ave., New York.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly—paste on penny postcard)



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Look through the advertisements in this issue of Radio and Television Mirror, pick out the one you like or dislike. Then write us a letter telling why. You do not need to praise the ad, but your letter must be frank, must contain original suggestions or criticisms. Or, if you prefer, write us about the product itself; whether you like it or dislike it, and why. Your letter need not be of more than fifty words. Fancy composition is not important. The Macfadden Women's Group will pay \$2.00 for all letters accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic, MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge any snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors with a FREE frame, sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Look over your pictures now and send your favorite snapshot or negative today as this free offer is limited. DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 287, 118 N. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

For Strong, Happy Babies

If your baby isn't thriving, ask your doctor about Horlick's the Original Malted Milk. Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have attested to its successful use as a diet for infants. It's been famed throughout America for over 50 years. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. MWG-9, Horlick's Malted Milk Corp., Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

AT
NEW LOW
PRICES

HORLICK'S
The Original Malted Milk

WON'T SLIP

So...next time
say "De Long"



Cash Quick! **SELL Christmas Cards**
Show popular exclusive 21-card \$1 Christmas Assortment and make 50¢ on each sale. Four other assortments. Personal Cards, with name, sell fast, pay big. Write for samples at once.
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 233 **FREE SAMPLE OFFER**
160 N. Washington St., Boston, Mass.

OLD LEG TROUBLE
Easy to use Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe your trouble and get FREE BOOK.
R. G. VISCOSÉ METHOD CO.
140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 27, LOWELL, MASS.

BUNIONS
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I drove out there one day a few months ago with a mutual friend. We weren't expected and we found a most entertaining situation. Deciding that the servants had been having a difficult time of it, "picking up after us and never being able to serve meals on time and being waked up in the middle of the night to fix suppers and things," they had given the pair of them an extra day off and were themselves cooking, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a veritable Thanksgiving dinner—not that it was anywhere near Thanksgiving.

JON was attending to the roast pig, very small and succulently appetizing when slid out of the oven for basting. Frances was making Yorkshire pudding, not because it goes especially well with pig but because she loves it and makes a very delicious variety. Later they would whip up a salad and Jon would display his talents as a gravymaker. No, they hadn't planned to have company—unless we would stay? They were very polite in asking us, but somehow we sensed that here was a situation in which four would be a crowd, and begged off. As we left, we heard a peal of laughter and saw Jon chasing Frances out of the back door, apron tied around his middle, gravy spoon in hand. Apparently, she had "insulted" him and he was bent on revenge.

They scarcely ever "step out," young Mr. and Mrs. Hall. True, before he became a Benedict, Jon was something of a night-clubber, a gay young blade in a modest way. But marriage has changed all that. For one thing, neither of them is interested in drinking. For another, neither understands the high-gear intensity characteristic of Hollywood at play.

"People work so hard at having a good time," Frances said to me. "It would wear me out."

And yet, don't get the idea that Jon and Frances have settled down to fireside and slippers—yet. It is just that their special brand of fun is different. Not long ago, Jon waked Frances in the middle of the night. "What do you say we drive down to Palm Springs? It ought to be kinda nice making the trip by moonlight."

So Frances hopped out of bed and they set out, stopping at a hot dog stand for breakfast. Spent three days at the Springs, not at a swanky place like the Desert Inn, but at a pretty little auto camp—and almost laughed themselves sick riding those crazy little motor scooters.

On the day I called to collect statistics on the Langford-Hall marriage, I asked Frances privately to describe her happiest memory to date.

She had to think a minute. "I'm so darned happy all the time," she said. But after a minute she went on: "I guess it was the day before last Christmas. I had been down to the store and Jonny didn't hear me when I came in. I remember stopping in front of the door between the hall and the living room and seeing him sitting before a card table, his back to me. The table was piled high with things and he was wrestling with a package—trying to wrap it up in tissue paper and tie it with ribbon... Yes, the things he had there were Christmas presents for me and somehow, seeing him trying patiently, clumsily, to wrap them up himself, made a lump come into my throat... And I thought, 'Frances, you are a very lucky girl. Frances, you have everything.' And I suddenly knew I was so happy I had better pinch myself to make sure it was real."

Nor have the Halls ever had a quarrel. Not even a tiff or tiny disagreement. "Jonny wouldn't fight if I would," Frances said. "Besides, what is there to fight about? We don't flirt. We don't drink too much. We don't get on each other's nerves. We have enough money to support us nicely. We are young and healthy and in love... For the love of mike, why should we fight?"

"And what about children?" I said. "Will you have a family?"

Frances spoke first. "Me—I'd like to," she told me tentatively. "But Jonny—"

Jon interrupted. "Well—" he said stumbly, blushing but determined, "well, I don't think so. You see, she's—you see, a thing like that is—well, it's hard and sometimes dangerous and—" He was finding it tough going. "She's so little!" he finished half defiantly, as if daring me to disagree. But of course I didn't. I liked him for his fierce protectiveness.

WHEN I took my leave they walked to the gate with me. They said Frances' mother was coming to lunch and that they thought they'd hide in the hedge and snap some candid camera pictures of her as she arrived. Photography is a hobby of theirs. So I left them crouched there in the shrubbery, giggling like a pair of school kids.

And as for me—well, I drove back to Hollywood, feeling pretty glad about knowing two such people... pretty strong and proud from having come into contact with such happiness... and pretty much disposed to sneer at the next divorce headlines I read, and say, "That's all very well—but I know a story worth ten of that!"

ANSWERS TO THE SUMMER SCHOOL QUIZ

1. Wrong. She carries her papoose on her back.
2. Very big.
3. You would wear it in the hair.
4. Igloo.
5. Wrong. It is a snake.
6. You would eat an avocado.
7. Plymouth Rock.
8. Wrong. They were called "Lilliputians".
9. In a garden. (It is a vegetable).
10. Hockey. The others are parlor games.
11. A. Curds and Whey. B. Christmas Pie. C. Tarts.
12. Wrong. He was an Italian (Corsican).
13. Rosalie, Margy, Suzanna.
14. A. Japan and China. B. Holland. C. Italy (Venice).



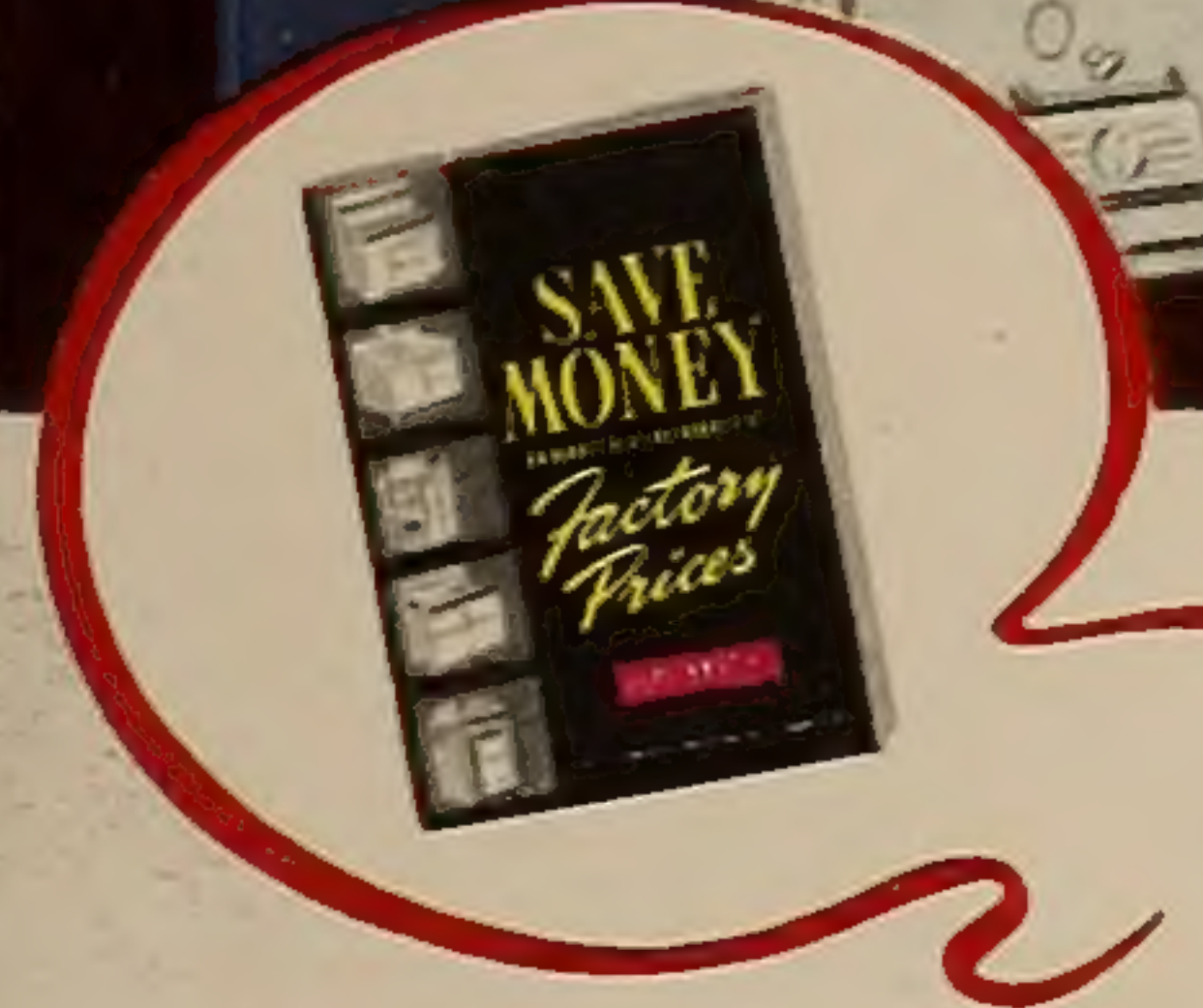
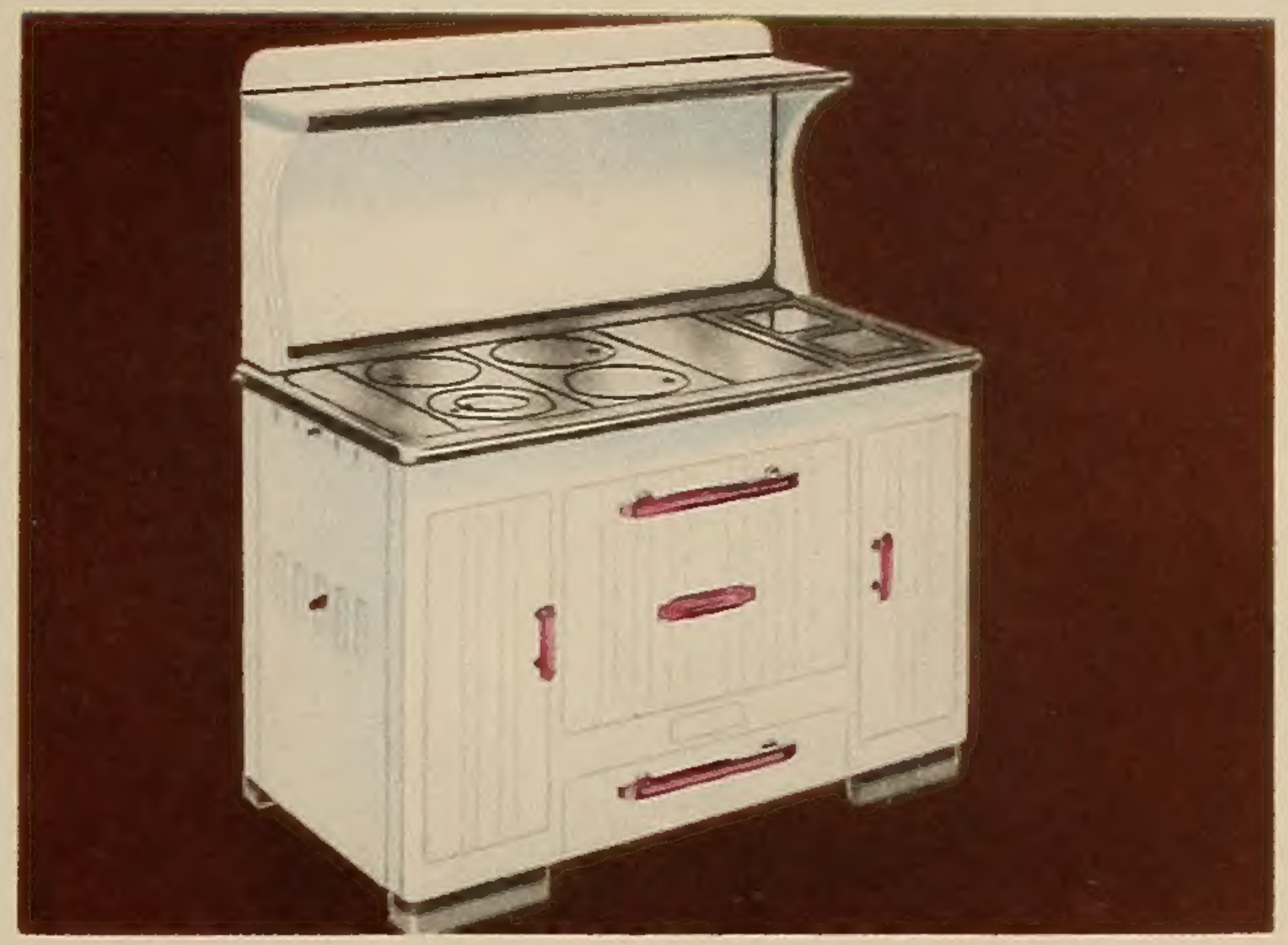
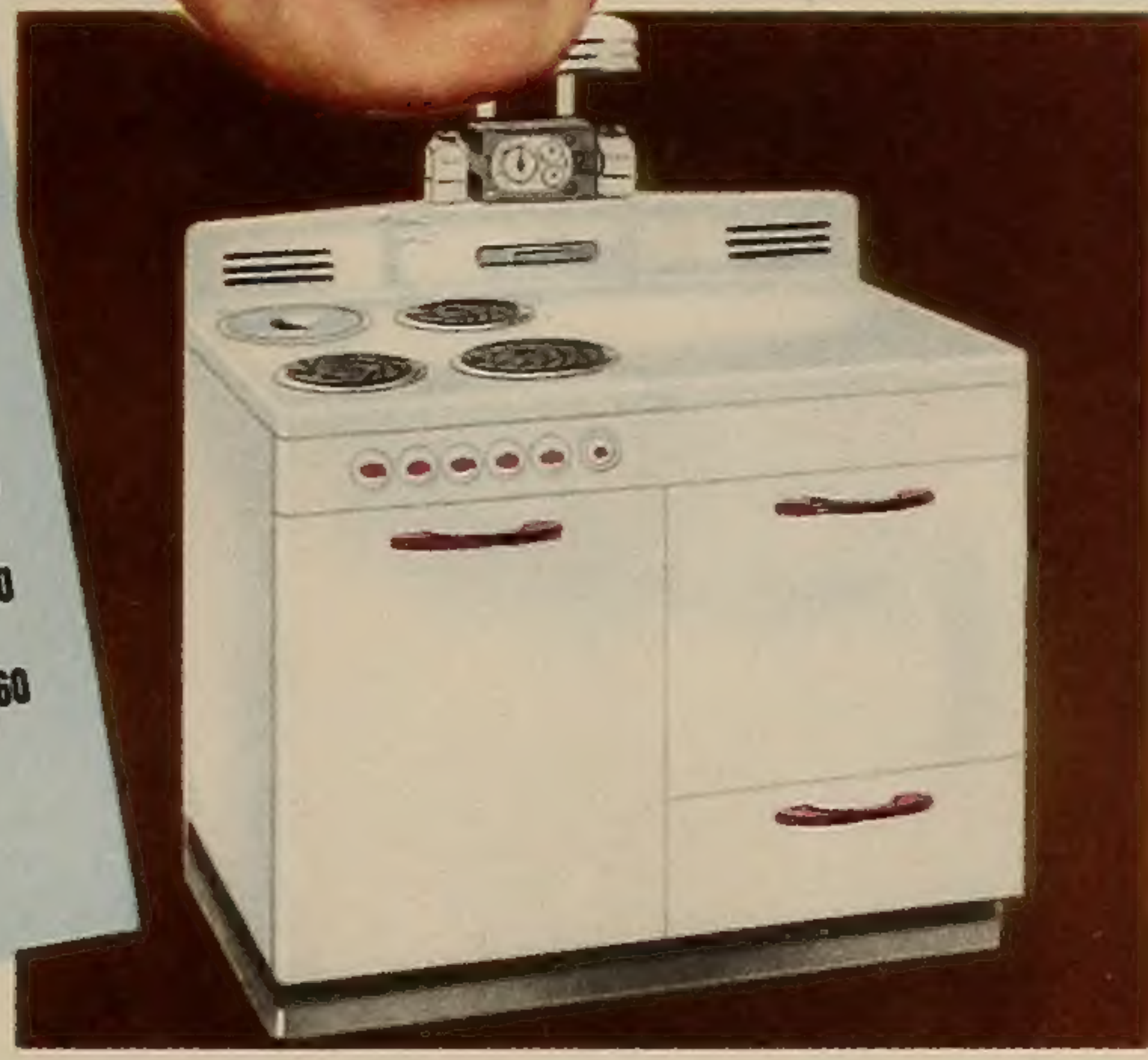
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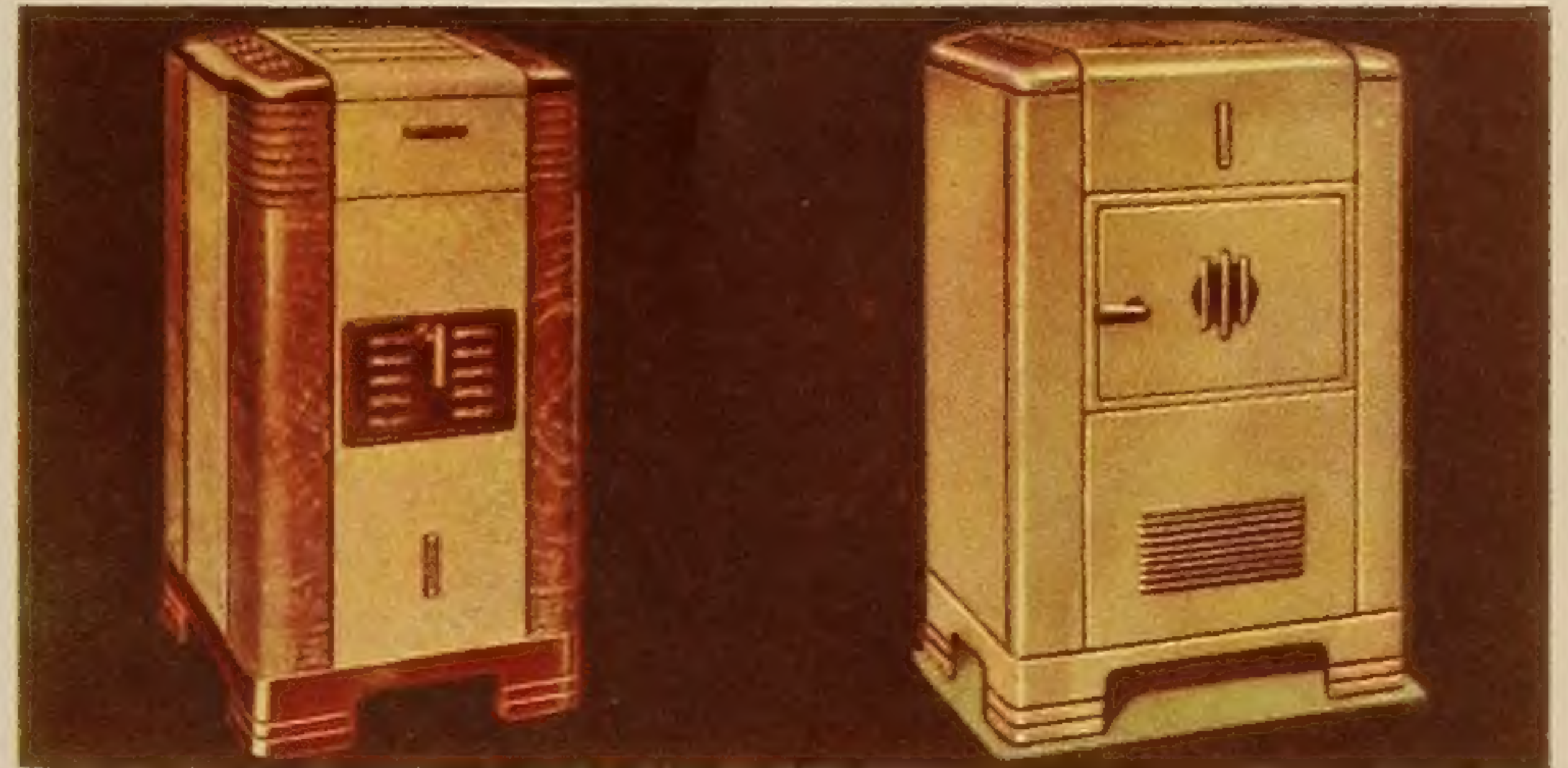
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